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ISAIAH'S JOB

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

ONE evening last autumn I sat long hours with a European acquaintance while he expounded a politico-economic doctrine which seemed sound as a nut, and in which I could find no defect. At the end he said with great earnestness, 'I have a mission to the masses. I feel that I am called to get the ear of the people. I shall devote the rest of my life to spreading my doctrine far and wide among the populace. What do you think?'

An embarrassing question in any case, and doubly so under the circumstances, because my acquaintance is a very learned man, one of the three or four really first-class minds that Europe produced in his generation, and naturally I, as one of the unlearned, was inclined to regard his lightest word with reverence amounting to awe. Still, I reflected, even the greatest mind cannot possibly know everything, and I was pretty sure he had not had my opportunities for observing the masses of mankind, and that therefore I probably knew them better than he did. So I mustered courage to say that he had

no such mission and would do well to get the idea out of his head at once; he would find that the masses would not care two pins for his doctrine, and still less for himself, since in such circumstances the popular favorite is generally some Barabbas. I even went so far as to say (he is a Jew) that his idea seemed to show that he was not very well up on his own native literature. He smiled at my jest, and asked what I meant by it; and I referred him to the story of the prophet Isaiah.

It occurred to me then that this story is much worth recalling just now when so many wise men and soothsayers appear to be burdened with a message to the masses. Dr. Townsend has a message, Father Coughlin has one, Mr. Upton Sinclair, Mr. Lippmann, Mr. Chase and the planned-economy brethren, Mr. Tugwell and the New Dealers, Mr. Smith and the Liberty Leaguers — the list is endless. I cannot remember a time when so many energumens were so variously proclaiming the Word to the multitude and telling them what they must do to

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be saved. This being so, it occurred to me, as I say, that the story of Isaiah might have something in it to steady and compose the human spirit until this tyranny of windiness be overpast. I shall paraphrase the story in our common speech, since it has to be pieced out from various sources; and inasmuch as respectable scholars have thought fit to put out a whole new version of the Bible in the American vernacular, I shall take shelter behind them, if need be, against the charge of dealing irreverently with the Sacred Scriptures.

The prophet's career began at the end of King Uzziah's reign, say about 740 B.C. This reign was uncommonly long, almost half a century, and apparently prosperous. It was one of those prosperous reigns, however, like the reign of Marcus Aurelius at Rome, or the administration of Eubulus at Athens, or of Mr. Coolidge at Washington, where at the end the prosperity suddenly peters out, and things go by the board with a resounding crash.

In the year of Uzziah's death, the Lord commissioned the prophet to go out and warn the people of the wrath to come. 'Tell them what a worthless lot they are,' He said. 'Tell them what is wrong, and why, and what is going to happen unless they have a change of heart and straighten up. Don't mince matters. Make it clear that they are positively down to their last chance. Give it to them good and strong, and keep on giving it to them. I suppose perhaps I ought to tell you,' He added, 'that it won't do any good. The official class and their intelligentsia will turn up their noses at you, and the masses will not even listen. They will all keep on in their own ways until they carry everything down to destruction, and you will probably be lucky if you get out with your life.'

Isaiah had been very willing to take

on the job; in fact, he had asked for it; but this prospect put a new face on the situation. It raised the obvious question why, if all that were so, if the enterprise were to be a failure from the start, was there any sense in starting it? 'Ah,' the Lord said, 'you do not get the point. There is a Remnant there that you know nothing about. They are obscure, unorganized, inarticulate, each one rubbing along as best he can. They need to be encouraged and braced up, because when everything has gone completely to the dogs, they are the ones who will come back and build up a new society, and meanwhile your preaching will reassure them and keep them hanging on. Your job is to take care of the Remnant, so be off now and set about it.'

II

Apparently, then, if the Lord's word is good for anything, — I do not offer any opinion about that, — the only element in Judean society that was particularly worth bothering about was the Remnant. Isaiah seems finally to have got it through his head that this was the case; that nothing was to be expected from the masses, but that if anything substantial was ever to be done in Judæa, the Remnant would have to do it. This is a very striking and suggestive idea; but before going on to explore it, we need to be quite clear about our terms. What do we mean by the masses, and what by the Remnant?

As the word *masses* is commonly used, it suggests agglomerations of poor and unprivileged people, laboring people, proletarians, and it means nothing like that; it means simply the majority. The mass-man is one who has neither the force of intellect to apprehend the principles issuing in what we know as the humane life, nor the force of character to adhere to those

principles steadily and strictly as laws of conduct; and because such people make up the great, the overwhelming majority of mankind, they are called collectively *the masses*. The line of differentiation between the masses and the Remnant is set invariably by quality, not by circumstance. The Remnant are those who by force of intellect are able to apprehend these principles, and by force of character are able, at least measurably, to cleave to them; the masses are those who are unable to do either.

The picture which Isaiah presents of the Judæan masses is most unfavorable. In his view the mass-man, be he high or be he lowly, rich or poor, prince or pauper, gets off very badly. He appears as not only weak-minded and weak-willed, but as by consequence knavish, arrogant, grasping, dissipated, unprincipled, unscrupulous. The mass-woman also gets off badly, as sharing all the mass-man's untoward qualities, and contributing a few of her own in the way of vanity and laziness, extravagance and foible. The list of luxury-products¹ that she patronized is interesting; it calls to mind the women's page of a Sunday newspaper in 1928, or the display set forth in one of our professedly 'smart' periodicals. In another place² Isaiah even recalls the affectations that we used to know by the name of the 'flapper gait' and the 'debutante slouch.' It may be fair to discount Isaiah's vivacity a little for prophetic fervor; after all, since his real job was not to convert the masses but to brace and reassure the Remnant, he probably felt that he might lay it on indiscriminately and as thick as he liked — in fact, that he was expected to do so. But even so, the Judæan mass-man must have been a most objectionable individual, and the mass-woman utterly odious.

If the modern spirit, whatever that

¹ Isaiah iii. 18-23

² Chap. iii. 16

may be, is disinclined towards taking the Lord's word at its face value (as I hear is the case), we may observe that Isaiah's testimony to the character of the masses has strong collateral support from respectable Gentile authority. Plato lived into the administration of Eubulus, when Athens was at the peak of its great jazz-and-paper era, and he speaks of the Athenian masses with all Isaiah's fervency, even comparing them to a herd of ravenous wild beasts. Curiously, too, he applies Isaiah's own word *remnant* to the worthier portion of Athenian society; 'there is but a very small *remnant*,' he says, of those who possess a saving force of intellect and force of character — too small, precisely as in Judæa, to be of any avail against the ignorant and vicious preponderance of the masses.

But Isaiah was a preacher and Plato a philosopher; and we tend to regard preachers and philosophers rather as passive observers of the drama of life than as active participants. Hence in a matter of this kind their judgment might be suspected of being a little uncompromising, a little acrid, or as the French say, *saugrenu*. We may therefore bring forward another witness who was preëminently a man of affairs, and whose judgment cannot lie under this suspicion. Marcus Aurelius was ruler of the greatest of empires, and in that capacity he not only had the Roman mass-man under observation, but he had him on his hands twenty-four hours a day for eighteen years. What he did not know about him was not worth knowing, and what he thought of him is abundantly attested on almost every page of the little book of jottings which he scribbled off-hand from day to day, and which he meant for no eye but his own ever to see.

This view of the masses is the one that we find prevailing at large among

the ancient authorities whose writings have come down to us. In the eighteenth century, however, certain European philosophers spread the notion that the mass-man, in his natural state, is not at all the kind of person that earlier authorities made him out to be, but on the contrary, that he is a worthy object of interest. His untowardness is the effect of environment, an effect for which 'society' is somehow responsible. If only his environment permitted him to live according to his best lights, he would undoubtedly show himself to be quite a fellow; and the best way to secure a more favorable environment for him would be to let him arrange it for himself. The French Revolution acted powerfully as a springboard for this idea, projecting its influence in all directions throughout Europe.

On this side of the ocean a whole new continent stood ready for a large-scale experiment with this theory. It afforded every conceivable resource whereby the masses might develop a civilization made in their own likeness and after their own image. There was no force of tradition to disturb them in their preponderance, or to check them in a thoroughgoing disparagement of the Remnant. Immense natural wealth, unquestioned predominance, virtual isolation, freedom from external interference and the fear of it, and, finally, a century and a half of time — such are the advantages which the mass-man has had in bringing forth a civilization which should set the earlier preachers and philosophers at naught in their belief that nothing substantial can be expected from the masses, but only from the Remnant.

His success is unimpressive. On the evidence so far presented one must say, I think, that the mass-man's conception of what life has to offer, and his choice of what to ask from life, seem now to be pretty well what they were

in the times of Isaiah and Plato; and so too seem the catastrophic social conflicts and convulsions in which his views of life and his demands on life involve him. I do not wish to dwell on this, however, but merely to observe that the monstrously inflated importance of the masses has apparently put all thought of a possible mission to the Remnant out of the modern prophet's head. This is obviously quite as it should be, provided that the earlier preachers and philosophers were actually wrong, and that all final hope of the human race is actually centred in the masses. If, on the other hand, it should turn out that the Lord and Isaiah and Plato and Marcus Aurelius were right in their estimate of the relative social value of the masses and the Remnant, the case is somewhat different. Moreover, since with everything in their favor the masses have so far given such an extremely discouraging account of themselves, it would seem that the question at issue between these two bodies of opinion might most profitably be reopened.

III

But without following up this suggestion, I wish only, as I said, to remark the fact that as things now stand Isaiah's job seems rather to go begging. Everyone with a message nowadays is like my venerable European friend, eager to take it to the masses. His first, last, and only thought is of mass-acceptance and mass-approval. His great care is to put his doctrine in such shape as will capture the masses' attention and interest. This attitude towards the masses is so exclusive, so devout, that one is reminded of the troglodytic monster described by Plato, and the assiduous crowd at the entrance to its cave, trying obsequiously to placate it and win its favor, trying to interpret its inarticulate noises,

trying to find out what it wants, and eagerly offering it all sorts of things that they think might strike its fancy.

The main trouble with all this is its reaction upon the mission itself. It necessitates an opportunist sophistication of one's doctrine which profoundly alters its character and reduces it to a mere placebo. If, say, you are a preacher, you wish to attract as large a congregation as you can, which means an appeal to the masses, and this in turn means adapting the terms of your message to the order of intellect and character that the masses exhibit. If you are an educator, say with a college on your hands, you wish to get as many students as possible, and you whittle down your requirements accordingly. If a writer, you aim at getting many readers; if a publisher, many purchasers; if a philosopher, many disciples; if a reformer, many converts; if a musician, many auditors; and so on. But as we see on all sides, in the realization of these several desires the prophetic message is so heavily adulterated with trivialities in every instance that its effect on the masses is merely to harden them in their sins; and meanwhile the Remnant, aware of this adulteration and of the desires that prompt it, turn their backs on the prophet and will have nothing to do with him or his message.

Isaiah, on the other hand, worked under no such disabilities. He preached to the masses only in the sense that he preached publicly. Anyone who liked might listen; anyone who liked might pass by. He knew that the Remnant would listen; and knowing also that nothing was to be expected of the masses under any circumstances, he made no specific appeal to them, did not accommodate his message to their measure in any way, and did not care a button whether they heeded it or not. As a modern publisher might put

it, he was not worrying about circulation or about advertising. Hence, with all such obsessions quite out of the way, he was in a position to do his level best, without fear or favor, and answerable only to his august Boss.

If a prophet were not too particular about making money out of his mission or getting a dubious sort of notoriety out of it, the foregoing considerations would lead one to say that serving the Remnant looks like a good job. An assignment that you can really put your back into, and do your best without thinking about results, is a real job; whereas serving the masses is at best only half a job, considering the inexorable conditions that the masses impose upon their servants. They ask you to give them what they want, they insist upon it, and will take nothing else; and following their whims, their irrational changes of fancy, their hot and cold fits, is a tedious business, to say nothing of the fact that what they want at any time makes very little call on one's resources of prophecy. The Remnant, on the other hand, want only the best you have, whatever that may be. Give them that, and they are satisfied and you have nothing more to worry about. The prophet of the masses must aim consciously at the lowest common denominator of intellect, taste, and character among 120,000,000 people; and this is a distressing task. The prophet of the Remnant, on the contrary, is in the enviable position of Papa Haydn in the household of Prince Esterhazy. All Haydn had to do was to keep fork-ing out the very best music he knew how to produce, knowing it would be understood and appreciated by those for whom he produced it, and caring not a button what anyone else thought of it; and that makes a good job.

In a sense, nevertheless, as I have said, it is not a rewarding job. If you can touch the fancy of the masses, and

have the sagacity to keep always one jump ahead of their vagaries and vacillations, you can get good returns in money from serving the masses, and good returns also in a mouth-to-ear type of notoriety: —

Digito monstrari et dicier, Hic est!

We all know innumerable politicians, journalists, dramatists, novelists, and the like, who have done extremely well by themselves in these ways. Taking care of the Remnant, on the contrary, holds little promise of any such rewards. A prophet of the Remnant will not grow purse-proud on the financial returns from his work, nor is it likely that he will get any great renown out of it. Isaiah's case was exceptional to this second rule, and there are others, but not many.

It may be thought, then, that while taking care of the Remnant is no doubt a good job, it is not an especially interesting job, because it is as a rule so poorly paid. I have my doubts about this. There are other compensations to be got out of a job besides money and notoriety, and some of them seem substantial enough to be attractive. Many jobs which do not pay well are yet profoundly interesting, as, for instance, the job of the research student in the sciences is said to be; and the job of looking after the Remnant seems to me, as I have surveyed it for many years from my seat in the grandstand, to be as interesting as any that can be found in the world.

IV

What chiefly makes it so, I think, is that in any given society the Remnant are always so largely an unknown quantity. You do not know, and will never know, more than two things about them. You can be sure of those — dead sure, as our phrase is — but you will never be able to make even a respect-

able guess at anything else. You do not know and will never know who the Remnant are, or where they are, or how many of them there are, or what they are doing or will do. Two things you know, and no more: first, that they exist; second, that they will find you. Except for these two certainties, working for the Remnant means working in impenetrable darkness; and this, I should say, is just the condition calculated most effectively to pique the interest of any prophet who is properly gifted with the imagination, insight, and intellectual curiosity necessary to a successful pursuit of his trade.

The fascination and the despair of the historian, as he looks back upon Isaiah's Jewry, upon Plato's Athens, or upon Rome of the Antonines, is the hope of discovering and laying bare the 'substratum of right thinking and well-doing' which he knows must have existed somewhere in those societies because no kind of collective life can possibly go on without it. He finds tantalizing intimations of it here and there in many places, as in the Greek Anthology, in the scrapbook of Aulus Gellius, in the poems of Ausonius, and in the brief and touching tribute *Bene merenti* bestowed upon the unknown occupants of Roman tombs. But these are vague and fragmentary; they lead him nowhere in his search for some kind of measure of this substratum, but merely testify to what he already knew *a priori*, that the substratum did somewhere exist. Where it was, how substantial it was, what its power of self-assertion and resistance was — of all this they tell him nothing.

Similarly, when the historian of two thousand years hence, or two hundred years, looks over the available testimony to the quality of our civilization and tries to get any kind of clear, competent evidence concerning the sub-

stratum of right thinking and well-doing which he knows must have been here, he will have a devil of a time finding it. When he has assembled all he can get and has made even a minimum allowance for speciousness, vagueness, and confusion of motive, he will sadly acknowledge that his net result is simply nothing. A Remnant were here, building a substratum, like coral insects, — so much he knows, — but he will find nothing to put him on the track of who and where and how many they were, and what their work was like.

Concerning all this, too, the prophet of the present knows precisely as much and as little as the historian of the future; and that, I repeat, is what makes his job seem to me so profoundly interesting. One of the most suggestive episodes recounted in the Bible is that of a prophet's attempt — the only attempt of the kind on record, I believe — to count up the Remnant. Elijah had fled from persecution into the desert, where the Lord presently overhauled him and asked what he was doing so far away from his job. He said that he was running away, not because he was a coward, but because all the Remnant had been killed off except himself. He had got away only by the skin of his teeth, and, he being now all the Remnant there was, if he were killed the True Faith would go flat. The Lord replied that he need not worry about that, for even without him the True Faith could probably manage to squeeze along somehow, if it had to; 'and as for your figures on the Remnant,' He said, 'I don't mind telling you that there are seven thousand of them back there in Israel whom it seems you have not heard of, but you may take My word for it that there they are.'

At that time probably the population of Israel could not have run to much more than a million or so; and a

Remnant of seven thousand out of a million is a highly encouraging percentage for any prophet. With seven thousand of the boys on his side, there was no great reason for Elijah to feel lonesome; and incidentally that would be something for the modern prophet of the Remnant to think of when he has a touch of the blues. But the main point is that if Elijah the Prophet could not make a closer guess on the number of the Remnant than he made when he missed it by seven thousand, anyone else who tackled the problem would only waste his time.

The other certainty which the prophet of the Remnant may always have is that the Remnant will find him. He may rely on that with absolute assurance. They will find him without his doing anything about it; in fact, if he tries to do anything about it, he is pretty sure to put them off. He does not need to advertise for them, or resort to any schemes of publicity to get their attention. If he is a preacher or a public speaker, for example, he may be quite indifferent to going on show at receptions, getting his picture printed in the newspapers, or furnishing autobiographical material for publication on the side of 'human interest.' If a writer, he need not make a point of attending any pink teas, autographing books at wholesale, or entering into any specious freemasonry with reviewers. All this and much more of the same order lies in the regular and necessary routine laid down for the prophet of the masses; it is, and must be, part of the great general technique of getting the mass-man's ear — or as our vigorous and excellent publicist, Mr. H. L. Mencken, puts it, the technique of boob-bumping. The prophet of the Remnant is not bound to this technique. He may be quite sure that the Remnant will make their own way to him without any adventitious aids; and not only so, but if

they find him employing such aids, as I said, it is ten to one that they will smell a rat in them and will sheer off.

The certainty that the Remnant will find him, however, leaves the prophet as much in the dark as ever, as helpless as ever in the matter of putting any estimate of any kind upon the Remnant, for, as appears in the case of Elijah, he remains ignorant of who they are that have found him, or where they are, or how many. They do not write in and tell him about it, after the manner of those who admire Hollywood's lush houris; nor yet do they seek him out and attach themselves to his person. They are not that kind. They take his message much as drivers take the directions on a roadside signboard; that is, with very little thought about the signboard, beyond being gratefully glad that it happened to be there, but with very serious thought about the directions.

This impersonal attitude of the Remnant wonderfully enhances the interest of the imaginative prophet's job. Once in a while, just about often enough to keep his intellectual curiosity in good working order, he will quite accidentally come upon some distinct reflection of his own message in an unsuspected quarter; and this enables him to entertain himself in his leisure moments with agreeable speculations about the course his message may have taken in reaching that particular quarter, and about what came of it after it got there. Most interesting of all are those instances, if one could only run them down (but one may always speculate about them), where the recipient himself no longer knows where or when or from whom he got the message; or even where, as sometimes happens, he has forgotten that he got it anywhere, and imagines that it is all a self-sprung idea of his own.

Such instances as these are probably not infrequent, for, without presuming to enroll ourselves among the Remnant, we can all no doubt remember having found ourselves suddenly under the influence of an idea, the source of which we cannot possibly identify. 'It came to us afterward,' as we say; that is, we are aware of it only after it has shot up full-grown in our minds, leaving us quite ignorant of how and when and by what agency it was planted there and left to germinate. It seems highly probable that the prophet's message often takes some such course with the Remnant.

If, for example, you are a writer or a speaker or a preacher, you put forth an idea which lodges in the *Unbewusstsein* of a casual member of the Remnant, and sticks fast there. For some time it is inert; then it begins to fret and fester until presently it invades the man's conscious mind and, as one might say, corrupts it. Meanwhile he has quite forgotten how he came by the idea in the first instance, and even perhaps thinks he has invented it; and in those circumstances the most interesting thing of all is that you never know what the pressure of that idea will make him do.

V

For these reasons it appears to me that Isaiah's job is not only good but also extremely interesting; and especially so at the present time when nobody is doing it. If I were young and had the notion of embarking in the prophetic line, I would certainly take up this branch of the business; and therefore I have no hesitation about recommending it as a career for anyone in that position. It offers an open field, with no competition; our civilization so completely neglects and disallows the Remnant that anyone going in with an eye single to their service might

pretty well count on getting all the trade there is.

Even assuming that there is some social salvage to be screened out of the masses, even assuming that the testimony of history to their social value is a little too sweeping, that it depresses hopelessness a little too far, one must yet perceive, I think, that the masses have prophets enough and to spare. Even admitting in the teeth of history that hope of the human race may not be quite exclusively centred in the Remnant, one must perceive that they have social value enough to entitle them to some measure of prophetic encouragement and consolation, and that our civilization allows them none whatever. Every prophetic voice is addressed to the masses, and to them alone; the voice of the pulpit, the voice of education, the voice of politics, of literature, drama, journalism — all these are di-

rected towards the masses exclusively, and they marshal the masses in the way that they are going.

One might suggest, therefore, that aspiring prophetic talent may well turn to another field. *Sat patriæ Priamoque datum* — whatever obligation of the kind may be due the masses is already monstrously overpaid. So long as the masses are taking up the tabernacle of Moloch and Chiun, their images, and following the star of their god Buncombe, they will have no lack of prophets to point the way that leadeth to the More Abundant Life; and hence a few of those who feel the prophetic afflatus might do better to apply themselves to serving the Remnant. It is a good job, an interesting job, much more interesting than serving the masses; and moreover it is the only job in our whole civilization, as far as I know, that offers a virgin field.

BUGLES BLOW RETREAT

BY CLIFFORD DOWDEY

I

His father's last words had been: 'Be sure and take care of your health. More soldiers die of disease than are killed in battle. Don't stay in damp clothes and always find a dry place to sleep. Remember you've never spent a night out of your own room.'

Outside his room to-night the rain would be dripping through the linden trees, and in the morning the ground would be covered with buff blossoms and under his window the rambler roses would be redder.

The rain was dripping through trees now, but not his familiar lindens. These were shadowy bulks in the blackness which shrouded the strange Pennsylvania countryside. The rain was dripping steadily on Kirby, down inside the collar of his jacket, inside his boots, and on the sodden leather of the saddle. It was dripping in the churned mud of the road and on the sagging canvas tops of the wagons, growling and screeching through the ruts.

But above all the other sounds rose the ceaseless wail of the wounded. Sometimes the wail soared into shrieks that sent chills down the boy's spine. Sometimes it died off into sobs, but it never stopped. It never would stop for Kirby. And he had dreamed of the cavalry charging. . . .

The wagon beside him careened. The driver cursed and his whip cracked. The horses snorted, floundered, and the wagon heaved. Kirby

heard the bodies roll against the hard bottom.

A high-pitched scream rose and hovered in the night.

'Dear God, have mercy! Won't somebody take me out of this wagon and let me die on the road . . .'

A low groan sounded close, detached from the rising voice of pain. Kirby realized it was himself. He looked quickly around. No one had heard him. The man in front was swaying drunkenly over the pommel of his saddle. He was asleep. Had his father warned him against sleeping in damp clothes, too?

A loud splashing sounded in the rear. There was a shout, but no one turned to look. They were too tired. The splashing grew nearer. Then Kirby heard the sergeant behind him curse.

'You can't pass heah 'thout shovin' us off'n the road. Wait till the wagons git out'n these-heah woods.'

'I've got to see General Imboden. I'm the quartermaster colonel of the supply wagons.' The voice was sharp, with authority in it.

'I don't keer if you're Gin'ral Lee hisself, you can't pass heah now.'

There was a moment of silence. Then the authoritative voice sounded less sharp.

'What wounded have you got in those wagons?'

'Gin'ral Pender 'n' Scales, 'n' some other officers. That's why we are

traipsin' beside these wagons 'stid of bein' in the advance gawd.'

'Ain't theah somebody kin jest stop this wagon fer a minute and let us outa heah? Let us git out on the road and diel'

The shriek cut through all the sound. Others took it up. Then it slowly died down into an endless moan.

The quartermaster's voice was subdued now.

'Is n't there something we can do for these wounded men?'

'Orduhs are not to stop for anything,' the sergeant said. 'We've got to get these wagons across the Potomac befoh the Yanks catch us.'

'Well,' the quartermaster said, 'I don't reckon the Yanks will start after us to-night. They're cut up somewhat themselves.'

'How bad was we hurt?' the sergeant said. 'We was gawdin' these wagons 'n' we did n't see a damned thing.'

'Awful.' The quartermaster's voice sounded tired now. 'I saw the men coming back down the hill from that cemetery. They looked like they'd been through hell, and the dead were piled up on the field like cordwood. Some of the brigades could n't muster a company to-day. I'm afraid this has wrecked our army.'

'I don't know,' the sergeant said. 'We was bad hurt at Sharpsburg 'n' we come back to give 'em the Wilderness.'

'Old Joe Hooker, won't you come outa the Wilderness . . .' Kirby heard the liquid voice of Chinch, right behind him.

A voice lifted out of one of the wagons.

'I wish we wuz back in the Wilderness. We had Old Jack then.'

'That's right,' the sergeant said. 'We'd never a lost this fight if we'd a had Stonewall.'

'Jackson never had a division that fought any better than Pickett's did

yesterday. But that charge should never've been made.'

'By Gawd, colonel, you ought n't to say that about the Old Man.'

'We needed to stay in the North,' the quartermaster said, 'because there's no more food in the South for our army. We're going back to Virginia — to nothing.'

'If we git back to Vuhginny! We only got this puny regiment of cavalry for twenty mile of trains. If the Yanks 'tack us now, it'd be a massacre. Yuh can git past now.'

The splashing came again. A horse's head snorted beside Kirby, and he moved aside. His horse lost footing in the deeper mud and neighed in fright, floundering in the quagmire. Kirby pulled him back in the mud of the road. The horse was shaking. So was he.

'Dammit, boy,' Chinch said, 'stiddy that hoss.'

'I'll bet his mammy don't know he's out,' came a voice up front.

Kirby said nothing. He had never said anything since he joined this outfit with his dream of a charge that would show him to be worthy of Jeb Stuart's cavalry. It was just a little more than a year ago that his dream had been born.

Kirby and his mother had been looking out of her window at the soldiers marching past. They knew that soldiers were coming from everywhere to hurl the Yankees away from the city, but not since Longstreet marched through with the First Virginia Regiment had they heard such cheering as now.

Then Kirby saw the officer they were cheering. He was on a big horse and he was the most beautiful soldier Kirby had ever seen. He wore a flowing bronzed beard, and a plume in his cocked, rolled-brim hat. A cape was flung back from his shoulders and a yellow sash was around his sword belt.

The man was laughing at some girls who were putting red roses around his horse's neck.

'Who is that, Mother?'

'That's Jeb Stuart. His cavalry just rode around the whole Union army.'

Kirby stared so hard he could see the light dance in the cavalryman's blue eyes, and he heard his laugh, very merry. He had just ridden around the whole Union army.

'Mother, when I'm a little older, do you reckon I could ride with Jeb Stuart's cavalry?'

'If the war goes on, when you're older . . . yes.'

'Could I — could I when I'm sixteen?'

His mother paused. 'Yes, Kirby, when you're sixteen.'

'On my birthday?'

There was a longer pause. 'Yes, son.'

When he was sixteen and had gone to the camp at the Fair Grounds, the officers told him he was too young and inexperienced for Stuart's cavalry. You had to be a real booger for that. But, they said, General Imboden needed young men, and they were about to start on a Northern invasion. . . .

Since that warm afternoon in June when he boarded the train in his new gray uniform, his hat rolled like Stuart's, there had been nothing but riding in dust and darkness, heat and rain, and the jibes of the men. His uniform was dirty and stained and torn, with the dust of many weary miles caked in muddy patches. And he had never so much as seen Jeb Stuart.

II

Ahead of him now he saw the darkness lifting over in the east and he could see the trees bulking beside the road. He saw the line of drooping

horsemen beside the wagons. The canvas tops were dripping sluggish streams inside on the wounded men. In the open back of the wagon in front of him, Kirby saw the bandaged head of a man, with closed eyes, lolling with the pitching of the wagon. Blood was fresh on the dirty cloth. Beside the matted hair were a pair of feet in soleless shoes, swaying with the wagon. Every now and again one of these struck the face beside it. Kirby slumped in the wet saddle, watching the foot and waiting for it to strike the wounded head again. It was the first thing he'd had to look at since they left Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and the rain and darkness closed down.

Beside Kirby a driver, with tobacco juice streaking his gray beard, bawled out: 'Hey, sergeant! Cain't we stop heah, now that we kin see, and shift these men? Ain't ary bit er straw in the bottom of these wagons. I think some of 'em's daid and they're all rolled togethuh. Fix 'em up a mite 'n' we might save moh.'

'Orduhs are not to stop foh anything. The awmy's comin' by a different way 'n' we got to cross the river befoh they do — if we ever get there. Keep that wagon movin'.'

The rain slackened into a drizzle and the low sky grew as light as it ever would. The man in front was waking up. He shook his head, tossing his shaggy black hair below his faded hat. Kirby recognized him as the reckless young fellow who was always telling him that if he'd ever been in a charge he'd be glad enough now to be back with the wagons.

'Brothuh! Wheah's my brothuh? Git me outa this wagon! I cain't stand no moh.'

Kirby lowered his head and forced his lips tight together. He could n't stand any more either. Then he heard a yell up ahead. Voices picked it up, carried it down the line.

'Greencastle! We're comin' into Greencastle!'

Kirby straightened. A town meant rest and food. Then he heard Chinch say: 'Will we tarry theah, sergeant?'

'Dammit, we ain't stoppin' nowhar for nothin'. I keep tellin' yuh, if the Yanks git us we'll all be slaughtuhed, 'n' they'll be comin' this mawnin'.'

Kirby jerked around in his soggy saddle. He stared past Chinch into the grimy, mud-splattered, hard-bitten face of the sergeant.

'You mean — you mean we won't get any food there?'

'From them Dutchmen? They'd sooner put the dogs on us.'

'Maybe — we can scare up some,' he faltered. 'They do in our country.'

'Maybe we'll fly to Vuhginny, too,' the sergeant snarled. 'Ride!'

Kirby faced about, sank lifelessly back in the saddle.

'We're crossin' at Williamsport, sonny,' Chinch said. 'Ain't ovuh fifteen mile to theah. That ain't much, specially 'thout no vittles to weigh down yoh belly.'

The men laughed. Kirby looked straight over the wet mane of his horse. Let them laugh. He'd show them when they got to fighting. He'd get out of this outfit then and ride with Jeb Stuart. Only — only he wished the fight would come soon. Then he would n't mind the nausea that rose from his empty stomach. Then he would n't mind any of this.

Ahead, he saw that the advance column was trotting into the street of a little town. The guns rattled behind. The first wagon moved into the street, then the others. An officer in a gleaming rubber blanket rode out and yelled to the sergeant.

'You can bring your men up with the rest of the regiment now. You need n't ride beside the wagons any more.'

Kirby prodded his horse. The tired

animal slouched into a trot. He heard the sergeant yelling at the men behind. In front the men all looked alike, moving like automatons. The water cascaded in showers from them, the mud splashing up as high as the saddle flaps. Kirby saw that his sabre scabbard was coated with thick brown mud. He sat close in the saddle to avoid striking the soggy leather.

Solid footing of a street steadied the trot of his horse. Kirby saw neat rows of frame houses set back from little lawns. Summer flowers were bright with the rain in front of the porches. Women's frightened faces peered out through the window curtains.

Kirby remembered his mother looking out of a window like that, and then he remembered himself in the morning in a house like one of these. He would be dry and there would be hot food.

'Dammit, son, don't be bawlin' when you go through a Yankee town!'

Kirby saw the sergeant beside him, eyes hard and tired peering through the mask of mud. He realized then that tears were softening the mud caked on his face. He tried to say something, but his throat was constricted. He looked down, at the mud on the asphalt street, and felt those tired eyes on him.

'Look, son. See them fellows sittin' down theah in the street?'

Kirby looked over the horse's drooping head. His vision was blurred. Through the moisture he saw tattered men lying and sitting along the street. Some had ragged slings around their arms, some had dirty bandages around their heads. None of them moved.

'Them fellows 'are tired 'n' hongry, too,' the sergeant said. 'Some of 'em's wounded. The others are stragglers. *But they're infantry.* You ain't goin' to let 'em see a hoss soldier bawl, are you, son?'

Kirby shook his head. 'No, sir.'

'Don't *suh* me. I've jest had this

troop a coupla days. Maybe somebody else 'll have it to-morrow.'

'You've got the troop? Where's the captain?'

'That was a lieutenant you repo'ted tuh. He's daid. I'm the captain now, but you don't have to *suh* me, 'cause most likely I won't be heah long.'

'Yes, sir.'

The sergeant rode on ahead and Kirby saw that the troop was forming in columns of fours. He moved his horse in between Chinch and the dark-haired young man. Chinch looked ageless with his face covered by a scraggly gray beard. Tufts of gray hair poked through the holes in his hat. But he sat in his U. S. saddle with an ease that disheartened Kirby after all the riding hours. Chinch was singing softly to himself:—

'If yuh want tuh have a good time, jine the cavalry . . .'

They passed the guns and caissons. Men drooped on the carriages like wet chickens on a pole. Greencastle was falling behind. The tattered gray men lying in the street were left to the Yankees, for a prison. Some of the wounded hobbled beside the wagons. One was using a musket for a crutch.

Kirby's wet clothes clung to him like the mud to his scabbard. He surely could not write home about this. The family would worry. These other men did n't seem worried about getting wet. He looked at their bearded, leathery faces set in hard lines of fatigue. Suddenly he hated every one of them. He wished that he were one of those infantrymen who could fall out, be a straggler. At least he could get dry clothes and something to eat.

III

A yell, high-pitched and shrill, brought the whole column upright in their saddles. Kirby glared at their startled faces in triumph because they

were shaken out of their drowsing. They were satisfied to doze along in the rain and muck. He wanted to fight, and maybe this was his chance to show them. Other voices had taken up the yelling and then the sharp crackle of revolvers cut through the shouting.

A screaming old man on a harness horse splashed in the field beside the train, the harness flapping out. The old man was belaboring the stumbling animal with a driving whip. Without an order, the column stopped. That old man was an ambulance driver. He screamed at the officers as his horse floundered toward them.

'People of that damn town . . . axes . . . cut our wheels . . . wagons down . . . wounded on the ground . . . devils with axes . . .'

A young staff officer, in a uniform that had been trim before rain-bedraggled, came thundering past the guns, past Kirby's troop, on toward the head of the column. Kirby saw the older men loosening their sabres. Some of them pulled pistols out of the depths of their rags and inspected them.

Kirby felt himself shaking. His hand closed around the sabre hilt, and the moisture from his palm made his grip slip. Now that the moment was here, he was tightened inside as though no movement could ever be made by his body. If only they would give the word, he *knew* he would be released. He had to be, to show them.

The sergeant galloped toward them, and the word was coming. Kirby stood up in his stirrups, straining against his leashed emotions. Then the sergeant yelled:—

'Move off'n the road to the right! Git out of the way! The other troop's goin' back tuh fight. Off'n the road! Move, boys!'

Kirby stood there in his stirrups, immobilized, gaping at the sergeant. The pivoting horse of the dark young man bumped him.

'Move!' he snarled. 'You ain't goin' to fight.'

Kirby sank back into the saddle. His horse was carried by the others into the hock-deep slush of a ploughed field. He saw the troop in front turn around, then stumble into a heavy-footed gallop. Kirby watched the men who were going back to fight.

They came lumbering past. The mud sprayed the whole troop. Kirby was unaware of the mud, even that plastered over the side of his mouth. That troop with the gleaming sabres was riding to fight. He was going to ride on forever in this mud. The last man passed. The men wiped their faces and spat.

'Back intuh the road. Come on, boys, move!'

The horses wheezed and stumbled out of the glutinous mass. Kirby saw that no one was in front of them. They were now the first troop of the advance guard.

'Close up, men, close up.'

The dark young man next to Kirby said:—

'By God, attackin' wagons of wounded is worse than burnin' our houses.'

'I'd sho' like to come on a Yank burnin' a house oncet,' Chinch said in pleasant speculation. 'Jest me 'n' him.'

'Close up, men, close up.'

They rode. The sky gathered close above them, black as though another downpour might come. Kirby's wet clothes were sticking like a poultice. He felt a chill through his body. More soldiers die of disease than are killed, his father had said.

'If yuh want tuh have a good time, jine the cavalry . . .'

Chinch's low voice was the only sound except the steady sloshing of the horses in the mud. The men were all slouched again, sacks on the plodding horses. The tension went out of Kirby's body slowly and he slouched, too,

like the others, as he had done last night.

After a time he heard firing in the rear. His body quivered and his head jerked up.

'Jest some Yanks worryin' the train,' Chinch said.

Kirby slumped back. No one else noticed. When he heard the next firing, his nerves jumped once, but he would not raise his head. Later he heard the blast of the howitzers right behind them, and all the ragged men straightened. Kirby did not. He knew they would never fight. The men slouched down again.

'McClanahan's battery had to help drive 'em off,' the dark young man said. 'Yanks must be comin' stronguh.'

'Gawd, I sho' hope theah main bawdy of cavalry don't hit us,' Chinch said feelingly.

The words rolled over Kirby's brain without making an impression. Nothing made impression, not even the firing that broke out sporadically behind. All sense of personal consciousness lost, he lolled amoeba-like down the endless miles of mud.

It was like coming out of a dream-fogged sleep in the middle of the night when voices aroused him into painful, dulled awareness. He lifted his head. His neck muscles ached. His parched-dry eyes strained through puffed lids. At first he saw only fields of freshly mown hay. Then, beyond the drooping men on shuffling horses, he saw a cluster of houses.

'Williamsport! Thet's whar we cross. . . . Back tuh Vuhginny. . . .'

Tired voices lifted in excitement.

'You're goin' to be home now, sonny,' the dark young man grinned.

'Yoh mammy kin put yuh in dry clothes,' Chinch said.

Kirby dropped his head. He was afraid to look at their hardened, jeering faces, because he was at the breaking point. The sight of those houses

washed up another wave of homesickness, worse than at Greencastle. Now he was wearier and sicker, and he knew they would cross here, night closing down, and with no rest, no food.

His clothes stuck to him. He smelled the dampness of the river. He felt the solid surface of a street beneath his horse and he heard women's voices. But he would n't look up. The street went out from under his horse and they slushed through the mire of an open field. A crisp, strange voice rang out. The troop halted. Kirby lay limply over the pommel. Everyone was talking excitedly.

'Yanks done cut the bridge. . . . River swollen too high tuh cross. . . . Great Gawd, what 'll we do with all the wounded?'

The crisp voice sounded again.

'Bivouac here. The trains will be coming in behind you all night. You're all that's between them and the Yankees except a couple of companies of infantry in Winchester. The army won't be here for another day or two, so — it's up to you.'

There was more talking. Kirby heard the sergeant's voice, and the colonel's. Then he thought he heard the order to dismount. He opened his eyes. The men were climbing rustily from their horses. Kirby achingly pulled his right leg over the cantle. His left leg buckled under his weight and he slid limply into the mud. He grabbed for the pommel, clung with his trembling arm. He saw, as at a great distance, the mud-caked ribs of his horse heaving.

'You can't tend your horse by prayin', son.' The voice was soft, close in his ear.

Kirby turned slowly and looked into the reckless grin of the dark young man.

'Follow me,' he said.

Kirby straightened. His weak legs steadied. He stepped forward, took

hold of the bridle. He followed behind the dark one, his ears filled with the sucking sound of horses and men walking through the bog.

Automatically, his movements detached from his brain, he unsaddled, curried, and watered the horse, and turned him over to the picket line. He followed the men back to the mess. The gloomy dusk was closing over them and ahead the mess fires were glowing through the shadows.

He found his mess. The dour mountaineer, who never talked, was solemnly stirring the 'sloosh' in the skillet. The muddy faces were all turned hungrily toward it. Chinch came up, dropped his folded blanket, and squatted on it.

'If yuh want tuh have a good time, jine the cavalry . . .'

Kirby folded his damp blanket and sat down in the shadows. He tried not to look at the sickening concoction, but his hunger forced his eyes to the steaming pan. The thin chunks of rancid bacon were curling in the sizzling grease, and the mountaineer was pouring in the scant portion of lumpy flour mixed with water.

'You goin' to make it into cakes, Tiberius?' the dark one asked.

The mountaineer gravely nodded, stirring the fried bacon and flour into a greasy substance. Kirby's stomach heaved. His fascinated gaze watched the mountaineer's deft hands separate the sodden mass into divisions and turn them from side to side, hardening the surface. The mountaineer's helper, a lanky redhead in butternut shirt and faded jeans, brought up a bucket of water.

'Heah's the last of thet champagne we got from the Yanks' supply train at Manassas.'

The men dipped their battered cups into the bucket.

'Did n't yuh save none of them choc'lates?' Chinch asked.

'Naw, but we gonna pass 'round the last of theah Havanuh cigars aftuh we vittle.'

'Pass yoh plates,' the mountaineer said.

The men held out their dirty caloused hands.

Kirby's palm was not toughened enough and the sloosh cake burned. He put his dipper on the ground and shifted the hot food to his left hand. Then he bent forward quickly and took a big bite. The grease sickened him as it went down. When it hit his stomach, his intestines seemed to turn over. He dropped the cake in the mud and staggered away from the light.

Retch after retch gagged him. He fell to his knees. His hands slid in the mud. His bowels contracted, then exploded. His gullet bellowed and sloosh was released. Its rancid odor assailed his nostrils and he retched again. The violence of the retching frightened him.

'One man's poison is anotheh's meat, heh, Chinch?' It was the voice of the dark one in the distance. 'Give you half for a chaw.'

'My vittles don' suit him,' the mountaineer growled. 'Should a brung he private cook.'

'I reckon he's jest missin' the American Ho-tel down in Richmond.'

'Naw. He's missin' his mammy's hot-water tea.'

'Heh-heh-heh-heh!' The brutal laughter rang through Kirby there in the darkness as the retching subsided and his exhausted body stretched out in the mud. His eyes were closed tightly, to shut out images of those men he hated, and to shut out the images of home.

He did n't know he had been sleeping until he started up at the feel of hands on him, and instinctively pushed at something encircling him.

'Jest lay still, son,' a voice sounded low in his ears. 'Yuh need yoh blanket under yuh on this-heah ground.'

It was his blanket enclosing him.

He was all trussed up in it, with a saddle under his head. His eyes stared through the darkness and he saw the gray-bearded face of Chinch bending over him.

'Theah yuh are.'

Kirby relaxed, stretched his body that had been cramped.

'Thank you — Chinch.'

The dim figure vanished silently in the darkness.

'If yuh want tuh have a good time, jine the cavalry . . .'

The camp was silent. Kirby fell asleep again with the soft song of Chinch in his brain.

IV

The morning was gray and damp. Kirby's bones were stiff and he felt chilled to his marrow. He saw the men trudging through the mire toward the fringe of trees by the creek where the horses were picketed. He floundered out of his blanket. As he stood up, the dark young man approached him with the reckless grin. Kirby stiffened himself inwardly against the coming jibe and his eyes glared defiantly. The dark one gave a quick furtive glance around. Then he pulled from inside his shirt a sack made of a flour bag. Out of the sack he jerked two pieces of soggy hardtack and thrust them toward Kirby. Kirby did n't move. He looked hungrily at the mouldy bread and back at the dark eyes. He was waiting for the joke.

'Take 'em, son,' the dark one said, 'and stuff 'em down. I've got a drag with the quartermastuh colonel. He used to be my Greek professuh at the University of Vuhginia.'

Kirby took them gingerly.

'Hurry up,' the dark one said. 'Most likely you won't get anythin' else to-day and your gullet's empty.'

Hunger overcoming suspicion, Kirby stuffed the soggy hardtack into his

mouth. He chewed and swallowed, staring all the while at the young man with the reckless grin.

'After you get your horse, theah'll be some coffee. See that you keep it down.'

'Thank you.' Kirby's voice was unsteady. This kindness was bringing tears back to his eyes.

The dark one stalked off.

Kirby saddled his horse, watered him, and went back to the mess. The mountaineer gave him a murderous look, but no one said anything. They were all getting potato coffee in their water dippers. It was sour and bitter, without sugar or cream, but it warmed Kirby and he kept it down.

A pleasant-looking young man was walking toward the mess. His freshly washed face revealed browned skin, and blue eyes glanced over the men.

'Boys,' he said, 'we got tuh keep the blue-bellies off'n the wounded 'n these skimpy supplies till the awmy gits heah — and Gawd knows when thet'll be. So it's up to us.'

Kirby was staring at the pleasant young man. It was the sergeant! He was no more than nineteen. The sergeant turned to Kirby and smiled shyly.

'Glad tuh see yuh kept yoh coffee down. Yuh're goin' to need it this day.' His blue eyes swept over the rest of the mess. 'Git goin', boys. Yuh're gawdin' the road we come in on.'

Kirby, staring after the slender figure, suffered a mounting shame. The sergeant was nothing but a boy himself, and he had seen Kirby get sick and — and cry. Kirby drained his dipper of potato coffee and hung it on his belt. His shoulders went back as during the drill at the Fair Grounds. If the Yankees attacked to-day, he'd show them. He'd show, not the Yankees, but the troop. He rolled, like the sergeant, when he walked to his horse, and it was a firm seat he took in the saddle.

There was a different air about the men this morning. Kirby saw that as soon as they rode. They went through the town at a businesslike trot and deployed as soon as they reached the field where the freshly mown hay was. Drivers were stuffing the hay into empty wagons and piling it on the backs of horses. The wagons had all arrived and were parked in a big field right behind the town.

The men spread out facing the woods where the hayfield ended. The dark young man and three others moved ahead down the road as pickets. Everything was very still, except for an occasional shout of the wagoners piling hay. It was like a farm scene. The men drowsed in their saddles, but they did n't have that dead appearance of yesterday. Watching the hayfield, Kirby remembered last summer on Uncle Robert's plantation.

Just as unexpectedly as if it had been a farm scene, the scattering of shots straight ahead broke the stillness. Kirby jumped. He heard a yell, more shots, then pounding hoofs on the road. Every man was erect, every horse's head up. The four horses of the pickets galloped into view together. The saddle of one was empty. The stirrups were flapping, and, as the horses charged nearer, Kirby saw on the mane of the riderless horse the blood that had been in the body of the dark one. Kirby's whole body seemed to rise in unuttered protest as he remembered the dark one riding away with the reckless grin, and inside his shirt the sack of hardtack.

'Git! Git! Regiments of Yanks!'

The spell of horror broke, scattered into a rushing torrent of panic. Wildly he spun the horse, driving in the spurs so hard the horse lunged ahead with a shrill neighing. The thought came that he'd heard no order to retreat, but he did n't care. When he saw the other men, leaning forward over their horses'

necks and straining toward the town, he didn't feel any better. Nothing mattered in his headlong flight.

In the field he saw horses running crazily with bonfires on their backs. Then he saw some riders in blue uniforms galloping across the field. They were setting fire to the hay on the horses. He saw the still figure of a wagoner lying in the mud. He saw one of the blue men fall off his horse, and a second later he heard a shot from the town. There were several shots from town; then a volley. The blue horse-men turned back.

V

The houses of the town loomed up close and Kirby saw some gray infantrymen lying between the houses and firing. Kirby's horse stumbled on the sharp turn coming into the street. It was filled with people running around and shouting. An officer with an arm in a sling was bellowing to some bearded wagoners who milled around him. He was handing them muskets.

An old man, with blood dripping through the fingers clutching his stomach, was circling around, shrieking, 'Great Gawd, ain't nowhar safe?'

'Dammit, don't run us down! You'll save yoh mangy hides.'

A tall officer with a close-cropped beard was pulling his horse upon its haunches right in front of Kirby. He shook his sabre and yelled. Kirby saw that his horse was wet and his boots gleamed with water. Galloping down the street beyond the officer were a body of men on wet horses. Somebody shouted: —

'McNeil's Partisan Ranguhs! Jest crossed the rivuh! Give 'em room!'

Kirby fought his excited horse up on the sidewalk and kept going. The other men of his troop were scattering in every direction. Kirby galloped out into the mired field where they had

bivouacked last night. Other cavalrymen from the regiment were milling around, everyone shouting. McNeil's Rangers were getting smaller as they galloped away to the left. The rattle of muskets sounded, and Kirby saw some tiny gray dots running toward a farmhouse.

The ground heaved under them and his brain rocked with thunder. He cried out. Smoke came rolling down from the top of the hill and he saw figures running through it. He saw heavy guns up there and some men jerking sponges out of them. A voice rang out. The lanyards were pulled. The ground shook again and the roar blasted through the boy's nerves. He glanced frantically around, a terrified animal seeking escape.

'Don't take on, sonny. 'Tain't nuthin' goin' tuh hurt yuh heah.'

Kirby stared at Chinch without comprehending.

'Up on the hill, men! For the love of God, get up there!'

Kirby's horse was staggered around by the others. Men cursed, animals squealed, the air hummed, and then the earth shook again. Kirby was carried on by the rush. His horse floundered in the mire. At the top of the hill the smoke hung in a low cloud. Ghostly figures ran through it. Everyone was shouting. The guns blasted right in his ears.

'Heah! Heah!'

The sergeant was rounding up the troop. Kirby found Chinch pressing beside him again. He was humming through his gray beard: —

'If yuh want tuh have a good time, jine the cavalry . . .'

Between the thunderous belches of the guns Kirby heard rifle fire off on the left, then more of it on the right. The firing on the right deepened in tone and seemed to sweep nearer, like a driving wind. He looked apprehensively at the others of his troop. They were no

longer his slovenly, jeering companions. They were cold-eyed men, hard of face, alert of body, fierce, untamed. In his own paralyzing fear he felt himself the boy they had called him, inadequate, out of place among the seasoned fighters who had endured thousands of such weary, hungry miles as those from Gettysburg, hundreds of such fights as this. And he had wanted a charge to show them *he* was worthy of Jeb Stuart's cavalry. . . .

'It's coming on the right! That's the main attack!'

It was General Imboden himself, shouting above the din. Kirby saw his haggard eyes, determined above his short-cropped, rain-matted beard. The troop leaders were pressing close about him.

'Go down behind this ridge so they won't see you leave the centre. Drive back their advance and hold them until help comes. Above all, don't let them see you leave here. If they suspect how few men we've got — well, they must n't! And, men, for God's sake, hold them!'

The sergeant spun his muddy horse around, waved his sabre over his head. Kirby felt his horse carrying him down the slippery side of the hill. His insides were an emptiness through which waves of weakness washed. His throat was so dry that to swallow hurt. He struck the bottom on the far side of the hill and then turned straight ahead.

The firing rushed nearer. It was louder here, and clear. The guns boomed behind him dully, but he could hear the sharp, distinct cracks of muskets. In a clump of bushes hospital attendants were bent over some still forms. As he rode past, Kirby saw one writhe. A knife gleamed in the wet air.

'No! No! Please God, no! I'll take the chance!'

In front, the lieutenant of the troop ahead yelled. His voice drifted back through the noise: 'Follow me!'

His troop surged ahead. Their sabres flashed through the thin smoke. Off on the side some ragged, bearded old men were firing from behind a post-and-rail fence.

'Must a awmed ev'ry one of them wagoners,' Chinch said meditatively. 'Who'd a thought they'd fit?'

Kirby stared at the man as if he were crazy. He could think of other people. . . .

Then the troop, trotting fast, broke into the open. He saw his first Yankees. They looked like men, adult, assured, like his father and uncles. They had authority in their trim-fitting uniforms, with shiny boots. The coats of sturdy horses shone and the men were planted firmly in the fine leather of the saddles.

Yet they were going away. A breath of relief choked up through his constricted throat. The tatterdemalions of the troop ahead were firing steadily as they galloped, and the strong men in blue were riding away. His own troop followed behind, and behind them was the third. Maybe he would n't be in the fight after all. . . .

The blue men swarmed up a muddy embankment alongside a road. When they reached the far side, Kirby's eyes gaped. They were becoming part of a vast horde of blue, spreading over the earth like a never-ending ink blot. He saw the sheen of metal, and then puffs of smoke popped out from them. A funny whistling strung the air and he heard the crack of carbines. There was a grunt near him and a riderless horse galloped in front. Then they all galloped.

The troop swung out around him. Kirby looked behind. The other troop was swinging out. The first troop had reached the embankment. They were piling off their horses, hurling themselves against the mud of the embankment wall. Kirby knew that was where he was headed, and again he looked

back, desperately, animal instinct seeking preservation.

'Faster, boys, faster!'

The movement of the troop carried him on. He heard a dull plopping in the mud like rocks thrown. Then the embankment loomed up. Suddenly that muddy wall offered safety, a haven, and he spurred the horse onward. He flung himself off, while the animal was still skidding on his hocks through the slime. He threw his body into the wet mud, his face straight into it. His body was heaving with gasping breaths.

'Shoot thet ca'bine, son.' Chinch was there again.

Kirby stared unseeingly at him with glazed eyes. The horny hand grabbed him and jerked him backward.

'Son, you gotta ack like a man now. Don't yuh want tuh save yoh mammy from the Yankees?'

Kirby stared like one hypnotized.

'Do like me.'

The boy watched him scoop out the wet mud on top of the wall, make two mounds and lay his carbine through it. He heard the sharp crack through all the noise. Chinch slid down, ducking behind the wall, and looked at the boy with a snaggle-toothed grin. He was already ramming a ball down the muzzle.

'See how easy 't is? Come on now, tuhgethuh.'

Kirby turned slowly, watching Chinch. With his eyes on that straggly-bearded face, he scooped up two piles of mud and slid his carbine through it. He did n't see anything but hoofmarks in the mud, but when he heard the crack of Chinch's carbine he pulled his own trigger. The sharp report steadied his hand.

He ducked down beside Chinch and reloaded. He never saw anything to shoot at. He just poked his carbine through and pulled the trigger. Then he squatted down and reloaded. The

mud at the bottom was all churned and some of the men were lying in it, very still. He turned away from them and watched Chinch. Chinch grinned through his gray beard.

'I b'lieve I got one,' he said.

Kirby kept on firing. That was all there was to it. He got used to the humming in the air. Every once in a while a bullet plopped right in front of him. His bullets were getting low. He saw other men taking balls out of the pockets of the dead men. He fired more slowly, took longer to reload, so he would n't have to touch the corpses.

A horse splashed up.

'You've got to hold them, sergeant. You've got to!'

Kirby saw that Chinch was taking a long time to reload, too. He pushed his carbine through and fired again. There was a whish in front of his eyes and mud splattered his face. He ducked quickly. Chinch was still bent over his carbine. Kirby glanced at him closer. He was not moving. Kirby moved his hand toward him, stopped. He tried to speak; his tongue was thick and lifeless. He reached his hand out again.

When he touched the tattered sleeve, the still body slid forward, very slowly, just sinking down in the mud. Near the bottom the body pitched out from the wall and squashed face down in the quagmire. Kirby screamed.

'Chinch!'

'Git back to thet firin' wall, boy! We got to hold 'em now.'

Kirby whirled, threw himself against the mud wall. He was sobbing. He could n't stop. Blindly he loaded, shoved his carbine through, and fired. He kept sobbing. Then there were n't any more balls. He just stood there.

'Out of bullets?'

He nodded dumbly.

'Git 'em from Chinch.'

Kirby shook his head.

The sergeant started toward him. A

sabre gleamed in his hand. He was n't a pleasant-faced boy any more.

'Damn you!' he snarled.

Kirby stooped quickly. He had to roll the body over. He tried not to look at the face as he ran his hands through the pockets. He got a few balls and jumped back. When he stood up the straggly beard was before his eyes and for a moment he stared at the face that had been beside him for so many miles. . . .

'If yuh want tuh have a good time, jine the cavalry . . .'

Kirby whirled away and threw the balls out of his hands as though they burned.

'No!' He turned toward the sergeant. 'No . . .'

The sergeant was n't there. All the men were jumping back from the wall, and the sergeant was standing at the bottom of the decline beside his horse.

'Heah comes Jeb Stuart! Mount fast, boys! If we flank 'em now, we can drive 'em away.'

A long, high-pitched shriek rose from the line, eerie and savage, tingling down the boy's spine. Kirby knew he was hearing the Rebel Yell for the first time. No more would it call the dark one, no more Chinch. He looked down again at that bearded face. The lids were closed over the faded eyes, but the lips revealed the snagged teeth that used to show in a smile.

'Follow me!'

Kirby's head went up. The troop was trotting behind the sergeant alongside the mud wall. Ahead was a break. Kirby saw the gray rags on their backs and he saw their sabres lifted. They did n't look invincible, like the trim blue men in their fine leather saddles on their sleek horses; but they were men like Chinch, and they were going to fight.

Kirby looked once more at the still figure. Then, sobbing, he leaped down the incline and jumped on his horse.

Under the vicious spur, the animal bucked around, snorting, and scrambled through the slime of the embankment to the top. His thrashing hoofs trampled the mud mounds Chinch had built, and he staggered up on the road.

VI

Even while he steadied the horse, Kirby saw the Yankees across the field of mud. No more were they the solid, unbreakable mass of blue. They were individual men swarming their horses up the far side of a ditch from which they had been firing. As he saw them, they were looking northward down the road in the general direction from which the retreat had come.

Kirby looked, too. At first he saw only a cyclonic blur moving over the ground. He heard the roll of padded thunder, and the blur broke into the forms of galloping cavalymen. From them rose a shrill shriek that swept forward like a howling wind. An answering scream from the troop met it, and the combined fury broke over Kirby, wrenched at his nerves.

Then the fierce Rebel Yell was torn from his own throat and he drove the spurs in. The hand that burned from Chinch's bullets gripped a pistol, and he started blasting at the blue figures as his horse began to gallop. They were running away, now that they had killed Chinch, running now that Jeb Stuart was coming. But he would n't let them get away. Again and again the big pistol kicked in his hand.

The horses were pivoting and plunging as the blue troops formed and galloped east toward the rolling hills. The ditch loomed up. The last troop formed on its edge, wheeling to gallop off from the Valkyrie cry rushing toward them. A man with chevroned sleeves steadied his horse and raised his pistol, pointed straight at Kirby. The boy saw the smoke puff out and heard

the whine of the bullet. Screaming hysterically, he fired again and again. The big pistol clicked.

The ditch gaped. Kirby dropped the pistol in the mud, leaned forward on the withers and clucked. The tired horse gathered himself. The boy drew his sabre and flourished it as the ground left him. When he soared over the ditch, he saw the face of the chevroned blue soldier. It was emotionless, and he sat very still as he aimed the pistol again. The smoke puffed out. Kirby's horse shuddered. He struck the muddy earth and plunged forward.

The Yankee started to whirl his horse. Kirby's crashed into him. The impact catapulted the boy out of the saddle. He scrambled up. The Yank's mount was floundering, squealing, and the Yank was scrambling up, too. The pistol was still in his hand. The sabre was in Kirby's hand. He sprang forward and slashed. The crash of the gun blinded him. His arm buckled and his wrist tingled. He felt a burn across his cheek. Blindly he struck again, and the sabre swished the air. Then he saw the Yankee lying in the mud. His eyes were glazing and blood oozed from the collar of the uniform.

Kirby felt a strange sensation, and all at once he wanted to get away from there. He turned for his horse. The animal was huddled in the mud, blood caked around a gash in his throat. The Yank's horse was standing per-

fectly still. Kirby saw the U. S. on the fine saddle. He grabbed the bridle and swung up. Now he was riding a horse like the one Chinch had.

Then he realized he was all alone. Ahead, the galloping cavalry was blurring again, and the padded thunder sounded faint. He saw his own troop trotting toward him and the general was riding beside the sergeant. Kirby started toward them. He saw two figures riding along the road, and he stopped.

One was a giant of a man, his legs far below his horse's barrel. The other wore a flowing red beard. A plume fluttered above his rolled-brim hat, and a red-lined cape was thrown back from his shoulder. A yellow sash was around his sword belt and a buff gauntlet was on his gesturing hand. Kirby just sat there, staring. He heard voices nearing him, but the words did n't penetrate his own thoughts.

'Like I keep tellin' yuh, gin'ral, if my men don't git some sleep, they won't care what happens to the wagons.'

'You should n't speak like that in front of your men, sergeant.'

'They don't mind, gin'ral. . . . Do you, son?'

Kirby knew then they were speaking to him, and he turned around and grinned. But he said what was in his mind.

'Now I can write home that I've been in a charge with Jeb Stuart.'

THE ELECTION CHOICE

BY JOHN W. OWENS

I

IN this year's election the choice will be between two Republicans. One will be a Norris-Insurgent Republican, who happens to be an Eastern aristocrat and carries the banner of the Democratic Party; the other will be a Conservative Republican, or, if you prefer, an Old Guard Republican, who unless something slips will be a plain man from the Middle West and will start with something of the coloration of local Progressivism.

Both will believe in property. Both will believe in government, plenty of government and strongly centralized. The essential difference between them will be in their conception of the uses of government for the benefit of a property-loving society. Mr. Roosevelt will head the forces which would subdue and harness the big fellow for the good of the little fellow, and pay very little attention to arguments that when you slow down the big fellow you slow down a multitude of little fellows who live their lives in his wake. Mr. Roosevelt's opponent, perhaps Mr. Landon, perhaps a bigger or a lesser Landon by another name, will head the forces which would release the big fellow as far as is possible, and pay very little attention to arguments that the good things, in sifting down from the level of the few big fellows to the level of the many little fellows, often are obstructed or diverted.

That is the fight. It will be modified

in this or that respect; it will be obscured in this or that respect. When you divide 125,000,000 people into two camps, there is never lack of inconsistencies and incongruities. But when you have worked your way through all the inconsistencies and all the incongruities in each camp — and all the special pleadings and all the rationalizations — this is what you have: two groups which are one in believing in property and are one in believing in powerful, paternalistic government, but are abruptly separated on the question of who shall be the primary beneficiaries of government. Reduced to the simplest terms, you have the spirit of George Norris on one side and the spirit of Herbert Hoover on the other.

So definite is this division, as anyone may see who looks beyond the façades of politics to find where passion in the people is lodged, that it makes little difference whether Mr. Roosevelt or his opponent will wish the cleavage. It makes little difference whether they will think of themselves as leaders in this division. The forces are running and they are stronger than individuals, however exalted temporarily. Touch the self-aware little fellow — I say the *self-aware* little fellow, not all little fellows — and you usually will find him admitting this failure or that failure of the New Deal, but up and fighting for Roosevelt. Touch the self-aware big fellow, the man who long

was accustomed to serenity in power under Republican administrations, and you usually will find him in a rage, quite often a purplish rage. Candidates do not govern this sort of thing; they are governed by it.

It means that the question to be settled next November is one of emphasis in administration. And that is all that is to be settled. In saying this, one does not belittle the issue. Emphasis in administration can be of enormous importance, and will be in the four years beginning in January 1937. But it is necessary to understand that the issue is one of emphasis in administration of a paternalistic government, as between the little-fellow philosophy and the big-fellow philosophy, and is not one of revolution, as excited gentlemen on both sides like to convince themselves is the case. Mr. Roosevelt's revolution is dead. The Supreme Court put out that fire when it invalidated his schemes to regiment American industry under the NRA and American agriculture under the AAA, and public opinion has stamped on most of the embers. If we must have a pat word for the unrest of the day, it is not revolution but reformism, which is but cambric tea to your true radical.

II

To test the proposition that the issue to be settled next November is one of emphasis in the administration of a paternalistic government, one has but to review questions which engage the attention of the country and of the party spokesmen. Mr. Roosevelt has bowed to the Supreme Court in the AAA decision, as in the NRA, and no longer attempts direct control over agriculture from Washington, but he continues the bounties to the farmers. He hopes thereby to exert an indirect control over production. But the main thing is that the bounties to farmers

are continued. Do the Old Guard Republicans propose to uproot the whole bounty system? Not at all. They too are in favor of bounties. They submit, under political necessity, to the farmers' argument that they are entitled to bounties in compensation for the high tariff protection granted manufacturers. But the Old Guard Republicans insist there are grave flaws and abuses in the Roosevelt bounties and therefore vast remediable waste. A matter of administration in paternalistic government.

Mr. Roosevelt pours out billions for relief. Do the Old Guard Republicans propose to halt relief? Not at all. They content themselves with charges of top-heavy administration, permeated by partisan politics, and with demands for elimination of waste. A matter of administration. Mr. Roosevelt inaugurates a system of social security embracing old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, and aid for the blind and for dependent children. Do the Republicans propose to resist the present-day demand for social security? Not at all. Will they propose, in the event of the Supreme Court's invalidating Mr. Roosevelt's security legislation, to resist substitute measures? Not at all. Their talk is of the terms of the legislation and of the timing and distribution of burdens. A matter of administration.

Mr. Roosevelt piles millions upon millions into the TVA experiment. And in that business, curiously enough, he had earlier and far more consistent opposition from the big fellows than in either NRA or AAA and yet he won on TVA in the Supreme Court. The lawyers of the big fellows apparently underestimated the implications of the government's power to provide for national defense and of its authority over navigable streams. They seemed to think that the government, in providing for national defense, could es-

tablish an enterprise in wartime, but in peacetime could not do much more than to sit on the enterprise and twiddle its thumbs. And they evidently thought the government's authority over navigable streams did not extend to the doing of any unusual thing. But, although Mr. Roosevelt won the TVA battle in court, the next administration, if under control of the Old Guard, need not say it will go on with TVA. It can promise to abolish the enterprise.

Will Mr. Roosevelt's opponent make such a promise? It would be very surprising. Indeed, it is virtually certain that there will be no such promise, although it also is virtually certain that most of the great power interests of the country will earnestly support Mr. Roosevelt's opponent, whoever he may be, and probably many of them will contribute to his campaign fund. What may be expected of Mr. Roosevelt's opponent are general promises to the effect that 'sanity' shall be introduced into the conduct of the TVA experiment, that private power interests shall not be bludgeoned in their relations with TVA and shall not be subjected to unfair competition, that elaborate corollaries of the power project shall be curbed and that a tight watch shall be kept on the pursestrings of the whole undertaking. A matter of administration.

So it goes, all down the line. Budget balancing, to the extent that it turns on reduction of expenditures rather than increase in revenues, is obviously a matter of administration. Mr. Roosevelt's opponent, if elected, will be committed to huge expenditures which until lately were unknown in this country — for example, farm bounties and relief. The question is not whether, in seeking to balance the budget, he will summarily lop off great expenditures inaugurated by Mr. Roosevelt. The question is simply whether he will

control these expenditures more economically than Mr. Roosevelt has done. And when one passes from spending legislation to what may be called police legislation — regulation of stock exchanges, security issues, and holding companies — one will find that the Old Guard Republicans will not promise anything like a clean sweep. Their changes, if they triumph, will be to some extent in amendments, but chiefly in administration.

The fact is that if one wishes to discover some matter on which there is likely to be a reasonably clear-cut division in this year's campaign over what might be described as principle, rather than administration in a paternalistic government, one must turn to the State Department, where Cordell Hull, a traditional Democratic liberal, hammers away at reduction of trade barriers.

Mr. Roosevelt has had very little interest in this effort to apply historic Democratic doctrine. In the middle of 1933, when he substituted the New Deal for the Democratic platform of 1932, he is said to have remarked indifferently: 'Poor Cordell. He has a lot of good ideas which will take ten years.' Why he has backed Mr. Hull in the last year or so with certain outward signs of definite favor is hard to say. Perhaps he has a bad conscience over the manner in which he ditched Mr. Hull in London in 1933, after his Secretary of State had brought the leading statesmen of Europe to Washington to press his ideas and had followed them to the World Economic and Monetary Conference. Perhaps the President occasionally has a nostalgia for the political gospel of his youth. Perhaps his latter-day support of the Democratic Hull is another case of the capitulation of a clever and facile man to the moral authority of a quiet and steady man who combines information and conviction.

In any event, Mr. Hull has achieved some successes, probably more important as pathfinders than in concrete economic gains, and the President supports him, while it is on this important subject alone that Mr. Hoover and others of the Old Guard talk in terms of total abolition, not in terms of administration.

III

Emphasis in administration is the only thing that is to be settled in the November election, except the fate of Mr. Hull's applied Democracy in the State Department — emphasis in the administration of a paternalistic government. But, as suggested above, to state this issue is not to belittle it. The difference between the Norris emphasis in the administration of a paternalistic government and the Hoover emphasis may be very great, and, in given circumstances, it may be fateful. It is also true that the relative value of the Norris emphasis and of the Hoover emphasis may vary from time to time. Our political practice is very infirm, and we are incapable of sustained application of a body of ideas deliberately formulated. Our recourse, in this weakness, is in a kind of political rhythm. And if, in this period, we have swayed heavily toward paternalistic government, it may be that within the paternalistic government we must gain our progress, or at least attempt our correctives, by swaying now to the Norris little-fellow emphasis, now to the Hoover big-fellow emphasis.

The people who are putting the drive and passion into this 1936 campaign, the self-aware little fellow and the angry man of affairs, will have no trouble in deciding whether the swing of paternalistic government should continue toward the Norris emphasis or should be arrested and started back to the Hoover emphasis. But there are

little fellows who do not think as little fellows and there are rich men who restlessly ponder upon their obligations to society. And there is a middle group who try very patiently to grope toward a forward way. It will not be easy for these men and women to make their decision.

They will be able to see the danger that Mr. Roosevelt's vast expenditures may lead to the cracking of the government's credit and to inflation, and they will know that nothing in the Norris emphasis could compensate the little fellow for the destruction, in part or in whole, of his life insurance policy and his savings deposit. They can ask whether the serenity of the big fellows, restored by the election of an Old Guard candidate, would not be a safeguard against danger of a collapse of the government's credit.

They will be able to see that continuance in office of a spending President may further encourage the log-roller spending blocs in Congress, even though general legislation may tend to move back into conventional patterns. They can ask whether further big spending will not lead, in efforts to protect an endangered public credit, to desperate additions to already onerous taxation and to a new depression of long-term business.

They will be able to see that pitiful army of the unemployed, 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 strong. They can ask whether that army might not be largely restored to jobs, for a few years anyway, if big business were reassured and the heavy industries were set going in substantial measure.

They will be able to see that if the heavy industries were set going the balancing of the budget would become an easier task, because, on the one hand, of reduced expenditures for relief, and, on the other hand, of natural increase of revenue; and if the budget approached balance the govern-

ment's credit would be a rock. Reasonable people can ask whether the possibility of all this is not worth some risks in the big-fellow emphasis.

But equally these reasonable men and women will be able to see that not a single idea has been developed by the old crowd, political and business, that rode high in power while the people were being led to the economic slaughterhouse of 1929. Here and there a Republican has attempted to formulate a body of doctrine in opposition to Mr. Roosevelt's programme and to base it upon historic liberalism, with at least some recognition of the duty of party self-criticism that is implicit in such an attempt. Ogden L. Mills has been perhaps clearer and braver in this than most of his party comrades. But in this last winter, when the tide of criticism of Mr. Roosevelt became a torrent, who commanded less attention in Republican affairs than did Mr. Mills with his arguments? Reasonable men and women may ask whether the return of the old crowd may not mean the return of the old evils.

And they may ask whether they need risk paying that price for the removal of the dangers that are in the Roosevelt administration. They may ask whether the improvement in business will not press itself into the heavy industries at an accelerated pace, thereby automatically reducing expenditures for relief and increasing

revenues, and thereby, in turn, promoting a balanced budget and safeguarding the government's credit. They may ask, too, whether the return of the public's thinking to familiar channels will not ensure a far stronger resistance in the next Congress to Mr. Roosevelt's hasty and novel departures, and thus set up a normal and natural protection for the processes of recovery and for the government's credit.

They may ask, in short, whether the force of organic economic recovery and the force of a more stable and critical public opinion, acting simultaneously, will not remove the worst dangers in the administration; and whether they must chance, in the election of an Old Guard Republican, the emasculation of measures devised by Mr. Roosevelt's administration for the suppression of the financial anarchy and brigandage that were rife in what once was called the New Economic Era—not to mention the destruction of Mr. Hull's labors.

It is, indeed, not an easy choice for reasonable men and women — this choice in a paternalistic government between the little-fellow emphasis, with its dangers to the government's credit, and the big-fellow emphasis, with its dangers of blind reaction and of the arrogant and calamitous stupidities that preceded 1929. But, as things are at this writing, that's the choice to be made.

POEMS IN A TIME OF DOUBT

BY ROBERT FROST

A ROADSIDE STAND

THE little old house was out with a little new shed
In front at the edge of the road where the traffic sped,
A roadside stand that too pathetically plead,
It would not be fair to say for a dole of bread,
But for some of the money, the cash, whose flow supports
The flower of cities from sinking and withering faint.
The polished traffic passed with a mind ahead,
Or if ever aside a moment, then out of sorts
At having the landscape marred with the artless paint
Of signs that with N turned wrong and S turned wrong
Offered for sale wild berries in wooden quarts,
Or crook-necked golden squash with silver warts,
Or beauty rest in a beautiful mountain scene.
You have the money, but if you want to be mean
Why keep your money (this crossly), and go along.
The hurt to the scenery would n't be my complaint
So much as the trusting sorrow of what is unsaid:
Here far from the city we make our roadside stand
And ask for some city money to feel in hand
To try if it will not make our being expand,
And give us the life of the moving pictures' promise
That the party in power is said to be keeping from us.

It is in the news that all these pitiful kin
Are to be bought out and mercifully gathered in
To live in villages next to the theatre and store
Where they won't have to think for themselves any more;
While greedy good-doers, beneficent beasts of prey,
Swarm over their lives enforcing benefits
That are calculated to soothe them out of their wits
And by teaching them how to sleep the sleep all day
Destroy their sleeping at night the old-fashioned way.

Sometimes I feel myself I can hardly bear
 The thought of so much childish longing in vain,
 The sadness that lurks near the open window there,
 That waits all day in almost open prayer
 For the squeal of brakes, the sound of a stopping car,
 Of all the thousand selfish cars that pass,
 Just one to inquire what a farmer's prices are.
 And one did stop, but only to plough up grass
 In using the yard to back and turn around;
 And another to ask the way to where it was bound;
 And another to ask could they sell it a gallon of gas.
 They could n't (this crossly): they had none, did n't it see?

No, in country money, the country scale of gain,
 The requisite lift of spirit has never been found,
 Or so the voice of the country seems to complain.
 I can't help owning the great relief it would be
 To put these people at one stroke out of their pain.
 And then next day as I come back into the sane,
 I wonder how I should like you to come to me
 And offer to put me gently out of my pain.

A DRUMLIN WOODCHUCK

ONE thing has a shelving bank,
 Another a rotting plank
 To give it cozier skies
 And make up for its lack of size.

My own strategic retreat
 Is where two rocks almost meet,
 And still more secure and snug,
 A two-door burrow I dug.

With those in mind at my back
 I can sit forth exposed to attack
 As one who shrewdly pretends
 That he and the world are friends.

All we who prefer to live
 Have a little whistle we give,

And flash, at the least alarm
We dive down under the farm.

We allow some time for guile
And don't come out for a while
Either to eat or drink.
We take occasion to think.

And if after the hunt goes past
And the double-barreled blast
(Like war and pestilence
And the loss of common sense),

If I can with confidence say
That still for another day,
Or even another year,
I will be there for you, my dear,

It will be because, though small
As measured against the All,
I have been so instinctively thorough
About my crevice and burrow.

A TRIAL RUN

I *said* to myself almost in prayer,
It will start hair-raising currents of air
When you give it the livid metal-sap.
It will make a homicidal roar.
It will shake its cast-stone reef of floor.
It will gather speed till your nerves prepare
To hear it wreck in a thunder-clap.
But stand your ground
As they say in war.
It is cotter-pinned, it is bedded true.
Everything its parts can do
Has been thought out and accounted for.
Your least touch set it going round,
And when to stop it rests with you.

MEMORIES

BY ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

I

A WAY of life is something more than the shifting relations of bits of matter in space and in time. Life depends upon such external facts. The all-important æsthetic arises out of them, and is deflected by them. But, in abstraction from the atmosphere of feeling, one behavior pattern is as good as another; and they are all equally uninteresting. The chief value of memories of infancy and young childhood is that with unconscious naïvety they convey the tonality of the society amid which that childhood was passed. The two generations immediately preceding the present time are so near and so far. We can almost hear the rustle of their clothes as they passed away in the shades. The tones of their voice, their ways of approach, linger. And yet the generation on the younger side of fifty know so little of them. The blatant emphasis of current literature has done its worst in distortion. Memories shed a quiet light upon ways of feeling which in literature become distorted for the necessities of a story, or of a comparison.

In the autumn of 1864 a small boy three years old was in Paris. He was, however, unconscious of date, of reason, and of personal age. The very notion of the great world of tremendous happenings was absent from his mind. He enjoyed as matter of course the love and petting from the family of parents, children, nurse, and the bright warm days. But one baffling, elusive memory

remained throughout life, a thread connecting the child with the onrush of history.

The scene was a bright day, the nurse sitting on a seat facing a broad road, the child playing, a park with its beauty of trees and flowers and shrubs, a palace from which the road came; and whither the road went the child neither knew nor cared. Along the road a glittering regiment of soldiers marched from the palace, and, passing the seat, vanished into the unknown. That was the whole scene, disconnected from any background of date or place, and yet haunting memory in later years. Throughout boyhood he tried again and again to identify the spot. Each year for two months in the late spring he was living in a London house looking across Green Park toward Buckingham Palace. He knew every seat that faced the roads where companies of Queen Victoria's Guards marched to and fro from the palace. The Queen herself, as she drove past, was a familiar sight — a little figure in black, belonging to the unquestioned order of the universe, but at that time, toward the end of the decade of the eighteen-sixties, too retired to be very popular. But the seat of his dream, with its company of soldiers marching from a palace toward the unknown, remained undiscovered.

Years later, in the summer of 1880, I was again in Paris, with my two elder brothers, one of them a schoolmaster,

the other a tutor at Oxford. Again, as at the former time, we were returning from Switzerland. Scenes of infancy were entirely out of our thoughts. We were returning to work — the work of the master at an ancient school, of the tutor at Trinity College, Oxford, and of the freshman at Trinity College, Cambridge. We were young men immersed in the academic life of England. The future, like the dream road from the palace to the unknown, lay before us. But suddenly, as I stood in the gardens of the Tuileries, I found the very place of my dreams. The seat was there; the road was there; and the park was there. The dream that had haunted boyhood was discovered to be a reality held in memory.

The vision of the child had caught a glimpse of the pageant of history, and again the second vision gave the tragic interpretation. The palace now stood a ruin, with its charred walls. The Emperor, Napoleon III, had died an exile in England. The road led to Sedan, and the gallant regiments of the French Empire had marched to their doom. The final act of the Napoleonic drama, for which during eighty years Europe was the stage — this final phase, at the glitter of its height and in its downfall, had been flashed upon me in two visions of a seat, a palace, and a road.

At the time of the first vision to the child playing in the garden, secure within his own small world of feelings, human life was exhibiting every diverse phase of horror, enjoyment, and ambition. On September 2, 1864, Atlanta was occupied by the Union forces, and almost immediately Sherman submitted to Grant his plan for his march from Atlanta to the sea — at the very time when the child was playing in the garden. Bismarck was perfecting the policy which brought about the overthrow of Austria within two years. Italy was waiting to seize Rome. The Pope was consolidating his control over

the Church, to balance his loss of temporal power. England was nearing the end of the second of its only two long periods of complete security, after the defeat of Louis XIV and after the defeat of Napoleon. Each period was marked by the dominance of a small group of liberal aristocrats.

II

But the history of the world is not focused in any one life. Lincoln had one experience, and his fellow countrymen had each their own experience. The great events that historians speak of influenced more or less directly the lives of all men. But the stuff of human life cannot be wholly construed in terms of historical events; it mainly consists of feelings arising from reactions between small definite groups of persons.

For this reason the generalized history of an epoch sadly misrepresents the real individual feelings of the quiet people in back streets and in country towns. For example, the Victorian epoch in England as seen from our present standpoint entirely misrepresents my memories of the tone of thought of quiet, moderately prosperous people at a time round about the year 1870. I am not talking of agitators, or of people harboring grievances, but of the ordinary type of leading citizen in a quiet country town. I have already said that the Queen was not popular, and her sanity was doubted. Later she was canonized; but that time was not yet. Also the Prince of Wales, later King Edward the Seventh, was then frankly disliked. The Princess of Wales was beautiful, kindly, and spotless in her conduct; but this only added fuel to the fire as stories passed around. I remember definitely hearing the talk of my elders, that if the Queen died there would have to be a Republic.

From that date the Queen rapidly

recovered influence. She became an institution, a legend. Her very individuality, which in the middle period of her reign had annoyed, toward the end became the subject of pride. She was no namby-pamby person who courted popularity. But the Prince of Wales was lucky in the survival of his mother. About twenty years later, in 1890, for a short time he could not appear in public without the escort of the Princess of Wales to subdue the hisses and the ribald shouts. There had been some gambling scandals. But the history of England in the nineteenth century represents a loyal nation gathered lovingly round a spotless throne.

I lived in circles where, if anywhere, loyalty would be found. What really stabilized England was a relatively small group of aristocrats of liberal opinions. These men were highly respected, and had no intention of allowing the country to drift toward any useless experiments. For this reason the desertion of the reforming party by these men over the question of Irish Home Rule, in 1886, was a fatal blow at the old political habits of England.

As to the way in which these men, at the height of their power, managed the Throne, I have been told this story by the son of a cabinet minister who witnessed the incident. During one of Mr. Gladstone's ministries there was a crisis in foreign affairs. The Queen vehemently objected to the policy of the Liberal Cabinet. For a whole series of cabinet meetings, Mr. Gladstone opened the proceedings by extracting from his dispatch case, with immense solemnity, a letter from the Queen, a new one each time. With growing solemnity, and with all the aid of his magnificent voice, he slowly read Her Majesty's letter. The group of aristocrats who formed the Ministry leaned forward with marked attention to catch every word which emanated from the monarch. The letter always con-

sisted of vehement reproaches to the Ministry for the folly of their conduct. The letter finished, Mr. Gladstone solemnly replaced the document in his dispatch case. The Cabinet then proceeded to business without one word of allusion to the letter, either then or to each other afterward. And the policy of the ministers was never deflected by a hairsbreadth. I doubt if any modern English group of ministers could behave in this way, so inflexibly and with such restraint. But that was the way in which the Whigs ruled the country. In England to-day there is no coherent body of this sort.

This story of Queen Victoria and a group of well-trained politicians is very trivial. It belongs to the frippery of government: how to deal with an awkward incident, of which the importance was more social than political. But the interest is to notice how a score of men with a certain sort of training do in fact deal with such situations. It belongs to the art of preventing minor difficulties from growing into great crises.

It is curious how detached incidents remain in memory. I can vividly remember the old bobbin man who supplied my parents' household with kindling for the coal fires during the first half of the eighteen-seventies. I expect that these bobbins ought to have been called 'fagots,' but in the villages of East Kent we called them 'bobbins.' He was a curious old man, completely without education and earning a scanty living. He was dressed in corduroys, of an antiquity defying any exact estimate of date. He cut the scrub undergrowth in the woods near Canterbury, about seventeen miles away from us. He then chopped the wood into the required lengths, and tied the sticks up into parcels — each parcel, or bobbin, being about the amount required to light a fire. He came through the village about once a fortnight, or once in three weeks, with a

large cart piled high with bobbins. As he passed, he called out, 'Bobbins! Bobbins!' in a curious, harshly rhythmic voice which stays in memory after more than half a century.

The horse was even more decrepit than the man — an old, worn-out cart horse. The pace of the procession was about one and three-quarter miles an hour. They — the man walking beside the horse — plodded along, unresting and untiring, so near their end and yet seemingly timeless and eternal. He, his horse, Queen Victoria, and her cabinet ministers, all belong to the essential stuff of English History. So does my father, the thoroughly countrified vicar of the parish, as I can now see him half a century ago chatting to the old bobbin man. They were on very friendly terms. Unfortunately only one fragment of their conversation survives. It was the old bobbin man who said: 'There are some as goes rootling and tearing about. But, Lor' bless you, sir, I gets to Saturday night as soon as any of 'em.' That is an authentic bit of village speech, nigh sixty years ago, and the speakers have all passed into their final Saturday night, together with their whole world of ways of life.

III

While on the topic of life in a country vicarage, another visual memory flashes upon me: there is an Archbishop of Canterbury, tall, commanding, stately. He is in a genial mood, with his back to the bright fire in the ample hall of the old vicarage house. He is laughing heartily as my father tells him of the theology of the leading parishioner, who found great comfort in the doctrine of eternal damnation. That incident is also sixty years since. The Archbishop and the leading parishioner must be added to the group of those who make up the stuff of English History.

That Archbishop remains in my memory as one of the few great men whom I have met. I mean men with outstanding governing force conjoined with capacious intellect. I do not think that he was subtle; but there was no doubt about him. Archbishop Tait ought to have been a prime minister. Fate made him Archbishop of Canterbury. I have always been grateful for my glimpse of him during half-a-dozen years, and for the family tradition of him during a longer period. To have seen Tait was worth shelves of volumes of mediæval history. He magnificently closed the line of great ecclesiastics who organized the intimate cultural life of England, round monasteries, village churches, dioceses, cathedrals, parishes, — in New England called 'townships,' — parish meetings, schools, colleges, universities. The line stretches from Augustine of Canterbury, through Theodore of Tarsus, Lanfranc, Anselm, Becket, Warham, Cranmer, Parker, Laud, Sancroft, Tillotson, Tait. The national activities that cluster round the archbishops, as representative leaders, are as much worth dwelling on as those that centre round kings and parliaments.

Tait really closed the line in the sense in which I am thinking. All these men from Augustine to Tait energetically acted on the policy that the Church was the national organ to foster the intimate, ultimate values which enter into human life. For the earlier men, the Church was more than that; but at least it was that. They refused to conceive the Church as merely one party within the nation, or merely as one factor within civilization. For them the Church was the nation rising to the height of its civilization. They were men with vision — wide, subtle, magnificent. They failed. Tait was the last Archbishop who effectively sustained the policy. Since his time, English ecclesiastical policy has been directed

to organizing the Anglican Church as a special group within the nation.

But the failure of the earlier set of men was a magnificent one. Their policy prevailed for twelve hundred years. It civilized Europe. Country after country has discarded it as an archaic obstruction. Even to-day, Spain and Mexico are engaged in casting it away. The interest of men like Warham, Parker, Tillotson, Tait, is that they rescued the final stage of the mediæval vision of civilization from the reproach of decrepit reaction. Its end in Spain at the present moment is that of a backward-looking system, divorced from modern realities. Its supporters in Spain are mediæval, blind and deaf to the modern world. But Tait, Tillotson, and Warham, each in his day, were forward-looking men. They took the inherited notion of cultural organization, and tried to give it a new life in terms of the modern world. They failed. Tait was the last of the line. Since his time, smaller men have drifted along with limited aims. Their aims are quite sensible, granting their belief. But they completely fail to stir the blood of those who seek for a vision of civilization in this world.

Perhaps men like Warham, Tillotson, and Tait had gone back behind Christianity to the ideals of Pericles. But to-day, when we are blindly groping for some coherent ordering of civilization, we can spare some sympathy for the men who in England tried to give new life to the old vision which for twelve hundred years had served Europe so well. In England the death of the old ideal had a nobility worthy of its services during its long life.

IV

To return to my theme of memories, we left the Archbishop standing on the vicarage hearthrug, laughing at the silly old gentleman who consoled him-

self with the thought of the eternal torture of his neighbors.

I can remember the old gentleman well. He was not at all cruel, but simply, incredibly silly. The Archbishop also knew him well, and that is why the religious aspect did not, at the moment, strike him.

Another picture of the old gentleman rises before me. He was taking the chair at a penny reading in the parish schoolroom, which in the evenings acted as an entertainment hall. A penny reading was a series of readings of extracts from good literature — or, at least, what was supposed to be good literature. For the humorous and pathetic pieces Dickens was the favorite author; and among the works of Dickens *Pickwick* was the chief favorite for the comic relief. A certain amount of romantic poetry also was a necessary part — usually Sir Walter Scott. One man did all the reading, someone to whom the parish looked for light and leading in literary matters. For example, a clergyman from a neighboring parish, or a doctor, or a lawyer; in fact, someone whom the villagers would like to look at for an hour and a half. The entertainment cost a penny, as the name implies. The proceeds about paid for the cost of the gas and of the caretaker. The entertainer was repaid by a supper at the vicarage and a vote of thanks proposed by my father, who usually took the chair. Also I forgot to mention two or three songs, solos, with piano accompaniment, which came between the selections read, and gave the reader a rest. We only rarely rose to a violin solo.

These penny readings spread to every village in southern England at that time. I know nothing about the North of England so far as concerns the details of its life. In the South we were fully occupied with our own village lives. We took no interest in the North of England, which manufactured our

linen and woolen clothes; no interest in France, whose cliffs we could see on every fine evening; nor in North America, whose epic of development was the greatest contemporary fact in human history. I am not defending the country folk of East Kent. Facts are stubborn, and it is my present business to state them as I remember.

On the evening in question, my father was the reader at the village penny reading. So the silly old gentleman, as the leading resident, was asked to take the chair. I see him now as though it were yesterday, rising at the close of the meeting, hemming and hawing: 'The vicar — has asked me — to thank him — for his great kindness — in so ably entertaining us — and amusing us — this evening.' He then had gained his sea legs, and ended quite fluently: 'And so, in response to his request, I ask you to join me in thanking him for this magnificent entertainment.' On the whole, what he said was the mere truth. But it illustrates how necessary is a decent reserve in the ceremonial of social life.

The penny readings were the first faint signs of a revolution in English culture. Its accomplishment took about fifty years. The England of the eighteenth century and of the main part of the nineteenth century consisted of a highly educated upper class composed of landowners, leaders in business and commerce, and professional men. But the great mass of manual laborers, of artisans, and of the lower end of the traders, were very deficiently educated, if at all. After the middle of the century, and more especially after the first move toward democracy in 1868, the education of the whole nation was seriously initiated. 'Let us educate our masters!' exclaimed a leading statesman in a speech in the House of Commons when the plunge had been taken. Of course the movement was slow in getting under

way, and still slower in producing any visible effect. But now, looking across fifty or sixty years of conscious recollection, I can see that schools and universities have produced an entirely new type of Englishman, so far as concerns the mass of people.

The standard comments on English education of the earlier period were contained in the Essays of Matthew Arnold. At the time when he wrote they were true enough. But nothing in his Essays applies to the England of to-day. It is still fashionable for superior persons in England to quote him as though his criticisms still applied. But these superior persons are engrossed in reading literature and often have scanty knowledge of the immediate facts around them. One of my most precious memories is that I have, within the space of my lifetime, witnessed the education of England, and the change in English lives that that education has meant.

V

The old bobbin man, as he journeyed with his horse and wagon slowly from the woods near Canterbury to the North Foreland at the tip of Kent, passed through scenes of English History unthinkingly and unknowingly. There still remain in England individuals of his mental grade. But as a type he has vanished from the land. The gap in education between classes has been largely closed. To him the immense story of Canterbury, with its relics of martyrs, heroes, artists, and kings, was as nothing. He jogged along across the meadow marshland with Roman forts on either hand; he passed through the village of Minster, with its magnificent Norman church and its relics of a monastery that once ruled the neighborhood; he saw the spot where Saint Augustine preached his first sermon; he saw the beach where

the Saxons landed; he passed Osengal, — that is, the place of bones, — perhaps the first of English graveyards. But all these things were as nothing to him. He could appreciate neither the past from which he sprung nor the forces of the present which so soon were to sweep away folk like him.

The age of a vast subject population, deaf and dumb to the values belonging to civilization, has gone. Also the old civilizing influence of the Church has passed. It has been replaced by secular schools, colleges, universities, and by the activities of the men and women on their faculties. In the age to come, how will these new agencies compare with the ecclesiastics, the monks, the nuns, and the friars, who brought their phase of civilization to Western Europe?

At the present time, the system of modern universities has reached its triumphant culmination. They cover all civilized lands, and the members of their faculties control knowledge and its sources. The old system also enjoyed its triumph. From the seventh to the thirteenth century, it also decisively altered the mentalities of the surrounding populations. Men could not endow monasteries or build cathedrals quickly enough. Without doubt they hoped to save their souls; but the merits of their gifts would not have been evident unless there had been a general feeling of the services to the surrounding populations performed by these religious foundations. Then, when we pass over another two centuries, and watch the men about the year fifteen hundred, we find an ominous fact. These foundations, which started with such hope and had performed such services, were in full decay. Men like Erasmus could not speak of them without an expression of contempt. Europe endured a hundred years of revolution in order to shake off the system. Men such as Warham, and Tillotson, and Tait struggled for an-

other three centuries to maintain it in a modified form. But they too have failed. With this analogy in mind, we wonder what in a hundred years, or in two hundred years, will be the fate of the modern university system which now is triumphant in its mission of civilization. We should search to remove the seeds of decay. We cannot be more secure now than was the ecclesiastical system at the end of the twelfth century and for a century onward. And it failed.

To my mind our danger is exactly the same as that of the older system. Unless we are careful, we shall conventionalize knowledge. Our literary criticism will suppress initiative. Our historical criticism will conventionalize our ideas of the springs of human conduct. Our scientific systems will suppress all understanding of the ways of the universe which fall outside their abstractions. Our modes of testing ability will exclude all the youth whose ways of thought lie outside our conventions of learning. In such ways the universities, with their scheme of orthodoxies, will stifle the progress of the race, unless by some fortunate stirring of humanity they are in time remodeled or swept away. These are our dangers, as yet only to be seen on the distant horizon, clouds small as the hand of a man.

Those of us who have lived for seventy years, more or less, have seen first the culmination of an epoch, and then its disruption and decay. What is happening when an epoch approaches its culmination? What is happening as it passes toward its decay? Historical writing is cursed with simple characterizations of great events. Historians should study zoölogy. Naturalists tell us that in the background of our animal natures we harbor the traces of the earlier stages of our animal race. Theologians tell us that we are nerved to effort by the distant vision of ideals, claiming realization. Both sets are

right. A daughter of John Addington Symonds, in a novel entitled *A Child of the Alps*, remarks: 'Spring is not a season, it is a battleground between summer and winter.'

In like manner every active epoch harbors within itself the ideals and the ways of its immediate predecessors. An epoch is a complex fact; and in many of its departments these inherited modes of thought and custom survive, unshaken and dominant. But on the whole the modes of the past are recessive, sinking into an unexpressed background. They are still there, giving a tonality to all that happens, and capable of flaring into a transient outburst when aroused by some touch of genius. Nor is it true that these vanishing ways of thought only appeal to the more backward natures. On the contrary, we find men of capacious intellect and cautious natures endeavoring, in this way and in that way, to adapt the wealth of inheritance to the oncoming fashions of thought. That is how I characterized some of the outstanding Archbishops of Canterbury, from Warham to Tait. Such men disagree in many ways. For example, Tillotson and Tait stand in sharp antagonism to Laud. But they all agree in that they were endeavoring to adapt some generalization of the old ecclesiastical-feudal organization of mankind to the purposes of the dominant rationalistic-individualistic epoch.

We were apt to conceive the Puritans who in the first half of the seventeenth century founded the Commonwealth of Massachusetts as the direct antagonists of these men. But, as we now know, this is a complete mistake. These Puritans were endeavoring to carry over a remodeled ecclesiastical organization as a dominant institution in the new individualistic epoch. In many ways these Puritans are to be classed with Laud, as striving to preserve more of the old world than either Tillotson or Tait.

The true antithesis to all these men is Roger Williams. Curiously enough, this man, who more completely than any other expressed the new individualistic tendencies, seems to stand as an isolated rebel, outside his own times, and yet not fitting into the world of either of the centuries subsequent to his own. He embodied too completely the dominant features of the oncoming world.

In the last seventy years this individualism culminated, retaining as a background the monarchical, aristocratic social ways. These social ways were the recessive retention of the old feudal ecclesiastical system of the Middle Ages. We have watched these ways fading away into the undiscernible inheritance of the past. All that we can now see of them consists of funny little relics here and there — reminding one of the Lion and the Unicorn on the old Boston State House. But with this final triumph of individualism the whole epoch crumbled. New methods of coördination are making their appearance, as yet not understood. These principles of organization are based upon economic necessities. That is about all we know of them; the rest is controversy. The older principles of the mediæval system were derived from religious aspirations. Undoubtedly we have lost color in the foreground by this shift from the ideal to the practical; but the change is more in appearance than in fact. The practical was always there — the hard routine by which the folk of the mediæval times barely sustained life. The difference is that nature controlled them, while we now see our way to the control of nature. That is why the topic of production, distribution, and the organization of labor is now in the foreground.

The other side — the shift in the prominence of the religious motive in social organization — that is too large a topic for the end of a paper.

EXTRA RIBS IN PIGS

BY F. EMERSON ANDREWS

I

QUITE by accident, I saw a few days ago a small pamphlet listing theses of graduate students in American colleges as of January 1936. Here are some of them:—

The Economic Significance of Extra Ribs in Pigs

A Psychological Study of the Junior High School Pupil's Reasons for Liking or Disliking Teachers

Increments of Parameters Which Improve the Fit of a Statistical Curve

An Engineering Analysis of the No. 15 Typewriter

The Domestic and Foreign Policies of King Solomon

It would be unfair to criticize any one of these possibly eager and important efforts without seeing the paper itself. But the list as a whole, and perhaps the 'Extra Ribs' in particular, set my own thoughts flowing backward to a scene which may be worth recapturing. It began in a maple tree, and it had to do with what an enthusiastic debater once entitled 'education, for what and for why.'

Something more than a decade ago a young man (who was I) had just finished his college course. It should have been a success. The college was small, of good standards, with several professors who had the true fire. Certain 'swag' had accumulated — a fraternity pin, a Varsity letter, a class office, editorship of the college annual,

captaincy of the debating team, scholastic honors.

Commencement should have been a day of jubilee. But I particularly remember that this young man ran away as soon as he could. Not finding the solitude he wanted anywhere else, he finally climbed up into a maple tree, and sat among its thick leaves to think.

He was not jubilant. Any cheerful feelings he had were due to a sudden sense of relief. This was strange, for lessons had come easily, college life had been enjoyable, and knowledge remained an eager fire.

Nevertheless he felt relieved to be out of the system. He knew, that day in the maple tree, that for him there would be no advanced degrees, no entering that system again. At least for him it had begun to be cramping, had become intolerable. He did not know why.

Many other college and university graduates proved to have somewhat the same feeling. They expressed it freely enough in private conversations, and even publicly. James Truslow Adams has written, 'I sometimes question whether I have ever really been taught, though I went to three preparatory schools in all, a small college, and did postgraduate work at one of the largest Eastern universities.' To take another example merely from the Adamses, Henry Adams declared his four years at Harvard 'wasted.'

So many gentlemen, eminent and non-eminent, cannot be attacking their respective *almas matres* out of treachery or sheer whim. Something must really be wrong with the system. And since our money supports it, and our sons and daughters will be subjected to it (if they have not already suffered), it might be worth discussing.

II

I have been trying to remember exactly why I wanted to go to college.

It was not sheer habit — the thing to do. We were something of a family of educators, but we had submitted to very little formal education ourselves. My grandfather taught school for many years, but he never went to school after he was ten years old. No, college was a pioneering effort, based on desires and not habit.

It was not the desire to make more money. Various golden prospectuses were circulated then, and still are, as to the monetary value of education. Some 'authorities' go so far as to give in dollars and cents the precise value of every day spent in grade schools, in high schools, and in colleges. These figures are compiled by the engaging process of finding the lifetime earnings of high-school graduates as compared with those who did not reach high school, of college graduates as compared with high-school graduates, and so on. The differences are then generously assigned to the number of days of extra education, with results quite satisfying to some types of educators.

Perhaps these gentlemen should be gently reminded that these various groups are not at all equal in heredity. The native ability which enables a man to get through college might also lift him to a high-salaried job, with or without the education. Perhaps they should be reminded, too, that in America the papas of college graduates are

on the average quite a bit wealthier than the papas of non-graduates, and in better position to see that Junior has a good start and succeeds to the legal practice or the corporation presidency. The royal families of Europe do not preserve the laws of direct succession with more care than many American business men.

It would be an interesting experiment to take the Yale class of 1940 and chloroform them for four years. Would they thereafter show as great a superiority in earning power over a typical 'high-school group' as if they had really received four years of college training? Dr. Harold F. Clark, professor of educational economics at Columbia, would say 'more.' He has asserted that college education is detrimental to earning power, chiefly through robbing youth of the daring attitude essential to business success.

This, of course, would prove the value of chloroform as an educative influence and an improver of earning powers.

No, while most of us might not go so far as Dr. Clark, we did not enter college primarily to increase our incomes.

Nor was it for training to a specific trade. Where undergraduate work turned vocational, as in the training of teachers, in pre-law and pre-medical courses, most of us complained. We thought it strange that teacher aspirants should be taught so thoroughly how to go about teaching but have nothing to teach. We looked askance at the mushroom growth of 'schools of business administration.' Many of these were little better than the old business school, which used to perch on second floors in business districts and do an honest and unpretentious job of training for immediate business careers people who could not afford the more liberal preliminaries we called 'college.'

Perhaps that is just what most of us

hoped to get from undergraduate colleges — these liberal preliminaries. We were not attracted by the more formal definitions of education, such as 'ability to determine causality.' What we wanted was growth. We might have been willing to call it 'culture' if people would think of that word in its fine farm sense — breaking the earthy crusts, feeding the soil, stirring the roots, helping the plant to sprout and grow and blossom. Call it cultivation.

III

Did college break our earthy crusts, feed the soil about us, stir the roots of our being?

No absolute answer could be true. Students differ and colleges differ. But many of us found something cramping in the system meant to free us. Contacts with our professors and with our fellow students outside of the classroom were often more stimulating, more truly cultural, than all the formal learning dished out to us in measured segments. The learning did not 'take.' I say that, not as an ex-football player who escaped all possible classes, but as one who went to college thirsty for knowledge and was graduated with the outer signs of having received an exceptional share of it.

The whole world of doing — business, politics, administration of all sorts — echoes that judgment. Many industries prefer not to employ persons who have been college-trained in their precise field. 'They have too much to unlearn.' Thomas Edison, who spent a total of three months in schools, expressed this opinion vigorously, but it is also shared by college-trained executives. Several quite able administrators in Washington are seriously handicapped because people in general will not believe that professors can prove anything but visionary. The very word 'academic' has lost all meaning of

wise, or learned, or specially skilled, and come to connote an impractical splitting of valueless hairs.

Colleges themselves offer damaging testimony. How many professors of Greek or Latin, having spent decades studying and teaching those languages, can actually handle them as well as the Greek shoeblack or the Italian laborer handles English after two or three years in this country? He may do better on his cases, but can he express his thoughts as effectively?

Where do our colleges go when they wish to select new presidents? Do they go to the heads of their departments of education, to their professors who have spent a lifetime studying the techniques of teaching and educational administration?

President Conant of Harvard is a chemist; Compton of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Sieg of the University of Washington are physicists; Isaiah Bowman of Johns Hopkins is a geographer. The lawyers include Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago, Dr. Gilmore of the State University of Iowa, George W. Rightmire of Ohio State, who was a specialist in patent law, Dr. Beury of Temple University, and Dr. Gates of the University of Pennsylvania, whose training to head a great university included not only the law but some nine years with J. P. Morgan and Company. Dr. Farrand, president of Cornell University, is a doctor in the lay sense — an M. D.; and John G. Bowman of the University of Pittsburgh was director of the American College of Surgeons and did newspaper work.

President Angell of Yale is a psychologist; Dr. Ruthven of the University of Michigan a zoölogist; Dr. Burnett, chancellor of the University of Nebraska, a specialist in animal husbandry; and Ray Lyman Wilbur, like the Cornell president, was an M. D. before he became the president of

Stanford, and has been a cabinet member.

So we might go on. Dr. Marsh of Boston University was a minister; Dr. Willard, heading the University of Illinois, specialized in pharmacy and engineering, Walter Dill Scott of Northwestern in personnel work, though he is also the graduate of a theological seminary; Dr. Dodds of Princeton is a political scientist; Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin is known chiefly as an editor; Dr. Benedict of the University of Texas and Ellen Fitz Pendleton of Wellesley are mathematicians.

A few of the presidents of the better-known universities have actually had the specialized training in teaching and educational administration that colleges feel so essential for all educational systems but their own. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia had this training, although one thinks of him in a hundred other connections first. Likewise Harry Woodburn Chase, chancellor of New York University, taught philosophy of education before he headed his three universities.

I do not mention the unorthodox backgrounds of many distinguished heads of universities in criticism of them or of their institutions. Personally, I applaud. But why are so few graduates of the schools of education chosen by colleges for the highest position in education? Can it be that the colleges themselves do not trust their own special training? They should scarcely be surprised if some of the rest of us have felt discontented with the results upon us of the same system.

IV

Criticism is easy enough, but have we who are discontented any ideas for building up? That day in the maple tree I was aware only that something was wrong, or was wrong at least

for me. Doubtless various things are wrong, but one of them begins to seem fundamental. I am aware that this thing has been suggested elsewhere, and here and there efforts have been made toward correcting it. But I wish to stress it now, and from the layman's angle, because it seems to me important.

Learning is perhaps like water. So long as it flows freely, it is clear and sparkling, it has power, it brings fruit. As soon as it grows sluggish, beginning merely to collect, the stream becomes a swamp and grows stagnant.

American methods of education too often lead only to a swamp. Knowledge is poured into the student in a ceaseless stream. This would be no danger if the stream had a proper outlet. The greatest rivers keep fresh if they keep flowing. But in our colleges knowledge is poured in, and poured in, and poured in, for its own sake. It collects; it stagnates; the student, in the expressive vernacular, 'is swamped.'

The same is true in other fields. Vociferous groups defend 'art for art's sake,' but its practitioners, drawing in upon themselves closer and closer, go insane with surprising frequency. And almost invariably their work creates a brief stir and is then forgotten. The great art that has survived the test of the centuries has sprung usually from no mere desire to paint, or write a poem, or sing a song, but from an overmastering inner compulsion to paint *this*, to express *that*, to give vent to *these* feelings or ideas. Distinctive architecture has seldom come when men have sat down and said, 'Here is a building to do; we must make it pretty.' It has come when men of skill have set out to construct something to serve a particular purpose.

Knowledge for the sake of knowledge seems similarly emasculate. Pure knowledge, pure science, pure poetry, pure art — these are glorious ideals.

But perhaps they are also delusions. We are perhaps wrong in assuming that stillness and repose are conditions favorable to purity. Experiences with the swamp, and with men or minds in prison, are startling evidence to the contrary. Perhaps it is a law of nature and of human nature that purity (or man's nearest approach to it) is a function of motion and not of rest. Water in the flowing stream grows pure; water in the reservoir grows foul.

How does this apply to our educational swamp? Let me try to make clear what I mean by an example.

Dr. Max Mason sometimes tells of his experience in graduate studies at Göttingen. His fellow American students were of two groups, those who came to Göttingen specifically to study the German language, and those who came to pursue a variety of other studies. At the end of three months those who came for purposes other than the study of German were speaking German fluently, having need for it in their study of philosophy, science, or what-not. Those who were devoting all their time to the study of German were still floundering, lost in the subtle question of 'what they would say if they were to say anything.'

Whenever a study turns in upon itself, without an outlet in activity or in some broader interest, this creeping paralysis sets in. The current of interest grows more and more sluggish, and one more area is added to the educational swamp.

V

We cure swamps by draining them. Perhaps similarly we can dry up the stagnant pools of knowledge, and offer adequate outlet for all the entering streams of learning. Many elementary and secondary schools are practising this doctrine, at least in part, in various forms of the project method. Most

colleges seem not to have learned this lesson they so carefully teach.

Specifically, let each course relate itself to some further need, some larger interest, and not be its own excuse for being. Children do not learn to walk by being told what a useful accomplishment walking is, or having gravity and friction explained to them; we hold out our arms and give them something to walk toward. We were eager to talk, not because the theory of words as ideas attracted us, but because there were things to ask for.

The sciences have less to learn in this field than the humanities. One makes sulphuric acid not to make sulphuric acid, but to try it out on something else. Groups of common properties emerge to stir further curiosity. Chemistry will not stay inorganic; it slides over into life itself, and soon the farthest stars are its horizon. Sciences refuse to stay in tight compartments. Mathematics, allegedly the purest of sciences, is seldom learned for its own sake but constantly as a means — perhaps for finding out the number of electrons, the areas of land, the distances of planets. This may be the reason science teaching has been so successful in America. There are outlets for all its facts, and visions to beckon one on.

If it is harder to see how the humanities may develop similar outlets, the difficulty merely points out the greater need. And, once the first hurdle is taken, the humanities offer vaster opportunities than the sciences. For they open up no mere physical world, but the vaster world of man's spirit, able to outrange space and outlive time. Most of us, unfortunately, have never glimpsed this in our too-accurately named 'courses.'

I once took a required course in ethics. It was a lecture course, in which we were supposed to write down what the professor read, and later pass an

examination on what we had 'learned.' Being a wise senior who had mastered the technique of the system, I did not write down the lectures. I sat with pencil idly poised until the professor's voice took a certain inflection, and then I put down a single word — perhaps as many as six words for an hour's lecture. At the end of the semester I had a practically perfect outline of the subject of ethics, knowing the six virtues, the seven vices, the three of this and the four of that, and readily passed the course.

A little later I heard a man by the name of Harry Emerson Fosdick. He also was giving a course in ethics, but on ethics applied to living issues. There were no credits, but Sunday after Sunday I attended this course, often standing an hour with my thousands of fellow students of all ages waiting to get in.

Was it wholly my fault that I did not see till then that ethics might be thrilling? That the right is no dry fact, capable of being catalogued and subdivided, but a wavering, changing flame toward which men and civilizations strive, their very selves the stake?

Surely the professor with his smaller class, his opportunity to study individual reactions, can find ways to open out his subject to at least a large proportion of his students. A 'course' can be more than a mere running through the kind of neat catalogue of orderly facts we call a textbook.

At least in the humanities, our concern is not facts so much as spirit, less deeds than ideas. History is not a schedule of events, but a way of life and what came of it. Literature is not a series of biographies of famous authors with notes on their published works; it is baptism by immersion into the world of creative thought. A new language is not a new accomplishment; it is not an 'accomplishment' at all, but an opening, a key to a new culture.

It is here, perhaps, that the teacher becomes indispensable in college education. Facts can be learned by solitary reading, over the radio, or from phonograph records. But to open out the subject into living issues for individual students a wise guide — if possible, an inspired one — is needed. The methods are various, and it would be presumptuous in a non-educator to suggest them in detail. Merely this is important, that each subject shall lead beyond the acquisition of facts for facts' sake, and shall somehow touch the curiosities or the emotions of the student.

VI

What has this to do with graduate study, and with the theses which started this train of thought? Perhaps even more than with undergraduate work, where some of the students are probably incapable of inspiration or curiosity.

When universities started, learning was still in the threatening pass between the expansive days of Greece and Rome and the Dark Ages. Scholars were few, and each one could feel with reason that he was desperately needed. Creative scholarship quite aside, even the preservation or recovery of old knowledge was a task important and thrilling.

A little later scholars grew in number. They had time, and the spirit, to investigate new things. Many branches of learning were organizing themselves into ordered sciences. The very attempts to organize and classify revealed great gaps in knowledge, and fresh paths to explore.

Education adjusted itself rather splendidly to this new need for investigation and creative scholarship. Possibly the most useful invention toward this end was the thesis. Every scholar who was a candidate for an advanced degree was required to study inten-

sively some small field of learning, or (especially in the sciences) to contribute some item of absolutely new knowledge. His 'thesis' was examined by competent scholars, and he was sometimes obliged to defend it to win his degree.

This was excellent. Even the laziest scholar had to make some positive contribution to learning, or forgo the honor and financial rewards of a degree. Better scholars were trained in the methods of original thought, and sometimes the habit of research clung to them.

In our century something has happened to the thesis system which needs scrutinizing. A consideration of the number of graduate degrees conferred in the United States¹ will make this clear: in 1910 there were 2825; in 1920, 4853; in 1932, 19,000. The 1932 figure, just released, is probably too conservative; the government says 'not less than 19,000.'

As far back as 1913, Edwin E. Slosson was writing in the *Cyclopedia of Education* that theses, 'being produced in such large numbers in the United States and Germany and sometimes written in an arid and prolix style, tend rather to encumber than to facilitate further research.' If that was true when there were about 3000 theses a year, what must be true now when probably some 20,000 are spawned annually!

Has not the thesis, too, drifted into the educational swamp? Most theses are being written simply for the sake of writing a thesis. Neither the student nor his professor is fired with the hope of contributing to man's knowledge. Even where, aided by luck and the unquenchable enthusiasm of youth, a real discovery or a fresh point of view is gendered, it is apt to be buried beneath the sheer mass of the 19,999 others.

¹ From *Science* and the United States Department of the Interior's *Biennial Surveys of Education*. — AUTHOR

What began as an exciting, important adventure by which education met a pressing need has bogged down into an expensive, laborious, time-consuming task unlikely to benefit anybody and almost certain to quench any spark of real curiosity or inventiveness the student may possess.

The sheer figures, showing a tendency to double or more each decade, are warning that something must be done speedily. Obviously we must be reduced to such subjects as 'The Economic Significance of Extra Ribs in Pigs' if we must find 20,000 new subjects every year. And equally obviously the thesis will become more of a mockery than it now is, and true research will desperately suffer. The thesis must be drastically curtailed or discontinued, and some new outlet broken open for the energies of graduate students.

Some curtailment is already taking place. A few universities no longer demand a written thesis for at least the master's degree. Publication requirements are also being relaxed, relieving students of a useless expense and permitting the hope that research libraries may yet escape death by suffocation.

But to suppress is not to solve the problem. This merely robs the graduate student of one more outlet, turning graduate study more and more upon itself, into deeper stagnancy. It is also a pity not to accept the gift of eager enthusiasm these students bring. For this gift is priceless, and many improvements we desperately need can be won only by persons too tireless and too inexperienced to know that they are impossible.

VII

As a suggestion of what might be done, let us take the social studies, with which I am somewhat familiar. It is probably true that the most important inventions of the next fifty years will be in the field I like to call human en-

gineering — the effective use of power in man and for man. We have already wrested from nature more secrets than we are yet fit to use. Unless we learn better how to live with each other, catastrophe is ahead. It is the social sciences which need attention now.

Many graduate students are specializing in this field. And by what method? Every organization conducting social research receives a steady stream of letters reading something like this: —

DEAR SIRs:

I am taking advanced work in sociology at Blank University. My subject is the Causes and Cure of Poverty. Please send me all the free information you have on this subject. I would like to have it at once, since it is for a thesis I have to get in very soon in order to win my degree.

Very truly yours . . .

Now useful social facts are not acquired in quite this manner. But facts are needed in the social sciences, and, even more than facts, people of energy and imagination to put into execution known facts and test untried theories.

Is it not possible that education can once more adjust itself to a need of its age, and turn at least a portion of its eager advanced students into doers and testers — into laboratory sociologists instead of library sociologists, for example?

Let us take an extreme illustration, not as a serious proposal in itself, perhaps, but to suggest a trend which work for advanced degrees might explore.

Here is a prospective doctor of philosophy in sociology. He thinks he would like to study housing. Normally he might read thirty books on the subject and then submit a thesis fortified by a dozen statistical tables carried out to three decimals. Instead, we will

point out to him two existing hovels which are indefensible as human habitations. He is informed that one requirement for his degree is the removal of those hovels, accomplished by any means (short of arson and crime) which he can invent.

It will not be easy. Perhaps he will try to convince the owners the houses ought to be removed. He will discover that first he must find out about rents and carrying charges for such houses, why they are built, what land values are, what motives affect landowners and renting agents — perhaps also how that property could be used otherwise at greater profit, and where else the tenants could afford to go. He may have to learn about zoning laws, and who the housing inspectors are, and whether they have been accepting gifts to overlook this and that. He may have to learn how to deal with politicians.

When he is through, society will be the richer by the removal of two hovels, and possibly by a discovery in the practical technique of getting rid of others. As for the student, he will have read out of sheer interest more books on housing than a library sociologist, and he will remember them far better. He will know a good deal more of how to cooperate with men, how and when to fight them, and what housing means in terms of owner, renter, fellow citizen, economics, health, and human prejudice. He will almost deserve the title of *Philosophiae Doctor* — Learned in Philosophy.

Extend the principle, improve the technique — but let learning run clear again because it has an outlet in the life of to-day, because it cries for all a man has of knowledge and courage and imagination, because it has importance and a purpose.

SECOND HONEYMOON

BY ISADORE LUCE SMITH

THAT was what it was to be — a second honeymoon. Coming from opposite sides of the world after being apart for months, we were to meet in Naples, the day before Christmas. We were approaching each other as fast as ships could carry us, so letters were impossible, cables expensive. Each planned the honeymoon for the other.

I knew where we were to go. Sorrento, where I had lunched in my youth and heard a white-haired lady exclaim softly, 'What a place for a honeymoon!' I had taken innumerable views of Vesuvius framed in olive trees and decided that here really was the place. Sorrento — lovely word, lovely sky, lovely sea. . . .

A honeymoon in India had never supplanted Sorrento as a symbol. So what more fitting than spending our second honeymoon there?

I had sound advice on the best place to stay. My English sister-in-law wrote about oranges in the inn garden 'falling into the peacock-colored sea.' I had written for reservations and received assurances in purple ink. Oranges fell into a peacock-colored sea all the way across a gray and heaving Atlantic.

On the pier in Naples, 'Darling,' we said simultaneously, 'we are going to { Sorrento.
Kitzbüchel.'

We looked surprised. 'It is all settled,' we said. There was a moment's silence before we began again.

The upshot was that while we both wanted to go to Kitzbühel — *eventually*, I interposed — neither of us had ever contemplated honeymooning there. Whereas, Sorrento . . . 'And Jean says the place is lovely — oranges fall from the garden into the sea. . . .'

But in the end it was just my husband being nice. We were to have Christmas and, say, a fortnight in Sorrento and then go to Kitzbühel. He wired to change his reservations. 'I did rather think we might have a Christmas in snow!' he said. 'After all, you have had a bit of cold weather and I've just come from India. . . .' But he was nice about it. I spoke of acclimatization.

And we had snow anyway. It began to snow softly that afternoon as we were taking the steamer for Sorrento. By sea, we had found, was the simplest way to get there in winter, with so much luggage. I had boxes full of Christmas presents and a small Christmas tree. The botanically-minded customs worried about the tree. Their list, beginning with oranges, never mentioned Christmas trees.

Once we were aboard and well out into the gray and swelling bay, the air became bitterly cold. My husband looked chilled and green. I felt ill, but it was my party by now and mine the hostess's responsibility. A poodle belonging to a member of the steamer's little orchestra was sick on the deck. It was too cold and rough for music.

'Do you *know* this place we're going to?' asked my husband.

'Sorrento?' I said with false assurance. 'Oh, *yes!*'

'No, the hotel.'

'I have n't seen it, but Jean —'

'Do you think there'll be baths? Proper baths?'

'Oh, I *think* so —'

'Did Jean *say* there were baths?'

Oranges fell with little splashes, but I could remember no references to plumbing. I did remember something else, though, something implying recent and extensive alterations.

'She said it was a converted monastery,' I said, 'so —'

'A *monastery!*'

The man came for our tickets. 'Sorrento!' he said. 'Ah! *La bella Sorrento!* This boat not stop there. Weather bad. No good. All cliffs. We go two places past Sorrento, then you row back, see? You be all right. I get you boatmen. Much luggage?'

The poodle was sick again.

The change from the rolling steamer to the lurching rowboat was made under the eyes and little cries of all the passengers and the poodle. It was still snowing and very cold.

The oarsmen were glum and determined. One of them tried to tell us the names of the points on the shore as we struggled past them, but the snow bothered him. They were obviously annoyed by the amount of luggage. We were all cold and a little sick. I wished the Neapolitan boatmen would sing in their gay, carefree fashion to drown the mutterings of my husband. I knew I heard 'bath.'

On the back of a gigantic wave, assisted by the boatmen, we were thrown up on to a little beach under a high cliff. There was a hole cut in the rock face, nothing else in sight.

'Is this it?' said my husband.

The boatmen said it was. They shouted into the snowy air and in a few

minutes a man in a green apron darted from the hole and seized some of our things.

'*La scala, signor.* Up — up! And take care — it is dark!'

It was very dark. There was a tortuous shallow-stepped staircase cut inside the cliff and it was very dark indeed.

'Up,' said the porter encouragingly, making way for us. 'Electricity is broke. Careful —'

It seemed to me that my husband misjudged every step on purpose. But perhaps his mind was not there. Explosively he said, 'Of course there won't be baths!'

I wish I could say we emerged into warmth and brightness. We did not. We pushed through a glass-paned golden-oak door and found ourselves in a forlorn hotel lobby furnished with bedraggled wicker chairs, thirsty ferns, and a concierge. He ran toward us with glad cries, with reassuring murmurs. The porter banged through the doors behind us. The Christmas tree had sprouted green shoots through the wrappings. We all went upstairs.

Our room was not the converted cell I had begun to fear. It had large red roses all over the walls, a brass bed, and a radiator. Snow fell past the window. We both made for the radiator. It was stone cold.

'Yes, is it not fine?' said the concierge. 'One in every room.'

'But,' we said, 'there is no heat!'

'Heat, no.' He shook his head wisely. 'English people do not like it. We have many English guests here. No — heat is for the cold weather only.'

The porter held the Christmas tree upside down. I took it from him.

And then it came.

'Is there a bath?' said my husband.

'Oh, but *yes*,' said the concierge. 'A fine English bath. It can be brought as soon as the water is hot. To-night, you want?'

'You mean,' said my husband, unkind to both the concierge and me, 'you mean there *is* no proper bath-room?'

'Oh, but no! The English —'

'I see!' said my husband.

Even the concierge saw. 'Dinner at eight,' he said and closed the door.

The dining room was a large enclosure like an aviary with a tiled floor and glass-domed roof. Around the sides sat middle-aged females, each at a table by herself, alternating with drooping ferns on high wicker stands.

We were given a table between two of the most neglected ferns. A waiter handed us the menu and disappeared. There was no choice.

The dinner was a careful copy of what someone had been served in an English seaside boarding house — perfect, from weak yellow soup through lukewarm boiled white fish with pink sauce, and on. . . .

The concierge came rubbing his hands, English guests in his eye. Perhaps he was the one who knew England. . . . He saw my husband's face and bowed himself by.

And then an old lady began to cry. It was a tiny sound at first, though unmistakable. Then there were sobs and we could identify the victim by her lowered head and shaking shoulders. She bowed over her plate and raised fork and spoon to mouth at intervals, mechanically. Once she blew her nose moistly and looked around to see if she had betrayed herself. It was too much.

'Darling,' I said. 'She is English and this is Christmas Eve. You —'

Horror. Determination.

'Just ask her if there is anything you can do —'

Another shivering sob.

'I *can't*!'

A whimper. A final ecstatic sigh. The old lady wiped her eyes and rose with a book she had been hiding in her lap.

'There! You see?' said my husband with feeling. 'Christmas Eve! Do you realize that I am the only man in this place?'

But he was n't. We went out through the dining-room door into the hall, where in solemn rows against the walls sat more old ladies sipping coffee. And there was another man, a very long-necked clergyman looking as if he were making unnecessary difficulties about jumping through a desperately large collar.

'Good Lord!' said my husband.

'*Si, signor!*' said the concierge.

'Is this the only place to sit?'

'Oh no, *signor*. Ha, ha! This is not the proper place to sit. Outside — above the sea, on the terrace! The oranges —'

'I should like to send a telegram. At once,' said my husband.

We reached Naples by car, expensively, dangerously skidding in the new-fallen snow, but neither sick nor cold, and in time to extract Christmas cheer from the day. The hotel's steam heat and baths were proper and functioning, and the chambermaid and hall porter were ecstatic about the little tree. They took it home with them in the snowstorm that night while we packed for Kitzbühel.

GIANTS IN THESE DAYS

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

I

THROUGHOUT the world the post-war period has been marked by two patterns: first, a persistent and as yet fruitless search for stability and security for individuals as well as nations; second, the acceptance by most peoples of a leadership which is at best, intellectually and spiritually, mediocre. These patterns are so uniform as to mark an era.

We recognize mediocrity more readily from afar. At home, a tiny individual in a glorified position can make himself resemble a Roman Senator on parade. We in America laugh at Mussolini's postures, but he looks like the real thing to the Italians. We think of Hitler as a humorless Charlie Chaplin, but to the Germans he is a greater Bismarck.

So, here in the United States, we accept the leadership of the successors of Calhoun and Webster and Lincoln and Douglas as though they were men of the calibre of these giants. The current leaders make speeches too, but assisted by the microphone. Their timbre is like a crooner's tinny voice, which can be made to sound heroic by the control room of a radio studio. One need only read the *Congressional Record* to be saddened by the looseness of thought and carelessness of speech there displayed. Remember, for instance, the horrifying discussion on the floor of the Senate of the quarrel between Mr. Hearst and the Black Committee. Said Senator Minton: —

But the question was raised by Mr. Hearst in the name of the Constitution, in the name of our ancient liberties, in the name of the freedom of the press. He would not know the Goddess of Liberty if she came down off her pedestal in New York Harbor and bowed to him. He would probably try to get her telephone number. (*Laughter*)

And they laughed. The august gentlemen apparently enjoyed the show. And when Senator Copeland asked that the statement be withdrawn because it was 'a very unhappy personal reference,' his request was rejected. Senator Minton apparently did not know that his remarks were crude. He just did not know. Just as Mr. Sweeney, in the House of Representatives, did not know how very crude it was to make a long speech protesting against a resolution of condolences on the death of George V.

I told them [the press] that I did not believe that it was consistent with democracy to pay such lavish tribute by adjourning out of respect to the memory of a foreign king.

These two quotations — and the *Congressional Record* is alive with similar improprieties — must not be considered merely as the personal opinions of individuals. That would not matter so much. Nor would it matter if they were isolated instances of the unfortunate selection of representatives by democratic electorates. That has happened before, as, for instance, when

'Pitchfork Ben' Tillman used to hurl his particular brand of vitriol. The point to be emphasized is that most people disliked the Tillman style and found it offensive. Most Americans to-day are not annoyed with their political leaders who reduce public debate to personal abuse and who sidetrack the discussion of great issues by amusing the populace with vulgarisms.

The Hearst-Black discussion is a case in point. Originally the question was quite clear: Has a Congressional Committee the right to seize and inspect the private papers of a citizen without due process of law? A matter clearly for judicial determination. Mr. Hearst not unnaturally rose to protest because his instructions to an employee by telegraph were among the seized documents. Instead of a calm, factual, honest discussion of the issues, we have been regaled with masses of mud slung back and forth in Congress and in the Hearst press. Mr. Hearst calls the Senators 'Black-guards' and 'polecats.' Senators Schwellenbach and Black and Minton denounce him for his money, his private life, his past history, his editorial policies — everything. The issue originated in the constitutional right of a citizen; it was swiftly obscured in a discussion of the private and public life of Mr. Hearst.

It all seems so unfortunate, for even if Mr. Hearst's private life is as improper as Senator Schwellenbach says, and perhaps believes, the private papers of a citizen are still at stake. Has an employer the right to instruct an employee in privacy? The Senator recalled that Mr. Hearst once bought stolen private documents which were the property of the Standard Oil Company, but are we to understand that that is a justification for anything?

Here is a question of public morals and manners which cannot be ignored by decent citizens. A people takes on the characteristics of its leaders. Or,

to put it conversely, we have the old truism that in a democracy the chosen representatives of the people reflect the characteristics of the people. Has, then, something happened to our people since the war that fills our public offices with mediocrities who belch forth personal abuse and reduce debate to the private squabbles of the unmanly? Is there no dignity, no sense of propriety, left among us? Shall we take to throwing inkwells at each other as they do in the Japanese Diet? Shall we end up in fist fights? Rush Holt says that Harry Hopkins speaks untruths. Shall we soon be calling each other liars and thieves?

It is not merely a matter of words, however. The conduct of public officials in a democracy must be above suspicion if government is to be respected by the masses. In my experience with the New Deal I have acquired considerable respect for the personality and integrity of the Secretary of Agriculture. As much as I dislike the AAA, I believe that Secretary Wallace seeks an honest man's solution of an intricate and vexed problem. Yet Secretary Wallace has taken a stand on the question of publishing AAA data which, from the broad standpoint of public morals, is most unfortunate. At a time when the government, by inquisition and publicity, is humiliating citizens by forcing them to disclose their most personal relations, Mr. Wallace says, in effect, that it would bother him and his staff to have to dig out the data. And then, when a resolution is passed requiring him to disclose the desired material, a tricky joker is inserted which tones down the significance of the disclosures.

Now this may be good politics, but it is bad public morals. It gives the public the impression that there is something deliberately dishonest in the entire transaction. For, if there is no dishonesty, why cannot the facts be

made available? Surely if Messrs. Grace and Irvin and Girdler and many others must stop everything and go up before a Senatorial Committee, a public official like Mr. Wallace, who is a servant of the government and people, has little excuse for refusing to make public any information which he is called upon to provide.

Again I reject political considerations. We have had recent corruption in municipal and state governments, but even rumors of corruption or dishonesty in the Federal Government have been rare. If public morals are to be upheld, there should be no speck of suspicion on the Federal Administration. Mr. Wallace has missed the point if he regarded the request for information simply as a Republican effort to badger him. That may or may not have been the motive of the resolution. Whatever the motive, public morals require that every public official subject his administration and conduct to public scrutiny while he is still in office.

II

The theory of American democracy has been that we are classless, that there is equal opportunity for every individual, and that in the eyes of the government all men are equal.

This theory has not always stood the test of practical application, but the leadership of the country has ever sought to make its application a fact. During the past five years, public leaders have time after time expressed a contrary view. The President in his inaugural address outlawed certain groups of citizens by calling them names—'money-changers.' Even if he did not quote Holy Scripture (as Father Coughlin always does), he moved away from leadership of the whole people to the castigation of one hitherto respected group.

In that speech he set a tone which

only too many followed. Take, for instance, this statement of Mr. Burdick in the House of Representatives:—

As soon as the common people show a disposition to curb the power of the money barons, the cry immediately goes up that we are pitting class against class. The barons would have all of us sit with folded arms and with a forced photographer's smile, while the mortgagee and the creditor suck out our lifeblood through interest and foreclosures. If perchance we move around slightly to avoid the pain, or to prevent the baron from completing his nefarious job, we are condemned because we 'raise class against class.' No; that argument is threadbare, and the power it once had is rather harmless to-day.

If Roosevelt deserves severe criticism it is criticism for not doing enough to stop the mad desire of the money class for more interest, more foreclosures, more money, more dollars, with a high premium attached, more homeless people. Roosevelt has, in this respect, paid too much attention to the money barons, and not enough attention to the protection of homes that have been built during the last seventy-five years by a patriotic people.

Now, Mr. Burdick is not a great national figure and his address has not attracted nation-wide attention. Its importance lies in the fact that it was not spoken by Earl Browder, Secretary-General of the Communist Party, but by a Republican Congressman of North Dakota. Here is a very definite plea for the class struggle by a Republican.

It is this emphasis upon class divisions, the differences among human beings on the basis of possessions or occupation, which characterizes current leadership. Upton Sinclair, for instance, is a Socialist. He leads a political party in California known as EPIC, but which has controlled and may still control the Democratic Party in California. Upton Sinclair is honest, sincere, self-sacrificing. He has devoted his life to the service of his fellow men, and some of his literary work has been

of distinct historical significance. Unfortunately, Upton Sinclair's entire emphasis is upon the class struggle. His EPIC plan is to end poverty in California by 'production for use,' which, in terms of economics, can only mean the abolition of the profit system. He advocates a complete revision of our current economic system. In an editorial in *EPIC News* he says:—

We EPICS assert that there is only one immediate way out of this depression. It is the way that private business itself would take, if it was forced by law to feed and clothe men whom it could not profitably employ. It would put those men at getting their own food and making their own clothing; and if anyone would oppose that course, the business men would say that he was crazy.

The government has the responsibility, and the government has to take that course. We are going straight into bankruptcy until we do take it. Bankruptcy of nation, states, cities, and counties. We may go on with this dole and the foolishness of imitation work for a year or for ten years—I don't know how long the nation's credit will hold out; but I do know that in the end we shall have to put the unemployed at work producing for their own use.

His policies are most succinctly stated in 'The Twelve Principles of EPIC':—

1. God created the natural wealth of the earth for the use of all men, not of a few.

2. God created men to seek their own welfare, not that of masters.

3. Private ownership of tools, a basis of freedom when tools are simple, becomes a basis of enslavement when tools are complex.

4. Autocracy in industry cannot exist alongside democracy in government.

5. When some men live without working, other men are working without living.

6. The existence of luxury in the presence of poverty and destitution is contrary to good morals and sound public policy.

7. The present depression is one of abundance, not of scarcity.

8. The cause of the trouble is that a small

class has the wealth, while the rest have the debts.

9. It is contrary to common sense that men should starve because they have raised too much food.

10. The destruction of food or other wealth, or the limitation of production, is economic insanity.

11. The remedy is to give the workers access to the means of production, and let them produce for themselves, not for others.

12. This change can be brought about by action of a majority of the people, and that is the American way.

Particular attention should be called to items 3, 4, 8, and 11. In item 12, Sinclair makes an essential compromise. His nature, his essential goodness, revolts at revolution. He would abolish capitalism by votes. Upton Sinclair does not ask himself how he can operate his non-capitalistic state except on a Communist political basis; he does not consider that the oppression of the individual by that state would leave him worse off than he now is. That he cannot face frankly. Nor can he face the defects of capitalistic democracy as the price we pay for personal liberty. He wants liberty without paying any price for it at all.

The significance of Upton Sinclair politically is that his following in the states of California and Washington is huge and that a great many citizens in other states believe that his short cut to industrial democracy may lead them to economic equality and assured liberty.

In the search for stability and security, many men are prepared to follow any leadership, no matter how illogical its proposal. It is possible to attract a notable following by pointing to immediate injustice and offering a plausible solution. Upton Sinclair's personality adds weight to his suggestions; yet no machinery can be devised in an economic system which we know how to operate that would make his proposal workable in any but a small,

voluntary, enthusiastic community like the Oneida or Brook Farm groups.

It was this search for stability and security which led the farmers of Alberta into their already exploded experience of 'Social Credit.' Sinclair's doctrinizing may even serve a useful purpose, but the experiments in Alberta can only lead to costly disappointment. And that is so often overlooked by those who see an immediate injustice and demand vast experimentation to effect an immediate cure. For, once an experiment is started, it alters existing situations and it cannot readily be stopped. The conservative fears experimentation because it so often involves speedy action before the cure has been thought out thoroughly. An experiment on guinea pigs costs nothing but the price of the guinea pigs; an experiment upon human beings may determine the fate of a nation. Upton Sinclair's programme is so assuredly unworkable in American dimensions that experimentation with it will inevitably produce fantastic results.

III

Dr. Tugwell and Father Coughlin have much in common: they both speak in Fascist terminology; yet both deny Fascist inspiration. In his now famous speech at Los Angeles, Dr. Tugwell said:—

The autocrats must get out of the way along with the moral system which supports them; but it is our duty to prevent that being done with violence.

That is why I regard the coming campaign as so important. It may very well determine whether, some years from now, we shall do as other nations have—throw over completely the democratic and evolutionary process—or whether we shall find then that our leadership, our Administration and our discipline have been equal to the task of creating institutions suited to the world in which they are expected to operate.

Reaction at this time would commit us to a future uncertain in many ways, but certain enough in this; that there would be a vast rising of rebellious, exploited people after we had revived for a while the game of getting rich at one another's expense.

In a word, if his doctrine of 'the autocrats must go' is not accepted, there will be a revolution. He does not wish the revolution to come. He seeks a disciplined state to avert revolution. He wants stability and security, but he wants them in a disciplined state in which speculative competition is eliminated.

Dr. Tugwell may be silent during the forthcoming campaign, but his resettlement plans are not to be ignored or forgotten. He is the only individual in the New Deal who has stated its philosophy in understandable and potent terms:—

For the sickness of our system is not yet cured. We have made some diagnosis; we have got some partial remedies; we have made a good beginning. That it is not yet enough must be admitted—we still have the testimony of poverty, debt and unemployment; but, with what it is, we shall soon be required to ask for a new mandate.

And what is needed in these months to come is an access of confidence among all progressives, a submission to discipline under leadership, and a drive for complete victory against the most powerful reaction ever organized in this nation.

It is the doctrine of a revolution that is to be effective but bloodless, like Mussolini's revolution. There is to be no terror such as Lenin and Trotzky, but there may be such an election as made Hitler a leader. Tugwell knows what he wants exactly; and that is very much more than can be said for nearly anyone else these days. This speech, from which I quote, is a Fascist speech, as clearly defined as anything that has appeared in Italy or Germany.

Now Father Coughlin does not possess Tugwell's intellectual clarity. His

mind seems to become befogged by his oratory, but his oratory gives him a greater mass control than Tugwell can ever win.

Father Coughlin preaches Social Justice, and that undoubtedly is a function of a priest. Furthermore, he contends that his preachments are based upon Papal Encyclicals, and that certainly is the right of a Catholic priest, although a non-Catholic may ask whether the foundation of American thinking is to be a Papal Encyclical or the Constitution of the United States. Father Wilfrid Parsons, S. J., denies that Father Coughlin really adheres to the Encyclicals, but Bishop Gallagher of Detroit provides an imprimatur which is sufficient for the priest of the Church of the Little Flower. With the rights and the wrongs of Coughlin under canon law we have no concern. Canon law does not govern the United States, nor does it control our morals.

Father Coughlin remains an important figure in American politics in spite of the blows to his popularity which he sustained at the hands of General Johnson. After the Johnson-Huey Long-Coughlin debates in 1935, the worthy Father began to lose his following and to-day he does not wield the influence he did two years ago. Still he is there to be heard. I shall take a few paragraphs from that debate in an effort to present his thoughts in logical sequence:—

The money changers whom the Priest of Priests drove from the temple of Jerusalem both by word and by physical force have marshaled their forces behind the leadership of a chocolate soldier for the purpose of driving the priest out of public affairs. . . .

The object of the National Union for Social Justice is secure economic liberty for our people. So well is this truth known that the concentrators of wealth are resorting to musty methods long since in disrepute to preserve America for the plutocrats and to retain its quarreling citizens for their exploitation. . . .

In the meantime, therefore, let the Tories of high finance learn from their prototype, George III. Let the unjust aggressors who for generations have mismanaged the economic affairs of our nation assume the entire responsibility of their Tory stubbornness. The laborer has not sabotaged our factories! The farmer has not created a man-made scarcity of food! The 80,000,000 crybabies have not concentrated our wealth! These people, played upon by paid-for propaganda, did not hurl us into the seething maelstrom of a bloody war. . . .

I shall draw my reasons from that school of militancy presided over by Jesus Christ, who, 1900 years ago, refrained not from attacking in scathing terms the scribes and pharisees. 'Woe to you scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, because you devour the houses of widows, praying long prayers. For this you shall receive the greater judgment. For you bind heavy and insupportable burdens and lay them on men's shoulders; but with a finger of your own you will not move them. . . .'

But there are times when certain classes must be forcefully reminded that there is such a thing as Christian charity which bids us love our neighbors as ourselves, and that warns us that whatsoever we do, even to the least, we do to Christ. That is what the pharisees refused to learn. That is what their descendants in Wall Street refuse to accept as they continue to devour the houses of widows and tax our citizenry into slavery and idleness.

Stripped of his verbiage, Father Coughlin's doctrine seems to be:—

'There is social injustice in this country. The main responsibility for this condition rests on those who control the operations of the financial system. They also control the government because of their wealth. If social injustice continues, a revolution will occur. Revolutions are to be avoided because they do not limit themselves to economic and political changes. They also affect religion and morals. That is my special field. Therefore I shall lead the revolutionary forces into still waters by attacking the economic system. Should the revolution come, my

attitude with regard to economics will save religion and morals.'

It will be noted that Upton Sinclair, Tugwell, and Coughlin fear the oncoming revolution. Each in his own way would lead the masses to still waters. So did Father Gapon in Russia attempt to lead his people to still waters. So did Hitler seek to avoid Communism. The question that poses itself in any appraisal of Father Coughlin is whether his particular cure will not kill the patient. He would so completely destroy our financial stability that private enterprise, as we know it, would cease. He and Tugwell would wittingly or unwittingly force us into a state-controlled economy — in a word, into Fascism. It is difficult to reach any other conclusion.

IV

Olson of Minnesota, Talmadge of Georgia, the La Follettes of Wisconsin, La Guardia in New York, and a host of other local leaders have found in the popular temper a response to their own impatience.

La Guardia has suggested a labor measure which would virtually make him a dictator in industrial relations. Already manufacturing firms are escaping from New York City because of racketeered labor unions and an unreadiness on the part of the police to maintain the ordinary rights of the citizen to be unmolested. If New York's form of picketing remains legitimate, one wonders how long business houses can maintain themselves in that city. The other day I saw a motor truck drawn up in front of a motion-picture theatre; mounted on the truck was a loud speaker announcing in strident tones that that house did not employ union labor. The truck was a public nuisance if ever there was one. The shouting pickets in front of WPA headquarters and before certain department stores are a nuisance. It is

impossible to walk on the sidewalks in these vicinities, although a taxpayer is surely entitled to walk on sidewalks. Children have to be diverted from these streets if they are not to be endangered. All this is peaceful picketing in the eyes of Mr. La Guardia.

Now it may be argued that New York has never had a better mayor than Mr. La Guardia. But he does not like the use of the police power and he is impatient to see justice done. His acts may destroy the markets in New York; hardly will he see the problem of social justice solved in the few years at his disposal as mayor. But he must rush. He must try to solve every problem quickly and by his own arbitrary will.

La Guardia and the La Follettes are of a type. Honest, competent, brilliant, but impatient. They have no time. They cannot wait. They must have some immediate power to do their will.

Talmadge is of another type. He is definitely a politician, attacking President Roosevelt not because he hates Roosevelt but because he wants to make Talmadge stronger. Even that would not matter, because our political system is based upon the assumption of free political competition, were it not that Talmadge stirs up racial hatred in the South. His entire campaign is based upon a sentence: 'Roosevelt likes niggers.' His underlings spread a photograph of Mrs. Roosevelt walking with a Negro. They even attack Clark Howell, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, because a nephew in the WPA or some other Ickes bureau is said to have a Negress as a stenographer.

I was told in Atlanta that the WPA employed Negro foremen over white relief workers. I could not substantiate the charge, but the Talmadge underlings repeat it wherever they go.

Talmadge is building a political career on race hatred. And, no matter what kind of hatred is poured into the

public vial, it is a poison for the body politic. These people are advocating poisonous doctrines. They all say that they do not want revolutions, but they preach hatreds, and hatreds are bound to result in time in riots, lynchings, street fighting—in all the paraphernalia of revolution.

Senator Minton would be the first to denounce revolution as a weapon; yet he is capable of saying:—

The blight of the cold, dead hand of the Court must not be permitted to contaminate the blood stream of the Nation and destroy the right of the people to live and prosper.

Now the Supreme Court is as much an organ of our government as the Senate. If we are to destroy the Court, we destroy our system of government. We cannot have the same system without the Court as we have with it. To end the usefulness of the Court would be revolution. The learned Senator does not seem to understand that. None of the impatient ones, who fear revolution but want quick changes, seem to understand. In a word, no matter how sincere these men may be, their impatience urges them to perilous conceptions.

V

Dr. Townsend is not confronted by this danger. His is not an impatience. His doctrine is almost childlike in its simplicity, and yet as dangerous as any baby playing with fire. He says, in effect:—

‘If you remove the aged from employment, then the young will have jobs. But if you force the aged not to work, you must give them money, \$200 a month. To prevent the aged from growing rich, you must require them to spend the \$200 each month. This money is to be obtained by a transaction tax of 2 per cent.’

In effect, this measure provides for

three things: a sales tax, an inflation of the currency, and an old-age pension system, based not on a scientific analysis of the problem, but upon an arbitrary assumption as to when old age occurs and what are the economic implications of the occurrence.

To many this plan offered stability and security and they poured their dimes into the Townsend treasury to support it. Townsend and his associates admit that they have no knowledge of economics. They admit that they do not know what the effect of their doctrine upon the fiscal system of the state will be.

At first it was assumed that the Townsend leaders were sincere in their plans—sincere but misguided. Then the Senate investigation of the movement occurred and now there are grave doubts even as to the sincerity. Too great a money prize influenced the organizers.

The Townsend movement is now down, but it is not out. It will surely be revived in full force when it is discovered that the Social Security Act cannot function—as it cannot, because the existing bill is not practicable. Then those who seek stability and security in old age will make demands which cannot be granted, and the Townsendites will ever be ready to offer a simple remedy—so simple a remedy that it serves no curative purpose. The Townsend Plan is mad—but its followers are not. They know what they want: something for nothing from the government.

And therein lies a terrible dilemma for our democracy. The soldiers got their bonus; cotton and sugar growers got fat checks; workers got WPA checks for doing no useful work; silvermine owners got fat subsidies for no good reason. Why should not those who reach sixty get something for having lived so long? Herein lie the strength and danger of this movement.

Why should we all not live on the government? And if enough of us do, what will become of the government and of us?

VI

And across this very black picture runs the amusing incidence of religious movements. In distress and perplexity men always turn to religion. And every day some new religion appears in answer to the quest for stability and security. I once received a pamphlet, the first page of which read:—

\$50 REWARD — If you can find a single flaw in this New Holy City Perfect Form of Government.

**THE WISE MEN
OF THE FAR WEST
OF**

HOLY CITY NEW SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT

Unquestionably 100 per cent Perfect and All-Satisfying to All Concerned.

The Wise Men of the Far West at Holy City say: That any new or old Leader or Government that Fails to Establish True Peace and Contentment to all Sane-Minded People Concerned, is not the True Leader or Government in this age. A Good Government Business is to successfully Direct all of its People in a Harmonious Social Progressive Way, and so far all of them have failed.

This Form of Government Has Been Practised for 12 Years in Holy City.

This particular government destroys what is known as Communism, Socialism, EPIC Plan System, and all the weakness in the Capitalistic System, which is the true System.

Lots of pamphlets appear which are more curious than this one. And many plans appear which are as unbelievable. All these movements have followings, and there are those who argue in their favor and who insist upon the righteousness of the cause.

The most successful religious movement is led by Father Divine, a Negro, of Harlem, New York City, whose followers are both Negro and white. His

theology is simple. Christ said: 'I and my Father will come and make our abode with you.' The followers of Father Divine believe that God has come on earth in the physical form of Father Divine.

Father Divine is God. He lives in Heaven. Each of his houses is a Kingdom of Heaven. When he speaks, God speaks. He is sweet. He is glorious. He is all knowing. Once, in court, a judge sentenced Father Divine. Three days later the judge died of heart disease. That proved that Father Divine possessed the power of life and death.

His correspondence contains this amazing paragraph:—

Wishing you all success, and that as I AM, so might you be, this leaves ME well, healthy, joyful, peaceful, lively, loving, successful, prosperous and Happy in Spirit, Body and Mind, and in every organ, muscle, sinew, vein and bone and even in every atom, fibre and cell of MY Bodily Form.

Respectfully and Sincere, I AM

REV. M. J. DIVINE
(Better known as FATHER DIVINE)

Two passages from one of his speeches can be cited as examples of his contributions to human thought:—

Cease to think negative thoughts, but concentrate on the POSITIVE: Rid yourselves of all envy, malice, hatred, resentment, bigotry, deceit, jealousy, covetousness and all undesirable tendencies, and visualize the POSITIVE; gaze upon the PERFECT PICTURE, that you might produce PERFECTION in your own physical bodies, and in the things which concern you. . . .

Every place where there is segregation and prejudice manifested, I shall cause these conditions, or allow them to come by the prejudicial mind of men. Such conditions as they would not desire to be among them. It is indeed wonderful! Since they will not hear ME while speaking in the Spirit of Meekness, as Moses did, they will hear GOD when he thunders down from Mount Sinai. As in the days of Moses, so shall it be in this day, when men shall rise

in opposition, refusing to hear the Spirit of Mercy pleading, the very destructive Forces of Nature will be speaking automatically, and they will no longer desire to hear GOD speak when HE speaks through the Cosmic Forces of Nature.

When a member joins the sect, he may place at the disposal of his colleagues all his property — houses, life insurance policies, possessions of any kind. These are unnecessary for one who is to live in the Kingdom of Heaven. Forever afterward, Father Divine is to provide food, clothes, and lodgings. And Father Divine does do that now. And he does it amply and well. Nobody has complained of being robbed or swindled, except a few husbands whose wives have cleared out. No one has been able to discover a money prize in this movement.

It is not to be laughed at as charlatanry. It has a very definite emotional value and that is why it has white as well as Negro votaries. Most organized religions no longer satisfy the stepped-up emotional requirements of the age. Father Divine offers a short cut. He is not the representative of God on earth; he himself is God. If that one premise is accepted, the rest becomes simple.

And the rest is part of the Messianic hope which has provided such an emotional lure for men in all ages. It is not unlike the Hassidism which made the Polish rabbi so powerful a figure in the post-mediæval ghetto. Read Sholom Asch's *Salvation* to understand the emotional ebb and flow that make a Father Divine possible.

In his Kingdoms an uninhibited ecstasy is possible which does not exist elsewhere. You sing and shout; you see

God; you hear his voice and speak to him. You have stability and security because nothing matters and nothing counts and nothing can happen to you. Eternal life has come and it will not cease. Madness? No! Emotional hunger, fear of physical starvation, sexual stagnation, distress and disgust with existing conditions — these explain the need for exhilaration. These Father Divine satisfies.

But will he always satisfy them? Suppose his automobile or his airplane crashed to-morrow and killed him? But it has not crashed and he is alive and one can sing: 'Peace! Father Divine is God!'

Here is a characteristic mass movement which serves a host of human beings. Similar movements are springing up throughout the country. Not only the followers of Father Divine, who find in his doctrine a source of happiness in these times of distress, but even the wealthy and powerful are supporting organizations founded in the hope that some programme, some catch phrase, or some emphasis on a particular hatred or prejudice, will produce security, stability, and leadership. Yet, leadership has not appeared and stability is not within view. And this perhaps is what so few understand — that stability is really unwanted, and security would mean death to a people who have lived by competition and the struggle of each individual in his own interest. We speak of stability and security, but what we really want perhaps is peace and a release from the restraints which lessen our competitive abilities. And we lack giants as leaders because we really do not want to be led. We want to be left alone.

TIME TO QUIT?

BY OTTO G. LINDBERG

THE most solemn moment of my life was spent awaiting the birth of this twentieth century. On the last day of 1899 word quietly passed through the city of Helsingfors for its inhabitants to assemble at midnight to offer silent prayer to God that the new century would bring to Finland the peace and happiness so long denied a sorely tried, patient people. The streets were full of folk in dark clothes, furs, and fur caps, all moving silently toward one point — the Senate Square in Helsingfors.

I was only thirteen years old then, yet the scene is so clear that if I were an artist I could paint a picture of it in all detail, even to the serious countenances of thousands around me.

There was scarcely a word spoken; to friends one merely tipped the cap and bowed. Suddenly the big bells of the white church began to toll, proclaiming the passing of a century of subjection, the arrival of a century in which, if these prayers were answered, Finland might go free. Fur caps and hats were instantly doffed by the men, while the multitude stood in silent prayer as the bells pealed into the crisp silence of the midwinter night the rhythms that were to carry our prayers to Heaven.

Suddenly silence was restored, sweeping upon us as abruptly as it had been broken. Heads were covered, and all began trudging home again, the dark figures silhouetted against the snow.

All this is by way of explaining what a repressed childhood and youth the

young people of Finland lived through in those days. We were all members of secret political societies organized by our elders in protest against the Russian oppression. On dark nights I would sneak out to push under doors a publication called *Fria Ord* (*Free Words*), which was our only means of spreading uncensored information. *Free Words* was printed in Sweden on light Bible stock and smuggled to Finland by travelers in peril of their lives.

I recollect a two-year period when all school dances were canceled to demonstrate that Finland was in mourning. These were the times that inspired Jean Sibelius to compose 'Finlandia,' that soul-stirring tone poem written to reach the ears of Tsar Nicholas and impress him with our plight. Intimate friends of our family disappeared to Siberia. My eldest brother escaped to Germany to go to college there and avoid compulsory military service under Russian command. The Russian language was forced into all schools to be on a par with the country's own languages, Finnish and Swedish.

Our country then offered such scant opportunity to its youth that many migrated to the fairyland of opportunity, the United States. I persuaded my father to finance a one-way ticket to this promised land, and on the first day of May, 1907, I left Finland.

I spoke no English on arrival, but this was not a major worry, for I soon learned enough to get along. After

drifting in and out of several jobs, I encountered an obstacle bad enough for Americans to hurdle, but almost hopeless for a green foreigner to surmount — the depression of 1907. Well, even that ordeal was eventually water over the dam. Memories of a cold winter with the only overcoat in a pawnshop, a job at an East Side druggist's soda fountain, and two or three days without food, soon faded and lost their sting as I found myself at last a steady job as a draftsman.

A year at this convinced me that no great future was in store for me until I completed my half-finished engineering education. Outside of working hours I studied. My boss, a splendid man, had a small engineering office with hardly enough to keep one draftsman, myself, at work. With too little work for a regular typist, our correspondence was done by a public stenographer. I thought: Why not also a public draftsman for those who had only occasional need for such work? Securing my employer's permission, I distributed during my lunch hours cards announcing that I would handle such work. A few jobs began to come in, which I did nights and week-ends. Before long I was making more money from these than from my regular work.

In my home correspondence I mentioned my hope of working this plan into a little business of my own. Father was so delighted with my progress that he cabled five hundred dollars, which, added to my own savings, put me, psychologically, in the 'big business' class. With the blessings of my employer, and his thoughtful loan of a drafting board and a pair of wooden 'horses,' I opened a small office.

Three-in-one was the motto of this new firm — salesman, clerk, and draftsman all in one person; but it went pretty well. Soon I found need to double the staff, so a likely-looking boy was hired. Before long he was on the

way to becoming a productive draftsman under my tutelage. As the years rolled by, more boys were added, and the older ones became husbands and fathers.

To-day we are large, as small businesses go, employ on the average more than seventy-five people, furnish direct outside employment to about one hundred and fifty more, know the wisdom of carefully hiring and seldom firing, and appreciate the necessity of treating our fellow workers well.

The first fifteen years we piled up little cash, for cash was a very scarce commodity. We were laying the foundation so necessary for every new business. There was no trifling with quality of materials going into this foundation, and we had willing hands to put it together. My table was the hindmost in the drafting room, so I could not only work but see to it that all others did the same. It is surprisingly easy to lead men to effort if you start them off right — and pay them well.

Soon we began to benefit by that good foundation; cash began to accumulate, and I began to take stock of what the future might have in store for us. Our business has grown into one of unusually specialized nature and is dependent on practically two clients. That sort of alignment is usually *bad* business, but if at the same time it was *good* business while it lasted the only sensible thing to do was to prepare for all consequences by setting up reserves for that major emergency. So we have been accumulating enough to carry us through a 'rainy day' of reasonable duration without having to lose our most valuable assets — our carefully trained employees. How long would it take me to rebuild my business if we lost one or both of our accounts? Perhaps two years. So I began funding earnings for a two years' haul for all of us — without layoffs for anyone.

The reserves have not yet reached their goal, but we were well on the way when suddenly our thrifty programme was knocked into the well-known cocked hat. Our reserves were to be raided by Washington, to the confusion of my long-range programme, at last in sight of completion.

None of us enjoys paying taxes, but most of us realize that certain benefits and necessities we all enjoy must be paid for in that way. More than native Americans I know what the privilege of living in a free and happy country is worth. I am glad to pay my share of supporting our government in return for the freedom and happiness it gives us.

When I speak of freedom I mean freedom for independent and individual action and development, with due respect for one's fellow beings and for a government essential in the coördination of regional efforts arising in a country as vast as ours. I say 'ours' with deep concern lest I be unable to say that forever, for I fear this 'planned economy' we hear so much about has no place for men of my type.

The value of insurance against the hazards of business and employment is recognized. By amassing a surplus, we have been ensuring the continuation of our business and the support of our staff during a period of readjustment, to meet a latent danger peculiar to our situation. The sum is not so large as to be considered, by any sane person, a surreptitious amassing of powerful wealth, because ours is still a relatively small business. Shall I now sit back and watch the government first take a third or a half of this sum as penalty for my prudence in maintaining reasonable

insurance, and then continue to take liberal slices of our annual profits to be spent as 'the planners' dictate? No, I shall not!

Back to Finland? Those prayers we voiced at the moment of birth of this century have been answered. Finland is free, freer to-day than the United States of America. Back to Finland? I try to see the problems from all sides. I came here without any invitation. America has been good to me and I owe it a debt of gratitude. Then, too, I have a family to consider. My wife is as American as she can be; my two sons are Americans. They say they would like to go to Finland with me, but of course they do not realize how difficult it is to transplant a human being. I do.

The chief drawback to my departure is the force of loyal people who have helped me build my business. Those I hired as boys are now middle-aged men with families. A fond farewell, with thanks and blessings, would do them no substantial good. Paying them a fat bonus out of the salvage of the business would be of small advantage to men who must find new places after being ousted from a rather specialized business in which they have worked all their lives.

On the other hand, they may come to no better end if the tax hounds go on digging up and scattering corporate bones. Suppose the government insists on penalizing our prudence, and then we reach that rainy day which our prudence has foreseen. We may all be worse off than if we called it a day now, divided what is left, and quit.

Is it time to quit?

THE NEW IMAGINATION

BY RICHARD DANA SKINNER

THE comfortless idea that the ghost of an old horse is trotting in front of all the express trains of the world sprang from the brain of H. G. Wells at the turn of this century. For once Mr. Wells was quite right. It is too bad that he switched his attention from this great discovery to other and less important matters. Had he amplified his discovery, preached it from the housetops and jammed it into the consciousness of modern life, he might have saved us from some of the deepest tragedies of unemployment. He might have freed us from our slavery to the machine.

The completion of Mr. Wells's discovery is this — that, since the technical and scientific age began, our imaginations have failed utterly and miserably to keep pace with our inventive ability. We invent something and then fail to use it to its logical capacity, one result being to throw men out of work without creating enough new work to reabsorb them and many more.

For example, — to revive Mr. Wells's illustration of the railroads, — we invented in the early nineteenth century a method of putting a steam pump on wheels so that it could propel itself forward. This was the locomotive — probably the most important invention in locomotion since the cartwheel itself. Certainly it brought the first serious change in man's ways of transporting himself in many thousands of years. The locomotive was a superb concept. It was something wholly new

under the sun. It was so big that it dwarfed the world, literally making the world smaller by thousands of hours. It was man's first great conquest of time since horses and wheels had been harnessed together. It changed at once every historic relationship between time and space. It was vastly more than a mechanical invention. It generated a complete revolution in the relation of man to man, and of man to distance.

But what did our imaginations do to this astounding invention? Did our minds even faintly encompass its meaning? Faintly — perhaps. But deeply and richly — no. The best our feeble imaginations could do was to call this superb creation 'the iron horse.' It was not a horse. It lacked even the remotest resemblance to a horse. But we called it a horse because our minds had been limited by the horse for thousands of years whenever we thought of transportation. We not only called it a horse, but — and here lay the great crime of omission, the great sin of stunted imagination — we used it as we had always used the horse! We literally hitched this magnificent new creation in front of the tramcars and stagecoaches built for horses and made the locomotive drag these coaches and trams along the same narrow rails over which the horse had plodded. We continued to do this for so long that, before our sluggish imaginations could wake up to our mistake, the cost of changing the size of the railroad tracks became prohibitive. The gauge of all the rail-

road tracks of the world was set, and remains set to-day, by the capacity of the horse. We dwarfed our invention of the locomotive to terms of horsepower. And there it remains, limited, cramped, and overshadowed by the ghost of the horse!

The locomotive was inherently capable of drawing a car at least twice the width of the familiar railroad coach — a car that would offer comfort and space to the traveler instead of unbearably cramped quarters. That scientific horror, the sleeping car, with its narrow aisles and stuffy berths and miniature conveniences, is part of the exorbitant price we pay to-day as a wholly unnecessary tribute to the horse. A grin of triumph must lurk in the mouth of every ancient gray mare grazing on a farm as the 'luxury' express speeds by. She knows her victory over the imaginations of men.

But the railroad is only one hidden conquest of the horse. The spavined gray mare can laugh at the automobile, too — and, again, it is Mr. Wells who hinted at her victory. At the time he wrote *Anticipations*, published in 1902, the modern automobile was little more than a rumor. He spoke of the possibility of a self-propelling vehicle which might attain such incredible speeds as sixty miles an hour. But the automobile did come, and with it speeds far in excess of sixty miles an hour. Again man evolved a superb invention. But the best we could do was to call it a 'horseless carriage.' This time we actually implied by the word 'horseless' the elimination of the horse. But in the next word, 'carriage,' we yanked the horse back again. The gasoline engine would pull a carriage just as the horse had pulled it, and — herewith the crime of countless accidents and sudden death — over the very carriage roads sacred to the horse.

Mr. Wells wrote optimistically of great highways, resembling in size and

architectural beauty the old Roman viaducts, along which the new self-propelling vehicles could speed safely at sixty miles an hour, with one-way traffic lanes and separate lanes for freight and pleasure vehicles. Had he fully grasped the significance of his own discovery about the railroads, he would have predicted more clearly, and not merely by inference, the second bankruptcy of imagination in favor of the horse. He would have said, 'Men will continue for a third of a century and more to limit this magnificent new vehicle by forcing it to go over the old narrow winding horse-carriage roads; they will make its potentially safe speed unsafe by the sudden turns and invisible dangers of the horse road; they will invite head-on collisions with the impact of twice sixty miles an hour; they will spend millions on resurfacing and making permanent the highways of the horse instead of providing roads actually built to the power and specifications of the automobile; they will some day stand appalled at thousands upon thousands of fatal accidents in a year and will put all the blame on careless drivers instead of taking the crime to their own hearts and indicting their own incredible lack of imagination.'

Since we could not easily rebuild whole cities and city streets, we are perhaps not to blame for the continued small size of the automobile. The horse is not honored in that detail. But we have no defense for our interurban highways. Not one of them to-day is a match for our invention of the automobile. Not one of them provides that complement to the inherent safety of which the automobile can boast. Every single important highway in the country to-day is obsolete as a companion to the automobile. Yet, ironically enough, our imaginations still tremble before the problem of providing 'useful' work for the unemployed!

A million men and millions of tons of

concrete and steel could be usefully employed to-day in nothing but the complete rebuilding of our highway system to catch up with our invention of the automobile. But our imaginations are still leashed to the horse. We have surfaced our roads at huge expense. We have, perhaps, cut off a dangerous corner here and a difficult grade there, but we have still made no fundamental change in highway construction. We have shown no ingenuity in road building even faintly comparable to the ingenuity required to construct just one small part of the automobile — the brakes. Yet, if we brutally capitalize the economic value of a human being at \$50,000, and multiply that figure by 35,000 automobile fatalities a year, we arrive at an annual economic cost of one and three quarter billions. The cost in human anguish is incomparably greater. If our imaginations were only unleashed from the horse, we might replace that annual economic loss with a corresponding economic gain and wipe out our past sins of omission.

But it is not only in automobiles and railroads that we continue to live in a 'horsepower' age. The meaning of Mr. Wells's discovery cuts far deeper than the illustrations he blithely drew at the turn of the century. What he implied is vastly more important than what he said. Every time that we produce, through invention, more than we are able to consume, through alert imagination, we run into a social and human impasse. Modern banking is an invention in itself — as inherently different from the hard-money banking of the Middle Ages as the horse from the automobile. But our imaginations are still quite incapable of using this new invention. We try to run it on hard-money rules as religiously as we try to run the automobile on horse roads. Or, to enlarge the scope, our whole technological equipment permits, inherently

an astounding rise in the material standard of living; yet we constantly limit it by the fears of overproduction based on an economy of hand labor and an inelastic demand for the products of labor. In our technical society, it is supply (at reasonable and lowering prices) that creates demand; and, since technology provides an almost unlimited supply, the potential demand has an elasticity it never before possessed.

When the making of a carriage body, for example, demanded a fixed or constant quantity of hand labor, and when the potential buyers had to create their buying power by an equally fixed amount of hand labor in some other trade, such as shoemaking, then both supply and demand were relatively inelastic, and limited by the number of hours of labor a given population could devote to varied types of hand production. But as machines reduced the number of man hours in an automobile, and also the number of man hours in a pair of shoes, the shoemakers could buy more automobiles and the automobile makers could buy more pairs of shoes. It needs the courage of a brilliant imagination for a Henry Ford to foresee that a plentiful supply of automobiles at a constantly lowering price would end in an automobile for nearly every family, compared to the thousands of years during which only one family in a thousand could buy a carriage. Happily, Mr. Ford had just the quality of imagination required to bring about this astonishing result. But if he had not created the supply and lowered the price and thus permitted the potential demand to become an actual demand, he might still be producing only a few thousand cars a year, and cars would still hold the luxury position that carriages once held.

Thus through the whole fabric of our modern technical life the true balance can be maintained only by matching invention with imagination in the use

of invention. We already know, in a remote and academic way, that air conditioning has rendered millions of houses and apartment buildings partly obsolete. But how many manufacturers, taking the hint from Mr. Ford's history, have stepped up production of air-conditioning units and reduced the unit price to a point where every family can live and sleep without absorbing untold quantities of carbon monoxide and dust and smoke pollution? Broadly speaking, one can still almost buy an automobile for the price of an air-conditioning box for one large room.

The steel industry is only beginning, at this late date, to suspect a potential demand for steel-frame houses comparable to the demonstrated demand for automobiles. It is only within two or three years that the chemical industry has seriously turned to the extraction of industrial materials from farm products. This was a case of imagination delayed for more than a century. Human beings can still consume only a given amount of food. That, at least, is one form of demand that must always remain inelastic. But if chemistry finds a way of making building materials cheaply enough from cornstalks and alfalfa, or newspaper from hay, then the farmer can aspire to elastic markets that will help to keep him on an equality with industry. Imagination has at last seized on this possible use of chemical invention, but the awakening took a hundred years.

This need of matching invention with imagination is almost as new as the technical era itself. That is our one excuse and our one hope. It is only in a very limited sense that we had to use imagination in pre-inventive days. Let us take the case, for example, of John Adams setting out on his difficult diplomatic missions abroad during the Revolution. He made his outward journey on a sailing vessel. He knew he

would return the same way — if he returned at all. His imagination could play with the possible events that might make his return impossible, but he did not have to give a thought as to how he would return. He would cross the seas exactly as his ancestors had crossed them. He would see the stars at night through masts and rigging, and there would always be the same hours of impatience in a dead calm. But a young man setting out on a two- or three-year voyage to-day has no idea at all of how he may return. He may come back through the air, and quite possibly in a stratosphere rocket. His imagination has a new dimension to play in — the dimension of the 'how.'

Once — and for long thousands of years — it was possible for a man to learn a trade, and to know from that point on just how he would earn his living. To-day a whole trade may be abolished overnight. A decade from now, bricklaying and plastering may be lost arts. General Washington at Valley Forge may have wondered when and where he would meet the enemy, but at least he knew that he would fight with muskets and artillery and sabred cavalry. The 'how' of warfare was a known quantity. But an army staff of to-day, thinking in terms of gas and airplanes, may find to-morrow's battle fought with electric rays.

Imagination that once moved in terms of 'when,' 'where,' and 'what' now has this fourth dimension of 'how.' It is a wholly new challenge to human capacity. It reaches into industry and finance, into war and peace and the fates of nations, into every material phase of individual existence. It destroys much of the value of careful planning, and places an immeasurable premium on alertness and adaptability and instant perception of change. Invention has thrown down the gauntlet to imagination — and the life and happiness of man are the stakes.

ALL THEIR WAYS ARE DARK

BY JAMES STILL

I

THE mines on Little Carr closed in March. Winter had been mild, the snows scant and frost-thin upon the ground. Robins stayed the season through, and sapsuckers came early to drill the black birch beside our house. Though Father had worked in the mines, we did not live in the camps. He owned the scrap of land our house stood upon, a garden patch, and the black birch that was the only tree on all the barren slope above Blackjack. There were four of us children running barefoot over the puncheon floors, and since the year's beginning Mother carried a fifth balanced on one hip as she worked over the rusty stove in the shed-room. There were seven in the family to cook for. With the closing of the mines, two of Father's cousins came and did not go away.

'It's all we can do to keep bread in the children's mouths,' Mother told Father. 'Even if they are your blood kin, we can't feed them much longer.' Mother knew the strings of 'shucky' beans dried in the fall would not last until a new garden could be raised. A half-dozen soup bones and some meat rinds were left in the smokehouse; skippers had got into a pork shoulder during the unnaturally warm December, and it had to be thrown away. Mother ate just enough for the baby, picking at her food and chewing it in little bites. Father ate sparingly, cleaning his plate of every crumb. His face was almost as

thin as Mother's. Father's cousins fed well, and grumblingly, upon beans and corn pone. They kicked each other under the table, carrying on a secret joke from day to day, and grimacing at us as they ate. We were pained, and felt foolish because we could not join in their laughter.

'You'll have to ask them to go,' Mother told Father. 'These lazy louts are taking food out of the baby's mouth. What we have won't last forever.' Father did not speak for a long time; then he said simply: 'I can't turn my kin out.' He would say no more. Mother began to feed us between meals, putting less on the table. Father's cousins would empty the dishes, then look sourly at their plates. They would wink, and thrust their brogans at each other under the table. They would chuckle without saying anything. Sometimes one of them would make a clucking noise in his throat, but none of us laughed, not even Euly. We would look at Father, his chin drooped over his shirt collar, his eyes lowered. And John's face would be as grave as Father's. Only the baby's face would become bird-eyed and bright.

When Uncle Samp, Father's great-uncle, came for a couple of days and stayed on after the week-end was over, Mother spoke sternly to Father. Father became angry and stamped his foot on the floor. 'As long as we've got a crust, it'll never be said I turned my folks

from my door,' he said. We children were frightened. We had never seen Father storm like this, or heard him raise his voice at Mother. Father was so angry he took his rifle-gun and went off into the woods for the day, bringing in four squirrels for supper. He had 'barked' them, firing at the tree trunk beside the animals' heads, and bringing them down without a wound.

Uncle Samp was a large man. His skin was soft and white, with small pink veins webbing his cheeks and nose. There were no powder burns on his face and hands, and no coal dust ground into the heavy wrinkles of his neck. He had a thin gray moustache, over a hand-span in length, wrapped like a loose cord around his ears. He vowed it had not been trimmed in thirty years. It put a spell on us all, Father's cousins included. We looked at the moustache and felt an itching uneasiness. That night at the table Father's cousins ate squirrels' breasts and laughed, winking at each other as they brushed up brown gravy on pieces of corn pone. Uncle Samp told us what this good eating put him in mind of, and he bellowed, his laughter coming deep out of him. We laughed, watching his face redden with every gust, watching the moustache hang miraculously over his ears. Suddenly my brother John began to cry over his plate. His shins had been kicked under the table. Mother's face paled, her eyes becoming hard and dark. She gave the baby to Father and took John into another room. We ate quietly during the rest of the meal, Father looking sternly down the table.

After supper Mother and Father took a lamp and went out to the smokehouse. We followed, finding them bent over the meat box. Father dug into the salt with a plough blade, Mother holding the light above him. He uncovered three curled rinds of pork. We stayed in the smokehouse a long time, feeling contented and together. The

room was large, and we jumped around like savages and swung head-down from the rafters.

Father crawled around on his hands and knees with the baby on his back. Mother sat on a sack of black walnuts and watched us. 'It's the first time we've been alone in two months,' she said. 'If we lived in here, there would n't be room for anybody else. And it would be healthier than that leaky shack we stay in.' Father kept crawling with the baby, kicking up his feet like a spoiled nag. John hurt his leg again. He gritted his teeth and showed us the purple spot where he had been kicked. Father rubbed the bruise and made it feel better. 'Their hearts are black as Satan,' Mother said. 'I'd rather live in this smokehouse than stay down there with them. A big house draws kinfolks like a horse draws nit-flies.' It was late when we went to the house. The sky was overcast and starless.

During the night, rain came suddenly, draining through the rotten shingles. Father got up in the dark and pushed the beds about. He bumped against a footboard and wakened me. I heard Uncle Samp snoring in the next room; and low and indistinct through the sound of water on the roof came the quiver of laughter. Father's cousins were awake in the next room. They were mightily tickled about something. They laughed in long choking spasms. The sound came to me as though afar off, and I reckon they had their heads under the covers so as not to waken Uncle Samp. I listened and wondered how it was possible to laugh with the dark and rain.

II

Morning was bright and rain-fresh. The sharp sunlight fell slantwise upon the worn limestone earth of the hills, and our house squatted weathered and dark on the bald slope. Yellow-bellied sapsuckers drilled their oblong holes in

the black birch by the house, now leafing from tight-curved buds. John and I had climbed into the tree before breakfast, and when Mother called us in we were hungry for our boiled wheat.

We were alone at the table, Father's cousins having left at daylight for Blackjack. They had left without their breakfast, and this haste seemed strange to Mother. 'This is the first meal they've missed,' she said.

Uncle Samp slept on in the next room, his head buried under a quilt to keep the light out of his face. Mother fed the baby at her breast, standing by Father at the table. We ate our wheat without sugar, and when we had finished Mother said to Father: 'We have enough corn meal for three more pans of bread. If the children eat it by themselves, it might last a week. It won't last us all more than three meals. Your kin will have to go to-day.'

Father put his spoon down with a clatter. 'My folks eat when we eat,' he said, 'and as long as we eat.' The corners of his mouth were drawn tight into his face. His eyes burned, but there was no anger in them. 'I'll get some meal at the store,' he said. Mother leaned against the wall, clutching the baby. Her voice was like ice.

'They won't let you have it on credit,' she said. 'You've tried before. We've got to live small. We've got to start over again, hand to mouth, the way we began.' She laid her hand upon the air, marking the words with nervous fingers. 'We've got to tie ourselves up in such a knot nobody else can get in.' Father got his hat and stalked to the door. 'We've got to do it to-day,' she called. But Father was gone, out of the house and over the hill toward Blackjack.

Mother put the baby in the empty woodbox while she washed dishes. Euly helped her, clearing the table and setting out a bowl of boiled wheat for Uncle Samp. I went outside with

John, and we were driving the sap-suckers from the birch when Uncle Samp shouted in the house. His voice crashed through the wall, pouring between the seamy timbers in raw blasts of anger. John was up the tree, holding on to the scaly bark, so I ran ahead of him into the shed-room. Mother stood in the middle of the floor listening. The baby jumped up and down in the woodbox. Euly ran behind the stove.

I ran into the room where Uncle Samp was and saw him stride from the looking glass to the bed. His mouth was slack. A low growl flowed out of him. He stopped when he saw me, drawing himself up in his wrath. Then I saw his face, and I was frightened. I was suddenly paralyzed with fear. His face was fiery, the red web of veins straining in his flesh, and his moustache, which had been cut off within an inch of his lips, sticking out like two small gray horns. He rushed upon me, caught me up in his arms and flung me against the wall. I fell upon the floor, breathless and not uttering a sound. Mother was with me in a moment, her hands weak and palsied as she lifted me.

I was only frightened, and not hurt. Mother cried a little, making a dry sniffing sound through her nose; then she got up and walked outside and around the house. Uncle Samp was not in sight. She came back and gave John the key to the smokehouse. 'We're going to move up there,' she said. 'Go unlock the door.' I helped Euly carry the baby out of doors in the woodbox. We set him on the shady side of the woodpile. We began to move the furniture out, putting the smaller things in the smokehouse, but leaving the chairs, beds, and tables on the ground halfway between. The stove was heaviest of all, and still hot. The rusty legs broke off on one side, and the other two bent under it. We managed to slide it out into the yard.

After everything had been taken out

we waited in the back yard while Mother went around the house again, looking off the hill. Uncle Samp was nowhere in sight, and neither Father nor Father's cousins could be seen. Then she went inside alone. She stayed a long time. We could hear her moving across the floor. When she came out and closed the door, there was a haze of smoke behind her, blue and smelling of burnt wood.

In a moment we saw the flames through the back window. The rooms were lighted up, and fire ran up the walls, eating into the old timbers. It climbed to the ceiling, burst through

the roof, and ate the rotten shingles like leaves. John and I watched the sapsuckers fly in noisy haste from the black birch, and he began to cry hoarsely as the young leaves wilted and hung limp from scorched twigs. The birch trunk steamed in the heat.

When the flames were highest, leaping through the charred rafters, a gun fired repeatedly in the valley. Someone there had noticed the smoke and was arousing the folk along Little Carr Creek. When they arrived the walls had fallen in, and Mother stood there among the scattered furnishings, her face calm and triumphant.

MELANCHOLY

BY KAREL ČAPEK

A MOMENT ago you were chatting and joking, interested and amused by all sorts of things. Now you are staring at the ground; you wish you could pray, but you do not know for what or to whom. Dispirited, tired, and indifferent, you find it strange that you could have been amused at anything a few minutes back, and still stranger that you will have to get up to-morrow and go about your business. And worst of all your throat feels constricted and you seem to have a load on your back and your eyes are like lead, so that you can hardly raise them from the ground.

What has happened to you? Nothing, nothing really. Just one or two trifling mishaps. Something hindered me on the way, but it's hardly worth mentioning — something I was n't ex-

pecting; something hurt me a little, I can't get it out of my mind; it's nothing, really, when you take it all together; if I were to add it all up it would not amount to even one decent reason for grief. It's nothing; but it's too much altogether, altogether — it's not worth mentioning, really; but, you know, life is a terrible business.

I am pretty sure that on the day when King Solomon wrote the creed of all the pessimists — when he wrote, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity' — that on that day nothing special had happened to him; his kingdom was not tottering, his favorite wife had not died, he had not felt the touch of death in his ailing body. It was nothing — nothing serious. In truth, nothing had happened to King Solomon that day: only, perhaps, he had read folly and guile in

the eyes of his favorite wife, indifference in his friend, baseness in his body servant; something had slipped out of his hands, perhaps something unimportant; some enterprise of his failed, something had disappointed him; he saw things in just a slightly uglier light than usual, folk just a trifle more tiresome, life a little more difficult. Nothing, if you take it all together. But King Solomon on that day broke down under the weight of that nothing and shuddered; weary unto death, he set down in his book the vanity of things.

For, look you, it is possible to be a hero in the face of the great blows of fate. Death, ruin, shipwreck, can be borne with a head unbowed, as they say; in the last resort one can struggle and perish. But it is not possible to be a hero in the face of pinpricks. You can really overlook the pricking a couple of times; and then you can pretend a few times more that you did not notice it; but when it comes to the tenth or fifteenth prick, all your heroism leaves you. Man is powerless against small pains. He can feel a kind of pride in having broken his leg, but he can feel none in breaking a finger nail. He can bear the death of his wife with fortitude, but he cannot bear it heroically when she is stupidly mean to him. He has a certain catastrophic consolation if his house falls down, but he has no consolation if his house is hopelessly ugly.

Melancholy, the severest grief of life, is a suffering from small causes. It is

the severest because it does not give way before heroism; there are no heroic victims of melancholy. It is in any case a weakness, or rather a defenselessness in the face of petty ills.

I might almost say that there is no modern tragedy. Take Ibsen: his modern tragedies (even including *Ghosts*) are really melancholy comedies; the tragedy of their heroes lies in the fact that they are pathetic creatures who inevitably put themselves in the wrong, and so are essentially ridiculous. Your classical hero broke himself against the divine order of things, which is tragic; your modern hero breaks himself against the human order of things, which is slightly comic, but mainly sad. Shakespeare's heroes always die; that saves them from unwilling absurdity. Modern heroes usually live on, which is both laughable and pathetic. If Othello had not stabbed himself, but had been found guilty of manslaughter with extenuating circumstances and spent his old age as a retired general on half pay, he would have been a modern hero — that is to say, a melancholy semi-hero. That is why anyone who wants to write a real tragedy must end his play with a wholesale massacre. It is not that death is in itself tragic and sublime, but that after that your hero can do nothing to disfigure his heroism.

To survive suffering is a melancholy thing. And if there is such a thing as modern heroism, then it must be not heroic death but heroic optimism. But modern drama has not yet got so far.

MAKING THE GRADE

BY JOHN J. PELLEY

I

ABOUT this railroad problem, so called, there is no mystery; in its solution, no magic. The 'problem' is not unlike that of other enterprises which must meet the payroll, satisfy the tax collector, stave off the sheriff, and content the heart of the investor. To achieve that requires business enough to keep plant and facilities reasonably busy, and doing that business with such efficiency and economy as will translate a reasonable share of gross revenues into net income.

In these fundamentals, railroads do not differ from other enterprises privately owned and privately operated. They must have volume, they must have efficiency. With enough of both, they are taken for granted as a part of the natural order of things. With too little of either, they become a 'problem,' the subject of anxious analysis and serious searching for remedies.

Remedies offered are numerous and various. Some, while leaving responsibility for results on private capital and management, would transfer essential functions of management to the government. Others would transfer ownership to the government, with private operation on a noncompetitive basis. Others would go the whole route to government ownership and operation — which is to say, political operation. Almost all the proposals agree on the implied assumption that railroads must be subjected to radical changes, differing in kind as well as in degree from the

changes which all business undergoes in times of depression strain.

If too much expense is the prime cause of the railroads' well-publicized difficulties, obviously the remedy would be different from that indicated if the prime cause is too little traffic. In the latter case, it makes a difference whether the lack of volume is due to service shortcomings or to competitive handicaps which are more or less beyond the control of rail carriers.

In the depression year of 1921 the freight business of the railroads amounted to a little more than three hundred billion ton-miles — the equivalent, that is, of hauling a ton 306,840,203,512 miles. To do that job cost the railroads nearly three and one-third billion dollars in operating expenses — \$10.78 for each thousand ton-miles, to be exact. In the same year, freight revenues averaged \$12.75 for each thousand ton-miles, a margin that was too narrow to cover adequately the necessary interest, rentals, and other charges on the capital invested in the business.

In the peak year of 1929, the railroads handled 46 per cent more freight than they did in 1921, with an increase of less than one per cent in operating expenses. The cost of hauling a ton a thousand miles was down to \$7.44; the average revenue received was down to \$10.76. That margin, on that year's volume of 447,321,561,129 ton-miles, spelled prosperity — a net income of

\$896,806,611, even after paying almost \$400,000,000 in taxes.

Then came depression. Tonnage went down from 447 billion ton-miles in 1929 to 249 billion ton-miles in 1933. But, strange to say, as tonnage slid down to new lows for modern times, the operating cost per thousand ton-miles did not go up, as was to be expected, but down. The figure which had been \$10.78 in the trough of the depression in 1921, and \$7.44 at the crest of the boom in 1929, stood at \$6.48 in 1933, although the volume of business was less by nearly one fifth than that of 1921. This figure is somewhat higher to-day, owing to higher wages and rising costs of materials and supplies, but it still stands more than \$4.00 below the cost figure of 1921 — which is one reason why railroads to-day are hauling a ton of freight a mile for an average revenue of less than one cent. Emphatically, they are not high-cost transportation.

That fact is of the utmost importance in any estimate of the railroads' future. Railroads have shown the essential ability to cut their overall costs in the face of falling business and rising prices. That essential ability has more lasting meaning than the well-advertised fact that many railroads are indebted to the government, that more than one fourth the mileage of the country is in the hands of the courts, and that most of the rest is operating on a narrow margin. It has in it more of promise than any grand scheme of revolutionizing railroads. It means that the railroads have not lost their ancient skill; that the recent spectacular developments in rail equipment and service are indeed but surface symptoms of a deeper determination to do the job for which they were created; and that with anything like equality of treatment the railroads of America will haul that part of this continent's commerce for which they are best fitted and most suitable.

II

There is no 'best' transportation for all purposes, of course. A boy on a bicycle or a man with a wheelbarrow might be the best and the cheapest transportation in certain situations; a truck, a lake freighter, or a train, in others. Times change, and conditions and means of transport change with them. There was a time long ago, in the stagecoach and wagon-train days, when our inland rivers and canals were genuinely economical channels of commerce, even in the Northern states where during a good part of the year they are useful only for skating. Canal boats and barge tows, to-day, are kept in operation only through the generous subsidy of government.

Railroads, under free and equal conditions of competition, will not follow the wagon train and the stagecoach into the realm of things romantically remembered, nor will they follow inland water transportation into a subsidized dependence on government bounty. Many things now being done or attempted by other forms of transport can be done better and cheaper by rail, all elements of cost and service considered.

To thrive, or even to survive as self-supporting transportation agencies, railroads must have volume as well as efficiency. It is hard to realize just how great an effect even a modest increase in business has upon the net income of railroads. In the last quarter of 1935, gross operating revenues were 16.2 per cent greater than in the same three months in 1934; but net operating income, after payment of operating expenses and taxes, was 45.1 per cent greater. With all our current preoccupation with plans to improve the rail transportation machine and its ways of working, it is well to keep in mind that in the major essentials, so far as they are under their own

control, the railroads have made striking progress in translating gross revenue into net income, when they have had enough of gross.

To meet competition with increasing effectiveness, railroads are making changes in their services, their prices, and their methods. The things they have done in the way of better passenger service have attracted wider attention than improvements in the freight field, of course, but in both services there is an encouraging progress. Railway air conditioning is an achievement of eight years' research and experiment, and the main difficulties have been pretty well solved, as is testified by the enthusiastic public use of the cars now in service on principal trains in all sections. Higher train speeds by the new lightweight trains, whether steam- or Diesel-drawn, by the faster scheduling of conventional steam trains, or by the speeding up of electric engines, are matters of almost weekly announcement. These improvements have not added to the cost of passenger transportation, which averaged more than three cents a mile in 1923 and less than two cents in 1934. Nor are they achieved at the expense of safety, which continues to be a distinguishing characteristic of rail travel.

The fact that only one passenger lost his life in 1935 in a train accident, which was caused by the explosion of a heater in a standing car, is an evidence of that characteristic. A more striking one is the fact that, of 142 Class I railroads in the United States, 130 have a clear record of no passenger fatalities in train accidents for more than five years, 114 for more than ten years, and 99 for more than fifteen years.

The average speed of freight trains has gone up 43 per cent in the past twelve years, and the service has been made more complete through the widespread introduction of new services such as collection and delivery of

package freight. As a result of decades of development, there is a free flow of commerce to every corner of this continent through the remarkably effective coördination of freight service on all roads.

This free interchange of cars is made possible by a coördination of railroad methods and standardization of parts. In turn, this means that railroads cannot make the abrupt and startling changes which are possible in those industries where part of this year's profit comes from outmoding the product of the year before. Railroads have changed, are changing now, and will continue to change. But they will not be changed overnight; they will not be 'revolutionized.' The new must fit in and work right along with that already in use.

III

The major uncertainty as to the future of railroads is not in their own operations or methods, not in what they may be able to do for themselves. It is in the field of public policy. Will our public policies as to transportation allow railroads equal opportunity to compete for a sufficient share of the business moving? We now have, and for many years have had, two distinct and contradictory public policies as to transportation. The man who elects to use rail transport must himself, in the rate he pays, bear all the costs of the service he buys — not only the operating cost of moving the vehicle which carries him or his freight, but the capital cost of providing the way on which the vehicle may move, and real taxes on both vehicle and way. Railroad taxes are not merely contributions toward the cost of providing a way on which trains may run. No part of them goes to maintain tracks. They are contributions to public welfare and general government, to highways, to courts and institutions, and to schools.

The school taxes alone paid by railroads are educating 1,600,000 children each year in the United States.

In direct contradiction to this is our policy as to public transportation by highway, by waterway, and by airway. That policy is based upon the idea of creating so-called 'cheap transportation' for favored industries or sections, by taking a large part, in many instances a major part, of the total cost out of the transportation bill and concealing it in the general tax bill.

This contradiction in policy is excused on the ground that government must provide 'cheap transportation.' If government should use the common resources to create transportation facilities which were in fact efficient and economical, and if those who were to benefit from their use should pay their cost, the policy would not be open to such serious objection.

That, in fact, was the early and sounder policy of government in the great days of opening the continent to settlement. The State of New York built the Erie Canal, in its time and place a genuinely cheap form of transportation, and the people who used it were glad to pay tolls for its use. Somewhat the same was true of other improved waterways and of the early turnpike roads. So long as they represented a real economy in transportation, the users were willing to pay tolls.

But there came another way of inland transport which could haul freight cheaper than it could be moved on the canals and waterways. At first some of the new railroads were required to pay to the state the same tolls as if the goods they hauled had been floated on the waters of the state-owned canals. Even that proving ineffective to hold the freight to the waterways, canal tolls were reduced from time to time. Finally, in 1883, when it became apparent that inland waterway improvements would not continue to be used if

their use had to be paid for, all tolls were taken off.

Logically, the continued outpouring of taxpayers' money on facilities which no one was willing to use except as a free gift should have stopped then and there. Actually, it not only did not stop, but was increased almost from year to year. In fact, the sum total of these expenditures in the past generation is practically incomprehensible, even in these billion-dollar days.

Reducing them to a per-mile basis, however, may bring them within our ordinary comprehension. If we disregard all that was spent on the old Erie Canal, and count only expenditures made since 1903, the capital cost of the New York State Barge Canal is \$336,-775 per mile; the annual maintenance and operation cost, \$5978 per mile. And the theoretical maximum capacity is less than one fourth that of a single-track railroad if devoted entirely to hauling freight, as the canal is.

The barge canal is, of course, an artificial waterway, but the government has been at work on so-called natural waterways also. To restore river navigation between St. Louis and Kansas City, the United States has spent on the Missouri River, in capital cost alone, \$188,931 per mile, and is spending \$3447 per mile per year to keep the channel open. The Missouri River, however, is notoriously difficult. The Ohio River, on the other hand, is more gentle and tamable. It is, in fact, the most 'successful' of our inland waterway projects covering any considerable distance. On the 979 miles between Pittsburgh and Cairo, the government has expended in capital cost alone \$139,325 per mile, and is spending \$3624 per mile per year in maintenance and operation. The Mississippi Valley Committee of the National Resources Board reports that this expenditure amounts to a subsidy of five mills per ton per mile on all freight moving on

the Ohio River. In making its calculation, the miles are measured as the river winds. If we apply the same figures to the straight-line railroad distance of 640 miles between Pittsburgh and Cairo, the subsidy would be approximately seven and one-half mills per ton per mile; and this, it should be remembered, is only what the government contributes. With the other elements of cost included, it is apparent that 'cheap transportation' on the most successful major inland water development costs considerably more than the total cost of doing the same job by rail.

For all these expenditures the government neither expects nor will receive any direct return, either by way of taxes upon the facilities so created or by way of tolls.

Contrast this policy with that prevailing in public aid to railroads in the early days. This aid took two general forms, neither of them gifts. The one best known was the often-mentioned 'land grant,' which was, in effect, a trade between the government as owner of a vast acreage of unsettled lands and those who were bold enough to push railroads into the wilderness ahead of settlement. In that trade the government granted unsalable land. In return it secured settlers in its waste spaces, made a market at enhanced prices for the acreage it did not grant to the pioneer railroads, and secured a reduction in the cost of hauling its mails, troops, and supplies that saves the government millions of dollars each year in its transportation bills, being in itself a handsome return on the value of the lands granted to push railroad development.

Less than 10 per cent of the rail mileage of the United States was built with the aid of land grants. A certain other portion, not precisely determinable, was built with the aid of state and local government credit,

extended either by endorsement of bonds or by subscription to stock. The governmental unit extending the aid received either a lien on the property or an ownership interest in its stock. In some cases these investments turned out well; in others ill, as is the way of investments, whether made by private citizens or by governmental bodies. But, whether they turned out well or ill from a strict investment standpoint, they made possible an agency of transport which not only was genuinely cheap but began to pay taxes the day it was built, and continues to do so to this day.

IV

Government loans made to certain railroads, through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the Public Works Administration, frequently are thought of as being analogous to the subsidies extended to other forms of transportation. The cases are entirely different. The government does not expect repayment or indeed any return on its gifts to other transportation agencies. Its advances to railroads, on the other hand, are loans secured by acceptable collateral, approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission. As to them, the government will be in the position of a secured creditor of any railroad not able to repay its loan.

So short are our memories that it is almost forgotten that much of the expenditure which made these loans necessary was undertaken by the railroads in 1930 and 1931 at the instance of the government. Patriotically, — even if not wisely, as the event proved, — the railroads followed the lead of the government in its early efforts to combat depression by enlarged spending on capital improvements, in the face of a downward trend in business and earnings. To that end, railroads spent \$872,000,000 on additions and betterments in the year 1930, with other

large sums in the following year to complete the projects then begun. In this bit of transportation history is found one of the reasons why railroads on December 31, 1935, owed the Reconstruction Finance Corporation \$396,249,861, after repaying \$90,966,-963 of the loans made.

Their debts to the Public Works Administration are in another category. The PWA loans to railroads were made for the purpose of stimulating business and employment by enlarging railroad spending for equipment and construction. Just as in 1930 government called on the railroads to defeat depression, so it did in 1933 and 1934, with the difference that in the latter years the government itself provided part of the funds, not as gifts, but as secured loans, to the amount of \$188,591,500 as of December 31, 1935. These loans, for the most part, are to be repaid serially over a period of ten to fifteen years.

Counting both classes of loans, railroads owe the government \$584,757,361 as of December 31, 1935. That is a lot of money, but it is not much more than half the \$1,080,000,000 which railroads owed the government at the end of the war period. Of that great sum, all but \$38,000,000 has been repaid, together with enough in interest to yield the government a handsome profit on the transaction. Incidentally, the government agencies received a net premium of about \$4,000,000 on their recent sales of railroad obligations to the public.

The repayment of the war-period loans was considered improbable by many students of transportation, who felt in 1921 that there was no solution of the 'railroad problem' short of government ownership — which is no solution at all, unless a leap from frying pan to fire be so called. It is not hard to see, however, why there should have been such a feeling in 1921. The railroads owed great sums to the govern-

ment. They were operating at a deficit, were in poor physical shape, were under continuing pressure to reduce rates to help other industries, and were in the midst of labor difficulties.

By the beginning of the present depression, in spite of all these handicaps, the railroads had repaid practically all their debt to the government; had greatly improved their services, plant, and physical condition; and had substantially reduced costs and rates, in spite of the restoration of wartime wages and the multiplication of taxes. Throughout the depression, with declining volume of business, they have continued to reduce unit costs and to lower rates, to improve service, and to keep themselves in shape to handle their share of American commerce.

V

But some observers, seeing the diversion of business from railroads to other forms of transport, are led to the conclusion that 1935 and 1921 cannot be compared; that the day of railroads is past, their work done; that, as it is sometimes put, they are but following the course of the stagecoach and the canalboat in yielding to a new and better way of transport. If that be true, it is one of the most important facts in our economic future. It would mean a most profound change in our way of doing business. Common carriage, open to all on equal terms, would give way to individual transportation of the sort which only large-scale enterprises can effectively organize for themselves. Transportation, instead of contributing its fair share to the general cost of government, would become a burden on the taxpayers, as much of it is to-day. The twenty-six billions of investment in railroad facilities would not only become a dead loss, but would have to be replaced by an equal or greater investment in other facilities. If indeed

it be true that a 'better way' has been found to do the great hauling job which this continent's business requires, we are facing most fateful and not altogether happy changes.

As to such possibilities, I can only outline the essential facts about transportation in this country as they appear to a railroad man, but a railroad man whose experience has included the presidency of two steamship companies and of one of the major freight and passenger motor operations of the United States.

At bedrock these facts are three. First, the American public is entitled to the best transportation it can afford to pay for. No agency of transport is sacrosanct or entitled to protection from the impact of invention or the penalties of progress. No one has a vested right to haul the business of this continent.

The second fact is one of geography. We live on a continent, most of it dry land, remote from navigable waters or even waters which the ingenuity of engineers and the supposedly inexhaustible credit of the Federal Government could make navigable, its northern half subject to rigorous winters with streams icebound for nearly half the year. On that continent has been built up a commerce which is accustomed to and must have all-year-round mass transportation at a level of rates approximating one cent per ton per mile.

Railroads are able to render that sort of service at that sort of price because of the third fact, a simple fact of physics. They are roads of rails. On rails great loads can be drawn with a minimum of power. Because rails guide the wheels, cars may be loaded at widely scattered locations, assembled in long trains to be moved with a minimum of expense for unloading at other locations, anywhere on the continent, regardless of weather or season. And

nowhere but on rails is that sort of transportation possible.

These facts are basic and inescapable. They mean that rail transportation is and must remain the major transportation of America. Fortunately for America, it is a form of transportation which can be produced on a self-supporting, tax-paying, profit-making basis, given only a sufficient volume of business.

The railroads themselves, with their operations on a new high level of efficiency, are seeking further improvements in service and economy. A gratifying start has been made by Congress toward that equality of treatment and opportunity among carriers which will allow railroads and every other sort of carrier to move that part of the total volume of the country's business which each is best fitted to move at the lowest level of true cost.

There are difficulties ahead in the way of attaining such a sound state of transportation — plenty of difficulties. If pending bills to reduce the number of cars in trains, to add unneeded men to train crews, or to increase wages and overtime payments by changing the basis of calculation from the present 'standard day' of eight hours to one of six hours, should be enacted into law, all the savings achieved by great investment in better track, longer sidings, stronger bridges, improved cars, more efficient locomotives, better operating methods, would be more than wiped out. There are still great inequalities as between rail transport and transport by water, air, or highway, but if we really are on the way toward a reasonable and consistent public policy of equal treatment for all forms of transport there is no reason to despair of the future of American railroads as privately operated, self-supporting, tax-paying institutions. Give them their fair chance to haul the tonnage, and they can make the grade.

POSSESSORS

THIS mountain is my property alone:
A hard expanse of cocklebur and pines,
A lace of grass subsiding into stone,
And overhead a purple fret of vines.

These are my woods, and this my personal scene:
Where fallen underfoot the balsam boughs
And partridge feathers pattern each ravine,
And where the hornet plots his paper house.

For no man knows this place so well as I;
Not one has seen this roof of branches torn
By sun, or watched the overhanging sky
Scraped by a wing as sharply as a thorn.

This place is mine, where evening breeds alarm:
A thin disquiet sharpened with despair,
Where dusk approaches like a locust swarm
Spreading its copper rumor down the air.

From here I came, and here I must return,
A rightful habitant to claim his own.
As any sharp-eyed creature's in the fern,
This mountain is my property alone.

LIONEL WIGGAM

THE RENEWAL OF SELF

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

THE panes of glass in the windows of my writing room are old and discolored. Some are curved, flawed with bubbles and twists in the glass which distort the trees outside. The view from the window is enclosed, for the cottage stands in a combe, or valley, descending from fields on the southern slope of Exmoor. It has, like most of the North Devon combes, sides that are steep, and what I usually see through the gray panes of my upstairs writing room is a fringe of thatch and a blur of trees, most of them leafless, some grown with ivy, others tall and like bedraggled green feathers — these are the spruces that I have seen so many times swaying slowly to and fro in the southwest gales which sweep up the valley and puff the smoke of the open hearth into the room. Day after day the same view of the same trees, with sometimes the hoarse creaking of a disturbed pheasant, smoke drifting from the chimneys of cottages at the end of the lane, the sight of the farmer's wife walking along the narrow strip of grass between the lower edge of the wood and the little stream or runner which divides the farm and the swamp at the bottom of my garden.

A dull and melancholy existence, you may say. Does n't anything ever happen out your way? Sometimes I see two pink sows trotting down the field, uttering cries of complaint and grumbling; and shortly they return the same way, following the farmer's wife and

sniffing the bucket she carries. Occasionally something really exciting happens, as it did this morning. Such a barking and shouting and bellowing at the corner of the field near the lane, and there was Varmer waving his stick at three cows which had somehow got into the enclosure round the haystack. Then a couple of hundred yards up the lane, which goes through the wood, there is a quarry, where they dislodge the rock with gelignite. I don't know which is the louder — Varmer and his dog driving cows away from his stack or five tons of stone tumbling down the face of the quarry.

But Varmer is a good farmer, and his cows seldom stray, so it is not often that his voice gives me the excuse to push aside the three-legged writing table and go to the window. Sometimes the foxhounds go past; but the covert on the hill behind my cottage is dense with plantations of larch and spruce, thick with bracken, and many foxes live there, and are too cunning to leave the dense undergrowth. So after a while the clip-clop of stray passing hoofs in the lane is less interesting than the writing on the table; and writing is about the dulllest job on earth after the first ten years — except perhaps mining, which takes a man completely out of the sunlight.

The writer knows every grain and crack and mark on the surface of the table which bears the little world he creates by 'chipping every word out of

his breastbone,' to use the words of V. M. Yeates, who wrote that magnificent story of flying in the Great War, called *Winged Victory*. Day after day and night after night the writer hears the same lesser sounds about the house: the *crack, crack, crack* of the floor when the hot water is turned on and the iron pipe underneath expands and pushes up the boards; the rustling gallop of one solitary rat down the thick cob wall just after half-past eight every night; the voices of very small children crying 'appull' or 'bikky' or other words which polite grown-ups pretend not to notice; the chirping of sparrows at the thatch; the dry flitter of a red-admiral butterfly, awakened from winter sleep behind the bookcase, at the window; the varying notes of the car engines of newspaper man, baker, butcher, and fishmonger; the distant cawing of rooks; the merry shouts of children home from school; the *tattle-tonk* of the African bullock bell which calls the members of the household to meals at the long oak table in the room immediately below — the table which takes five strong men to lift, and which is only just big enough for all to sit down at.

And the writer sees the same walls and rows of books day after day, and the flawed gray windowpanes with the dull and distorted trees fifty yards away on the combe side. He sees these things as insubstantial surfaces. They are not of the real world, which for him is in his mind. He writes, he sees and lives, in ancient sunlight, which arises before and around him with an integrity he trusts and uses. The writer *must* trust that other self, that scarcely known visionary ghost which lives independently, and often with torment, within his being, if his work is to have its authentic life.

But that being needs nourishment; it needs the sun in the sky if its own inner sun is to shine truly. With what

relief does the body and its outer mind leave the confined space of house sounds and gray windowpanes, and go forth under the wide sky, and become a natural man again! The sunlight lays the little visionary ghost; bird song becomes real, part of the springtime, of the earth; the larches, as one climbs higher up the rough track through the plantations on the hillside, are gemmed with living green; the buzzard soaring between white cloud edge and blue glowing sky shows smoky-brown markings as it turns in its orbit; the nostrils draw deeply of the scent of tree trunk and earth and sun. The dull, complaining creature that sat in the room under the thatch below is changing with every step; every moment the sunlight is removing the creases of winter, as it warmed and reglowed the color spots and bars on the wings of the red-admiral butterfly which escaped with him.

On the top of the hill the natural man is fully in accord with the sun and all the life around him. He is I. I am alive and joyous in the English countryside, seeing valley after valley lying away into the mists of the south and the noonday sun. And I had thought, only this morning, the twenty-first of March, that the first day of spring meant nothing to me, that a primrose at the river's brim was not even a primrose to me nowadays — it was just something that the children were discouraged to pick, with a vague irritation when a little hand was held out with a bunch of flowers and a shy, hesitating smile, by the timidly opened door of the writing room. Why, these primroses growing beside the runnel of spring water still have the soft, pure, sulphur color of youth; and the leaves, not yet fully unfolded — was there ever such a pristine green? And the ringing cry of the great titmouse, — that perky bird over there on the ash tree, with the white cheeks and black

cap, — its cry is like a little hand bell for spring. How has he got so clean and new-looking? He is so spruce and his colors so new that he might just have flown out of a box. That's a stupid simile, — 'just flown out of a box,' — bringing the idea of shops and houses to this Devon hill; but that's how I thought of it. Fifteen years ago my younger self would have sought for a precise and harmonious simile, all in accord with the natural scene. All taint of civilization would then have been obliterated with scorn.

'Just flown out of a box' — now that phrase actually has a significance, but very different from the one which occurred to me when first I saw the titmouse. A short while ago I was staying in a house where one of the boys kept a small aviary of caged birds. I happened to come down to breakfast first one morning, and, looking at the letters by my plate, noticed a small cardboard box on the table beside me. It was about eight inches long, six inches wide, and about an inch and a half to two inches deep. While I was opening a letter I heard a slight fluttering quite near me, and stopped to listen, but, hearing nothing more, went on reading my letter. The noise came again, with a faint scraping sound, and then a tapping, followed by a very feeble but unmistakable cry. I picked up the little box, and noticed that there was a row of holes, scarcely bigger than pinpoints, in two of the sides.

When the boy came down he picked up the box eagerly, and his eyes shone. Do you know what was in that box, which had come over a hundred miles in the post? A wild English linnet, price one shilling. Does that mean anything to you? I don't mean the shilling, because that, after all, is the price of a good square meal to many of us; but the linnet in the box?

The bird had been trapped by a thing called a clapnet, after being de-

coyed by another linnet, tied by a foot with string to a stick pushed into the ground of some bit of wasteland outside a town somewhere. The trapper had pulled a string when it had flown down, in answer to the distress cries of the decoy linnet, and the net had sprung over and held it down until it was picked up and thrust into a cage with other birds taken in like manner. It is quite usual to see such birds, if one comes suddenly upon a clapnet in operation, with blooded beaks thrust frenziedly through the bars of the cages, while the trapper lies there, waiting for other birds to fly down. They take skylarks that way, and goldfinches, and other singing birds. It is against the law; but the law is easily evaded. There is a demand for wild singing birds, and the trapper is a man like anyone else, who needs a shilling for a good square meal.

Should the trapper be put in a cage called a prison? Is it not better to bring up little children to know how wildly happy singing birds are when free, and how they beat themselves almost to death when first captured, and what it must feel like to be shut in a cardboard box, to be shaken and battered in prolonged terror of darkness, gaping with thirst and sickness, for a day and a night and a morning?

Well, the small boy with whose parents I was staying was very fond of his birds, they told me, and the linnet was put into the large cage with a score of other birds, so that it might grow tame and add to the pride of its owner. I don't know if the bird got used to its new life, or whether its feathers, so disheveled and broken, and its eyes, so distraught and distended, grew more like those of a wild and happy linnet's. It would be good to think that the boy released it into its native sunshine, so that it could wander the world of trees and hedges and heath land, and seek a mate with feathers almost as auburn as

its own, and choose a furze bush somewhere, for its nest, hollowed smooth inside by the mother bird turning round and round as she pressed her breast against the lining of grasslets and horsehairs.

Have you heard a linnet singing in early spring? The bird has one note that is like a glowing stroke of color released into the wind. When I came to the heather of the high moor this afternoon I heard that lovely note coming from a solitary thorn tree. The thorn was shaggy with gray lichens, and bent over to the northeast, away from the gales which blow from the sea. The bent-over shape of trees is common on exposed ground of the west, near the Atlantic. I say 'bent-over shape' because that gives a picture of them; but actually they are not bent. What happens is that the branches of the tree toward the southwest are slowly killed by the periodical blasts of moist salt air, but while they are dying, or trying to live, they give shelter to the branches on the northeast side of the tree.

Sometimes you will see a stark and stripped branch growing upright, the ruin of the main trunk, or what would have been the main trunk if the thorn had grown in a combe under the wind. For perhaps a century that trunk

had fought the salt and the wind. Every spring it had put forth ruddy new shoots and green leaves; and every spring the gales had burned those leaves, shriveling them brown at the edges. A tree breathes by its leaves, and grows by them, taking part of its life from the air, as we do. Later in summer the thorn tried again, with a second growth of leaves; and again they were shriveled. So it tried for a hundred or more springs; until at last it was beaten, and the trunk died, and rotted, and fell, and only the northeast portion of the tree remained huddled away from the harrying elements.

The stray thorns on the moor are all sown by birds, dropping the hip or seed as they fly over. I love those writhen trees; they symbolize man's struggle for spiritual growth, for a fuller life. They are tormented, but they go on striving. Is this why, long ago, the wild men of the hills used to worship solitary thorn trees? Certainly the wild linnets worship in them, sitting side by side on the twisted branches in early spring, talking in soft twitter among themselves; and sometimes a cockbird uttering that ravishing stroke of color, of purest joy, as though in one note all its life were being released into the sky, because it is spring again.

THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN

BY JO PAGANO

I

Is not ambition the source of man's bitterest heartaches in this wretched life? Consider the lowly worm. Is he beset by any of the problems that confronted, for example, poor Gianpaolo Maccalucci in that memorable episode which forms the substance of this sorry tale? No; he is content to remain what nature designed him to be—an invertebrate limbless creeping animal, burrowing zealously in the sweet depths of the loamy earth, enjoying, without complications, the multiple pleasures of his simple estate. But if the worm were suddenly seized with ambitions, what then? Suppose he desired to stick an adventurous nose up out of the ground? We all know what would happen. As like as not, some clucking hen or murderous songbird would come along and make an end of him. Can any man deny that he would have been better off had he been content to remain where he was? I doubt it; and certainly no man can deny that Gianpaolo would have been better off had he not lent a receptive ear to the siren voice of ambition.

But, alas, he wanted his daughter to be Queen of Italy at the Fair . . . ah, Gianpaolo, poor friend, why? Did you not know that such laurels are but empty honors, the fruit of vanity and the treacherous greed that corrupts the simple heart? Suppose she *had* been crowned the queen, what then? The crown, after all, was only tinsel and

burnished tin; certainly it in itself would not have been worth all it cost you in the attempt to gain it for your daughter. What else? The dubious satisfaction of boasting to your friends and the neighbors? Or, perhaps, of remembering, in your old age, that once upon a time your daughter, your own Lena, had been crowned a queen?

We — that is to say, my mother and father and myself — first got wind of our *paesano's* extraordinary activity on the occasion of one of our numerous Sunday-afternoon visits to the Maccalucci domicile. As it happened, we surprised him in the midst of having a little snack, which in his case consisted of a big bowl of dried hot red peppers fried in salted oil, a loaf of fragrant Italian bread, and a quart of the incomparable claret which he made himself every summer. He was sitting at the oilcloth-covered table in the kitchen, soaking his bread in the oil and with his mouth crammed full of the peppers, when we entered; he jumped up from the table, pumped my father's hand enthusiastically, and called to his wife, who was in the cellar. My father, meanwhile, had his eyes already on the peppers; in a moment more Mrs. Maccalucci came bustling in, chairs were drawn up, and within two minutes of our entrance we found ourselves at the table with glasses of wine and forks and great chunks of bread before us.

'*Mangia! Eat!*' cried Gianpaolo, as

he speared a twisted swirl of pepper with his fork and lifted it, oil dripping, to his mouth.

My father did not need a second invitation. The peppers, which would have been about as tempting as carbolic acid to the throats of most men, were his favorite delicacy; he impaled a pair of them on his fork, soaked the bread in the oil, and shoved them into his mouth. The tears sprang to his eyes; he perspired, coughed, chewed valiantly.

'*Ti piace?* You like them?' beamed Gianpaolo.

Like them! echoed my father (the tears continuing to well in the corners of his eyes and his face blood-red from the shock). But they were wonderful, wonderful! 'If you'd eat more peppers and smoke less cigarettes,' he added to me, 'you would n't always be complaining of your stomach!'

'*È vero*, that's true,' nodded Gianpaolo, turning his big nose and solemnly furtive eyes to me. The cigarettes, he added, were bad; they spoiled the stomach and made the complexion sallow. But the peppers — ah! — in the old country, when he was a boy, the children ate them like candy. And who ever heard of a bad stomach in those days?

'Sure, sure!' nodded my father, taking a great gurgling swallow of the wine. He wiped his moustache contentedly and speared another pepper. In those days . . .

They were well off, now, to the familiar conversation which formed the bulk of their talk on these Sunday afternoons — a nostalgic recalling of the village they had been born in in the old country, and which they had both left as boys.

Suddenly Gianpaolo threw his fork down and slapped the table. 'But I forgot to tell you!' he cried to my father in Italian. A sly, mischievous twinkle came to his eyes; he beamed, grinned, and reached into his pocket,

bringing forth a greasy leather wallet which he opened clumsily with his blunt, work-stiffened fingers. He extracted a handful of pink oblong cards and tossed them on the table before my father.

But what were these? asked my father, peering at them curiously.

Read! said Gianpaolo. They were tickets, he added, to the Fair.

My father picked one up and looked at it, then at his *paesano*, mystified as to the reason for his friend's excitement. There was a contest, Gianpaolo explained excitedly, for the honor of being chosen Queen of Italy; whoever sold the most tickets would win — and he had entered into it.

'By God, you would look damn' funny as the queen,' chuckled my father jocularly.

But no! said Gianpaolo, aggrieved, and apparently taking my father's jest literally. Not *him*, he added — *he* did not want to be the queen; it was for his daughter Lena that he had entered the contest.

But what nonsense! broke in my mother. It was all, she went on shrewdly, simply a trick to sell more tickets to the Fair; why did he want to bother?

'But, *cara signora*,' said Gianpaolo, turning to her deferentially. Did she not understand? The winner would be Queen of Italy. Think of the honor! And all they had to do was sell the most tickets. . . .

As he said the last, he glanced innocently at the tickets, then at my father; my father coughed, darted a glance to my mother, then —

'And how much do they cost?' he asked.

Fifty cents apiece, said Gianpaolo — but he did not want my father to bother . . .

Nonsense! said my father, reaching into his pocket. We would take a dozen.

A dozen! echoed my mother in a stricken voice. But there were only the three of us . . .

Ah well, said my father, what difference did it make? We could give the extra ones to the neighbors. . . .

II

Such was our entrance into the maelstrom of events that circled around the crowning of the queen. As the bosom friend of Gianpaolo, it was inevitable that my father should have been sucked into this whirlpool; such activities were dear to his enthusiastic heart. Like his *paesano*, he was inordinately fond of 'occasions' of all description — parades, church celebrations, circuses; even, indeed, political rallies (of which more on another occasion).

Hence the spectacle (with which many a housewife in our town was confronted upon answering the front doorbell during the next couple of weeks) of a huge man with a florid countenance and a bristling gray moustache, carrying in one hand his hat and in the other a fistful of pink oblong cards which, immediately the door was opened, he held forth ingratiatingly: 'Excoosa me, lady, you like to buy a ticket to the Fair?'

Sometimes the big man would be accompanied by a smaller, a bandy-legged, long-nosed man with solemnly furtive eyes who stood, hat in hand, a pace or so in the rear, awaiting the psychological moment to insert his contribution to these well-planned assaults on the purses of their victims: 'Joosta fifty centsa, lady, joosta fifty cents.'

They were both up at the crack of dawn, and after hasty breakfasts they would meet in some designated spot and start out to canvass the town, sometimes together, sometimes separately, meeting, as the sun went down, like two comrades at arms. And in the evening, over their wine, they would

regale each other and us with adventurous tales of the day's occurrences; checking up the number of sales they had made, boasting, laughing gleefully.

Within the larger pattern of the contest for the queen there was now taking place a smaller contest — a contest between my father and his *paesano* to see who could sell the most tickets. Each tried to outdo the other; and as he entered the house at night my father would puff and groan and rub his aching legs wearily.

To which my mother, exasperated at all this gratuitous expenditure of energy on his part ('If you feel so much like working, why don't you clean out the garage or mow the lawn?'), would vengefully exclaim: 'I only hope you get fallen arches — it would serve you right!'

III

Before a week had passed, Gianpaolo was neglecting his job entirely and he had conscripted all his children — and as many of his relatives as were willing to lend their assistance — to the task of ticket selling. The sales mounted: Gianpaolo was in a fever of excitement. It was then that a terrible thought occurred to him: *Suppose, after all the work and worry they were going through, his daughter did not win?*

'It would break Lena's heart,' he confided to my father worriedly. 'And as for my wife —' He shook his head and looked at my father out of his solemnly furtive eyes. If only they had some way of knowing how many tickets were being sold, and by whom! They would then be able to know where they stood, instead of having to proceed, as they were now doing, blindly.

My father slapped his thigh.

'*Corpo di Bacco!*' he cried. 'But why did n't we think of it before? Amadeo Bucci, who used to sell oranges for my wife's cousin, is working in the ticket office at the Fair Grounds!'

'But no!' cried Gianpaolo delightfully, jumping up and down in his excitement. 'Is it really true?'

'By the blessed Madonna, it is indeed true,' said my father. He looked around cautiously. 'To-night we will pay him a little visit.' He rubbed his thumb against his forefinger significantly. 'A few dollars, and —'

Gianpaolo winked one delighted eye, nodded vigorously, patted my father on the back; and that night they made a visit to Amadeo's house.

The result of this nocturnal pilgrimage was all they had hoped for. In consideration of his past association with my mother's cousin in the latter's produce house (and the ten-dollar bill which Gianpaolo slipped into his palm), Amadeo promised to keep tab on the number of contest tickets being sold, and by whom — which information, relayed each morning by telephone to Gianpaolo, would keep our *paesano* posted on the progress of the contest.

'By the Bishop's holy hat!' chortled Gianpaolo gleefully as, chuckling with all the fraternal secrecy of arch-conspirators, they left Amadeo's house. 'There is no chance of our losing now!'

But, alas, he did not reckon on the eternal duplicity of man. How was he to know that Amadeo, a Sicilian, had lost his job with my mother's cousin because he was two minutes late for work one morning, — that, indeed, he had been kicked bodily out of the market, — and that, as a result of this, he had sworn undying vengeance against his former employer, a vengeance which for him embraced all the members of my mother's cousin's family, even to such remote relations as my mother and father? Gianpaolo, being a *paesano*, or fellow townsman, of my father, — and thus, by circuitous involvement, a friend of his hated former employer, — was in the same category as all the members of our 'tribe'; and by the same token, automati-

cally, his blood enemy. Of such is the peculiar quality of Sicilian vengeance.

We, of course, knew nothing of this at the time. It was not until the light of subsequent events cast an illuminating ray upon the deceptive elements underlying the miscarriage of Gianpaolo's plans that we understood the extent of Amadeo's cunning, the depth of his villainy. These events prove, beyond question of doubt, that he deliberately deceived Gianpaolo all the while, that the figures regarding the ticket sales which he relayed each morning to our *paesano* were false; that, indeed, Gianpaolo — far from being ahead all the time, as Amadeo led him to believe — had from the very beginning stood not even a ghost of a chance. In short, the whole thing has been proved, to the satisfaction of us all, to have been nothing less than an elaborate, masterfully conceived and as masterfully executed plot on the part of the perfidious Amadeo to bring about poor Gianpaolo's ruin. (Which facts, in due time, we propose to present to the jury when Gianpaolo comes up for trial.)

There is ample evidence to back up these strong assertions: consider, for example, the matter of the hundred dollars which Gianpaolo borrowed from my father two days before the contest closed. Amadeo had led him to believe that he was far ahead of the field, that his nearest contender, a wealthy wholesale butcher named Diodato Russo, was over three hundred tickets behind. Then, two days before the contest closed, he phoned Gianpaolo excitedly and told him that Russo had suddenly forged ahead, so much so that he was now in the lead by over a hundred tickets. 'You'd better sell a couple of hundred tickets in a hurry if you want to win,' he told Gianpaolo. What was our *paesano* to do? The contest was dwindling to a close; the town had been combed and cross-combed by contest-

ants until there was hardly a housewife left who had not dug into her purse for the fifty cents necessary to buy a ticket.

In desperation, Gianpaolo borrowed the hundred dollars from my father and gave it to Amadeo, entrusting him to buy two hundred tickets with it and to enter the money on the books to Lena's credit. It is now evident that this money never saw the ticket office — that, in fact, it was pocketed by Amadeo himself, for there is no record of it on the books. And there is something more, too: if, as Amadeo told Gianpaolo, our *paesano* was within a hundred tickets of being the winner *before* he bought the additional two hundred tickets with the money borrowed from my father, how does it happen that the final figures for the contest show that Mr. Russo was the leader by the amazing margin of *nine hundred and eighty-six tickets*? In short, Gianpaolo, in order to win, would have had to sell nearly a thousand tickets in those last fateful two days before the contest closed. Yet Amadeo had assured him that Russo led by only a paltry hundred tickets, and that Gianpaolo would have a safe margin if he topped Russo's lead by a like figure! Does all of this not prove, beyond question of even an unreasonable doubt, that Amadeo had betrayed, tricked, and, in the end, robbed him?

All of this, however, pales into insignificance beside the final thrust which Amadeo, with true Sicilian cunning, plunged into Gianpaolo's poor unsuspecting heart. Not content with having egged Gianpaolo on all through the last days of the contest (when, as we have already pointed out, he had not the slightest chance of winning), nor with tricking our *paesano* into paying over to him the hundred dollars which Gianpaolo in desperation borrowed from my father — not content with all of this, *he announced to Gianpaolo that he had won the contest!*

These, then (despite all rumors to the contrary), are the real reasons behind what took place at the Fair on that eventful day which marked the crowning of the queen; and it is on these facts that we all pin our hopes for Gianpaolo's eventual acquittal.

IV

And now for the fateful episode at the Fair Grounds.

The night before, Gianpaolo gave a great party in his house for all his friends, to celebrate his 'victory.' They had bought a beautiful white silk dress with pink flounces for their daughter to wear when the crown (as Amadeo had led them to believe) would be placed on her head; she put on the dress for us, and there were many oh's and ah's and enthusiastic congratulations. Gianpaolo was in a very ecstasy of happiness; the past three weeks of arduous pavement pounding had worn him to a shred, but now that it was all over he sighed contentedly, flung his arm about my father, and ordered his wife to 'bring on the wine.'

Before leaving, my parents arranged to go with the Maccalucci family to the Fair Grounds for the coronation ceremony; and so, next morning, I drove my mother and father to their house, where all the family was up and in a fever of excitement.

The problem of transporting the six members of his own family and my parents and myself, without separating us, Gianpaolo solved by bringing into service the milk truck which one of his sons drove for a creamery. It was in the back of this truck that, jouncing up and down on the boxes which had been arranged for seats, we started, after a hasty breakfast, for the Fair Grounds, which lay some twenty miles or so outside of town.

Coming down through the pass in the mountains above the Fair that

fragrant spring morning, we saw, beneath the brightly shining sun, the glass-topped buildings of the floral exhibits, the gleaming surface of the bandstand, the glinting roofs of the structures which enclosed the agricultural and mineral displays — all neatly separated by graveled walks, in the midst of green grounds encircled by a great wall and ornamented with fluttering pennants and flags. From all sides roads converged, bearing traffic, and thousands of automobiles were parked for many blocks around. We drove the truck into the first vacant spot we could find, and walked the remainder of the way.

Innocents that we were, we were all in the most festive of spirits. Mrs. Maccalucci had packed a great lunch, which now reposed, under lock and key, in one of the compartments of the truck; the entire occasion, in fact, had taken on the aspect of a picnic. Chattering excitedly, we pushed our way through the thickening crowds that surged about the entrance. From behind his barred window at the ticket booth, Amadeo's blue-black, pointed-nosed, square-jawed face peered at us with what we now know to have been a crafty, hypocritical expression, but which at the moment we one and all took as a knowing smile of recognition.

'*Amico!* Friend!' cried Gianpaolo; and, rushing up to the window, he shoved his hand beneath the bars and pumped Amadeo's damp paw with enthusiastic gratitude.

Amadeo grinned, showing all his tobacco-yellowed teeth; Mrs. Maccalucci waddled up and, reaching between the bars, pulled his head down and tried to kiss him. We all stood for a moment while felicitations and congratulations were exchanged, then, since it was nearing time for the coronation ceremony, went on into the Fair Grounds.

V

The coronation was scheduled to take place in the bandstand. Here a great crowd, Italians in large part, had gathered. The platform was decorated with Italian and American flags; in the centre stood a speaker's table with a water tumbler and pitcher, and behind the table a row of chairs for the officials. The band itself had been tastefully arranged at one side and in the rear, out of the way; when we arrived it was blaring forth a stirring military march, something from Sousa, I think, which the leader, an agile little man with a white jacket, was pumping out of his men with acrobatic jerks of his arms that resembled a man taking setting-up exercises.

We stood for a moment in confusion, wondering what to do next; then Carlo, Gianpaolo's oldest son, approached a policeman and asked him where he was to take Lena, who, he explained importantly, was the queen. The policeman pointed to a clubhouse behind the bandstand, where, it would seem, the officials were awaiting the appointed hour for the ceremony to begin; Carlo strode back to where we were standing and relayed to his father the information he had gained.

'You find some seats and sit down,' he added. 'I'll take her there.'

At that moment the band came to a stirring close. There was scattered applause, amidst which the officials and speakers suddenly appeared on the platform — the mayor of the town, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, the Italian consul, and so on, all in morning suits and with white carnations in their buttonholes. Carlo grabbed his sister's hand and started through the crowd; the rest of us scrambled for seats.

A white-haired gentleman — who, it appeared, was chairman on this solemn occasion — stepped forward to

the edge of the platform, raised his hand for silence, coughed, and, adjusting his glasses, commenced to address the audience. He had not been speaking three minutes when suddenly, from behind the bandstand, Carlo came running toward us frantically.

'Pop! Pop!' he shouted. 'Something's gone wrong! They won't let Lena be the queen!'

'What?' cried Gianpaolo. He stared at his son in bewilderment, then, '*Sangue de la Madonnal*!' he roared, and, jumping up from his seat, he gripped his son by the arm and demanded that he explain.

'They say she did n't win,' Carlo stuttered excitedly. 'They say some other girl got it. She's back there now with her mother and father.'

Gianpaolo's face turned blood-red: he jerked his head in the direction of the clubhouse.

'Ees thata so!' he cried. 'Ees thata so!'

Various heads in the audience turned around; the speaker from the platform stopped talking and looked in our direction; from the rear someone shouted, 'Pipe down!'

Unmindful of all this, Gianpaolo heatedly commanded his son to lead him to the scene of the mixup. His wife grabbed his arm with a restraining movement, and, wailing tearfully, begged him to take his seat. More heads turned around. But Gianpaolo jerked his arm free of his wife's hand; scowling darkly, he again commanded his son to lead the way. They started off down the aisle. The speaker's eyes followed them for a moment, then with a little cough he turned and again tried to gain the attention of the audience — half of whom, by now, were more interested in the progress of Gianpaolo and his son toward the clubhouse than they were in the platform. Gianpaolo and Carlo disappeared out of sight behind the bandstand; the

speaker, scowling now, raised his voice; the audience settled back.

Whispering worriedly, we waited two minutes; three. The chairman finished his speech, which was an introduction of the mayor. The latter dignitary came forward. He had scarcely commenced his speech when from the direction of the clubhouse came the sound of angry voices. The mayor paused, glanced furtively in that direction, and raised his voice. Suddenly, from out of the clubhouse, Gianpaolo came running, his face red with anger, his short legs propelling him forward with the speed of a hurricane. The audience with one movement followed him as he came running to my father's side.

'There's been a mistake!' he panted in Italian. 'They're trying to tell me that Russo won after all!'

'*Corpo di Bacco!*' roared my father. 'How is that?'

'I don't know!' said Gianpaolo agonizedly. Suddenly his face lit up. 'Amadeo!' he cried. 'He will tell them they are wrong — wait!'

He whirled around and rushed off in the direction of the ticket booth. My father started to get up to follow him; my mother grabbed hold of his coat-tail. 'No you don't!' she said, jerking him back in his seat. 'You stay where you are and mind your own business!'

Again we waited on pins and needles for three minutes. The mayor was just concluding his speech, which was a stirring pæan to 'the friendship felt by all the world for that great nation across the seas, nestling peacefully in the midst of the blue Mediterranean, cradle of culture, Rome, the Renaissance, Cæsar and Marconi, gathered to-day to give tribute, etc. etc.' '*And now,*' he said in stentorian tones, 'it is my great pleasure to present our distinguished Italian consul, Count Guido Della — Della —' He stumbled, colored.

One of the officials bent forward and whispered something; the mayor straightened and — 'Count Guido Delasanto,' he concluded triumphantly, 'who,' he added, 'will place this crown, signifying that she has been chosen Queen of Italy for the duration of this great Fair, on the head of the loveliest daughter of the Italian colony, Miss —' He glanced at his notes; at that moment Gianpaolo came running down the aisle to us. The audience with one movement turned their heads in our direction; the mayor stopped short and also looked.

'*He's gone!*' screamed Gianpaolo, wringing his hands. '*Madonna mia*, he's gone!'

'Quiet!' someone shouted. 'Pipe down!'

A couple of policemen started shouldering their way through the crowds in our direction; Gianpaolo stood in the middle of the aisle obliviously and wrung his hands.

'... *Miss Angelina Russol*' concluded the mayor.

The Italian consul, a short, bald-headed man with a monocle, stood up and bowed to the mayor; the mayor bowed in return; the band struck two stirring bars; and up the steps, from the direction of the clubhouse, walked a fat girl in a white silk dress not unlike the dress Gianpaolo had bought for his own daughter. Amidst the cheers, whistles, and hand clapping of the audience, she moved across the platform, an agonized smile of self-consciousness carved on her twitching features as by a knife.

My father and Mrs. Maccalucci begged Gianpaolo to take his seat; oblivious, he stared at the platform; then suddenly —

'No!' he screamed. 'No, no, no! She's a no queen, my daughter she's a the queen!'

The policemen, shouldering their way to us, quickened their steps; peo-

ple stood up in their seats to look in our direction; the officials on the platform looked around uncertainly.

It was at this moment that Gianpaolo caught sight of Amadeo, who, having left his booth, — doubtless to see 'the fun,' — was standing on the edge of the crowd not twenty yards from us. And what was this blackguard doing? He was laughing as though his sides would burst! Gianpaolo stared at him; then all at once a scream broke forth from his lips and he started after Amadeo.

'*Gianpaolol!*' cried Mrs. Maccalucci.

But it was too late. Knocking people to left and right, bellowing like a mad bull, Gianpaolo bore down on Amadeo, who turned pell-mell and started to run. People blocked his way; he whirled and cut back across his tracks, down one aisle, up the next, with Gianpaolo hard after him and the policemen hard after Gianpaolo. Women screamed; men and boys jumped up on the seats; all had turned to riotous confusion.

'Oh, oh, oh!' wailed Mrs. Maccalucci. 'Oh, oh, oh!' And, toppling sidewise against my mother in the seat, she fell over in a dead faint.

Amadeo, meanwhile, finding all ways of escape blocked, scrambled up on the platform. Gianpaolo scrambled up after him, and they chased each other around and around amidst the officials, upsetting the speaker's table, disrupting the band. The consul dropped the crown and ran; the queen fled back down the stairs whence she had come.

We on our part tried to revive Mrs. Maccalucci. Suddenly Gianpaolo caught up with Amadeo. He grabbed hold of his shoulders, whirled him around, and knocked him to the platform. They rolled over and over, amidst an indistinguishable flailing of arms and legs; then Gianpaolo extricated himself and jumped to his feet. He saw the crown, where the consul

had dropped it; he snatched it up, and with a bellow brought it down on Amadeo's head.

At that moment, both policemen descended on him at once. He ducked, wiggled out of their grasping fingers, and leaped nimbly down off the platform. Above the din we heard his voice, shouting to us to escape to the truck. Half carrying and half pushing the moaning and wailing Mrs. Maccalucci, we shoved our way frantically through the crowd and so outside. How we got her on to the truck I do not know; but at last, puffing and pulling and shoving, we lifted her up into the back and dumped her there like a sack of meal. Then all at once we saw Gianpaolo running toward us, darting in and out amongst people like a rabbit, the puffing policemen still after him. With a rattle of gears, we got the truck to moving; Gianpaolo made a flying leap that landed him on the running board — and we were off.

Hanging on for dear life, we roared up over the pass and down through the winding mountain road, careening in and out of traffic dizzily.

'Faster, faster!' panted Gianpaolo to his son.

And then we were out of the mountain and into the swirl of boulevard traffic.

'We are safe!' chortled Gianpaolo gleefully, sinking back in the seat. 'They will never catch us now!'

But, alas, he forgot that Amadeo knew his address — and that telephones are swifter than the fastest racing car, much less a creamery truck. . . . Thus the squad of blue-uniformed officers who sat waiting for us on the porch when, after winding circuitously up and down side streets, we arrived at the Maccalucci domicile at last; and thus —

But there is nothing more to be told, at least not at this writing. The trial has been postponed twice already,

awaiting Amadeo's discharge from the hospital; Gianpaolo, meanwhile, is out on bail. He has aged ten years since the contest began; he neither eats nor (so Mrs. Maccalucci tells us) sleeps; he sits about day in and day out brooding — for which dark activity he has more than enough time, since, on top of everything else, the stolen hours spent in selling tickets, together with the unsavory notoriety attending the episode at the Fair Grounds, cost him his job.

His one friend, through it all, has been my father. He it was who furnished the money for the bail; and he it is who now sits with him for hours on end, offering encouragement, sympathy, and moral support. The house, meanwhile, has become a dismal place, filled with the dark vapors of our *paesano's* despair; the children move about silently, fearing to raise their voices lest their father, in one of the sudden fits of uncontrollable temper which have come to possess him, should throw a shoe or empty wine bottle at their heads; Mrs. Maccalucci has not had a dry eye since the day of the coronation.

There is one point, however, on which the entire family is united in hearty agreement — it will be a cold, cold day in that place where, tradition tells us, heat reigns eternal before they enter another such contest.

'Let us hope so!' says my mother fervently. 'A hundred dollars he borrowed for the tickets, another five hundred for the bail bond — and God only knows how much it will be for the lawyer when he comes up for trial. At this rate . . .'

'Ah well!' says my father philosophically. 'That is what friends are for. A few dollars more or less — what does it matter?'

'Oh sure,' says my mother bitterly. 'Maybe we should be thankful he did n't decide to run for President!'

TIMELESS GARDENS: ENGLAND

BY ETHEL ANDERSON

IN Wiltshire there is a garden I know very well. It is deeply set in the middle of a green park that slips uphill from the Wylye's banks toward such cumulus clouds of trees as in this county crown the hilltops. Bare, rounded hills, dew ponds, thatched walls, many-branched streams — these are the Wiltshire insignia; these, and, as Audrey says, 'the farm as close as it may get to the great house, so that the noise of the threshing flail is always in the ears.'

In Wiltshire, too, the loveliest and best gardens are invariably valley gardens, as this one is, for on the broad, rolling downs the earth is not fertile — there is only an inch or two of soil laid over the chalk.

Like all the rest, this garden has round it a high brick wall — painted by Titian, I think — with a little green door to go in at. (Audrey, again, speaks of the little green doors of Wiltshire.)

This enclosing wall is not of even height. Capriciously, as the fruit trees nailed on it have grown, the wall has been added to, a nectarine on the northern wall having pride of place. The southernmost wall top is thatched, Wiltshire fashion, and left treeless, open to the sun and the warm south wind, the summer wind. Over it there is nothing to be seen but the blue sky and a green hill far in the distance, and, still farther off, Salisbury's pale violet spire. Forty paces beyond the wall the

Wylye, here very broad, flows unseen, but softly audible.

A Stuart coping, along which urns hold plaster pineapples, shows white against the copper beeches and bridal birches and weeping ashes that encompass the remaining walls as close as thatch. The spotted boles of the encasing trees appear at full length where, through wire-netted half circles cut in the eastern and western walls, a trout stream runs incontinently into, through, and out of the garden.

This stream is as clear as crystal. Every pebble sparkles to the surface like a jewel. It is twelve feet wide and five feet deep, and its grass-grown banks, neatly shaven, have a two-foot drop. From these green laps of earth, in springtime, a thousand daffodils lean, nodding and fluttering. In the autumn, saffron and lilac crocuses hang there. Guarding the four corners of a stone bridge that spans the limpid brook with a single arch are carved heads of great antiquity, which look Roman, and may be identical with those on the Clarendon, in Oxford. Bearded, they have the massive locks of water gods, or philosophers.

By the bridge is a bent apple tree — in April quick with blossom, in September thick with fruit — that stoops, Narcissus-wise, over the russet, rippling water. Next this is a summer-house of cut box, the oldest and largest in England. A box gazebo is, in any case, rare.

Hedged with ribbon borders a foot high, the main pathway of the garden, passing straight across the bridge from north to south, is lined with espalier pear trees and checkered with twenty bypaths, edged with lavender or rosemary, neatly trimmed.

While through the netted arches in the spring spread primroses and king-cups, and, later, bluebells, in the garden itself grow all their domestic contemporaries and successors. Of bulbs there are chiefly tulips, hyacinths, lilies, jonquils, and fritillaries — these last adorning with equal beauty borders or woods. There are such cottage flowers as Job's-tears, Solomon's-seal, and Noah's-doves, and the more scholarly 'flowers of Jove,' yellow moly, and Lobel's catchfly.

In red, thready clusters, old-fashioned fuchsias hang next half-wild snapdragons, citron-tinted, and no bigger than their gypsy confrères of the lanes. Small pansies and tufted daisies — of the sort children call 'hen and chickens' — riot petal to petal with the gardener's proudest achievements, with Himalayan poppies, Japanese delphiniums, harlequinading auriculas (the miner's darling), gloxinias black as night, anchusas bright as Capri's grotto. There are six mezereum trees, and seven varieties of violets — the Neapolitan violets, like shrewmice, hugging the walls. And here the roses are not put in quarantine. Plush musk, moss, damask, blush, cabbage, and Provençal roses, and even twi-colored York and Lancasters (got, tradition says, from grafts of the Eighth Henry's day), rise up, jubilantly, among the annuals and perennials.

In printless traffic, butterflies gayly parade these rainbow ways. Murmurous, by their straw skeps, are the humming bees; murmurous, beyond the wall's end, the deflected stream waters — by artifice, not by nature, repaying their tribute to the Wylle. They have

sluice gates and an iron-runged weir, and many runnels flowing over sun-sucked bog grasses and fescue grasses to flood, obediently, this water meadow or that. But they are all murmurous, all dulcet; and under a moted film of bloom, delicate as the bloom on grapes, even the ambered pools, where trout are tickled by adepts, secretly murmur, lulling this lovely garden to a peace so deep that Time, it seems, controls the unbridled hours, and the sunlight sleeps, and the creeping shades are stayed. Like limelight on a dancer, the changing colors of the year mark here, not the transit of Time, but the new birth and rebirth, the timeless revelations of beauty.

Outside the northern wall, between the warm brick and the stream, stand the benches on which the skeps, and the more modern glass-windowed hives, bask snugly. Here, any autumn morning, Alice the under-housemaid may come to rob a hive of honey-in-the-comb, or get a sprig of thyme, or marjoram, or a few shoots of tarragon, for Cook. Alice's red hair proclaims her Jutish ancestry. 'Alice is that proud,' the kitchen says, 'she'd starch her stockings.'

In the walled orchard next the flower garden Mr. Milliachips, the gardener, aged eighty-two, goes to choose some jargonelles, perhaps, or orange bergamots. If the cherries are over, he may find some blue perdrigons, or add to his basket, later in the season, grapes from the hothouse. Sometimes a game-keeper carrying trout in a fern-lined osier plat will go up to the house with him, and there they may find at the kitchen door, as often as not, boys from the farm leaving eggs, or pails of warm, bubbling milk. And in the stone-floored dairy will be Nan, the dairy-maid, skimming cream, or Susan, the kitchenmaid, a pretty child, her budding figure outlined sweetly as she tip-toes on a chair to get down from the

black rafters a gammon of bacon. In the pantry Mr. Semity, the butler, and Mrs. June, the cook, agree after deliberation that the ham will see this breakfast through.

Mr. Semity is seventy-two. On his seventieth birthday it was, 'No, ma'am, I prefers to stay in harness. I should not care to die away from such a good funeral.'

On most mornings, too, under the basement's cathedral-like arches, the housekeeper unlocks the storeroom door to get out a cheese, or Spanish quinces, or a jar of black mulberries; or, summoned to a side door, the parlor-maid may take in a sheaf of blush roses, which George, the footman, always arranges on the breakfast table, 'he having the fingers.'

Within the dining room, trespassing through three windows, sunlight streams across the white tablecloth and red Turkey carpet. Without, lapping the stone walls like a sea, the green, level turf stretches half a mile. Distantly, along the fringes of the encircling

woods, spotted deer graze. In winter the flames, leaping up the marble chimney place which, like the windows, touches both elmwood floor and plastered ceiling, play on the story of Cinderella, carved there in James the First's time — with the fattest of marble mice, the tenderest of marble pumpkins.

By custom, at the table's end is put a black papier-mâché tray, laden with cups and saucers and gay with nacre flowers, blue peonies, and card-house bridges, where a stray phoenix lingers, or a pair of lovers — also, perhaps, astray. By custom, on the sideboard, steaming aromatic coffee, porridge, grilled trout, an omelette *aux fines herbes*, ham, curled bacon with mushrooms, fruits, *confitures*, are set forth in dishes of Georgian silver.

Then from the stairs will come high-pitched, aristocratic voices: 'At Eton, darling, once he was the *o* in God.' . . . 'So good, dear, for gouty eczema.' . . . By twos and threes the family will drift in.

MODERN ALCHEMY

BY ROBERT A. MILLIKAN

I

THE physicist has been successfully attacking in the past year the problem which five hundred years ago the alchemist vainly pursued — the transmutation of the elements. The alchemist failed then because he did not know enough about the constitution of the atom. He did not even know that an atom had a nucleus carrying a positive electrical charge, the magnitude of which charge alone determines whether it is an atom of oxygen, nitrogen, silicon, iron, gold, or any other of the ninety-two elements, from the lightest, hydrogen, of nuclear charge one, up to the heaviest, uranium, of nuclear charge ninety-two. To-day we do know this, and by utilizing that knowledge within the past year the number of elements which, with wholly artificial techniques, the physicist has been able to transmute into other elements has risen to more than seventy — more than the total number of known elements forty years ago.

How has he done it? Primarily in two different ways. One way is to shoot electrically charged particles with enormous energies, such as protons (the nuclei of hydrogen atoms), into the nuclei of the atoms of the element which he wishes to transmute. But how can he hit a nucleus — the smallest object on earth, so small, indeed, that if everything were to swell like Alice in Wonderland, so that the smallest point visible to our eyes became as big as the

earth, the nucleus of an atom would be only the size of a pinhead? No physicist, with all his skill, is marksman enough to hit that kind of bull's eye at any single shot, so he adopts the machine-gun principle, loads his gun with a million million bullets, and confidently expects one of the million million to find its mark. The fact that all the rest must fail shows why the transmutation of mercury into gold by this method, while scientifically possible, cannot be commercially profitable.

The machine gun which Madame Curie's daughter and her husband, M. Joliot, used for spraying the nucleus of the atom of aluminum in their attack upon this problem was the so-called alpha rays of polonium, a radioactive element discovered thirty-seven years ago by Madame Curie herself — an element which shoots out spontaneously an enormous number of high-speed particles which are in fact the positively charged nuclei of helium atoms, each of atomic weight four units. The technique used here was precisely that employed in 1919 by Rutherford in the first successful transmutation experiments. When these charged helium atoms strike one of the aforementioned nuclei of aluminum, they not only transform it into phosphorus, but they impose upon this new nucleus a larger positive charge of electricity than it likes. Consequently it begins to emit positive electrons and thus spon-

taneously changes itself into silicon, so that *both phosphorus and silicon appear as a result of the bombardment of aluminum by charged atoms of helium.*

This was the discovery of artificial radioactivity announced early in 1934, for which the Curie-Joliot pair has been most justly awarded the Nobel prize. That the babe who was being rocked in the cradle when radium itself was being discovered by the joint work of her father and mother should thirty-eight years later, with her husband in turn, show that radioactivity — a phenomenon her parents' generation thought completely beyond the control of man — could actually be produced artificially, demonstrates in a striking way both how much there is in heredity and how man is slowly mastering and controlling nature.

This Curie-Joliot discovery has been followed up by many laboratories in many countries, the machine gun which hurls positively charged bullets — protons, deuterons, alpha rays — being in several cases, as in the W. K. Kellogg Radiation Laboratory at Pasadena, not a natural substance, like polonium, but a purely artificial device. This device, developed five years ago by Professor Charles C. Lauritsen, takes in at one end ordinary hydrogen or helium nuclei or other ions, accelerates them by electrical fields up to an energy of a million, or even one and a half million, electron volts, and then throws them into a target consisting of the element that is to be transmuted.

But there is another, a gentler and an even more significant way in which the transmutation of the elements is now being brought about. It has been developed largely this past year through the underlying discovery of the so-called 'neutron' made three years ago by Chadwick, in England — a discovery for which he also has justly received the Nobel prize. Chadwick's discovery consisted in showing that when

the nucleus of boron, — more familiar to us as boracic acid, — which weighs 11 atom-weight-units, is bombarded by and captures an alpha ray emitted by polonium, which ray weighs 4 units, the result is not an atom that weighs $11 + 4 = 15$ units. Instead there appears an atom of nitrogen, which weighs 14 units, and the extra unit is thrown out in the form of a neutron — a theretofore undiscovered unit of nature which has practically the same weight as has the nucleus of the atom of hydrogen (a proton), save that it carries no electrical charge whatever. That is why it is called a neutron.

Now these neutrons have since been produced artificially in great abundance. They are a by-product of many of the artificial transmutations already mentioned, for they are probably constituents of all nuclei, except hydrogen, and many nuclear transformations throw them out. They can in their turn be hurled into targets where they change the mass of the nucleus and also often make it unstable, so that it throws out, say, a proton and thus transmutes itself again into a new element. Thus, *when silicon captures a neutron, an atom of aluminum is made, and a nucleus of hydrogen — a proton — flies out.*

But the major advance in 1935 consisted in the discovery that neutrons not only do not need to have large energy to get into a nucleus and transmute it into something else, but they *slip* in — or better, *fall* in — more easily and oftener when they have slow speeds than when they try to force their way in with violence. Indeed, when any proton, neutron, or alpha ray is thrown with large energy into a given nucleus, it generally smashes up that nucleus and hence often produces several substances of smaller atomic weight than the struck nucleus itself. But when a slow neutron moving no faster than the atoms of the surrounding air falls into a nucleus, — as it can

easily do, since it has no charge and is therefore not repelled by the charged nucleus as a proton would be, — it simply adds its mass to that of the nucleus, so that the process results in the quiet building of a heavier atom. There are ordinarily no neutrons floating about to produce such transmutations, since unattached neutrons tend to get back home into some nucleus whenever they find themselves out in the cold world. But the radioactive processes going on all the time in the earth, and probably also the effects of cosmic rays, are such as occasionally to set free a neutron from some nucleus, in which event a new nucleus can be formed by the falling of the wandering neutron into somebody else's house.

This flood of new light that has recently been shed upon the processes by which all the atoms not only have once been built up out of a unit having the weight of the hydrogen atom, — for a neutron is essentially an uncharged hydrogen nucleus, — but are now being so built up, marks the past year as one of much significance for the history of physics. All this work really started with the Bothe and Becker experiments at Giessen, Germany, and the chief centres in which the new results have been obtained have been at Rome, Cambridge, Paris, New York, Berkeley, and Pasadena.

II

The artificial beta ray radioactivity described above can be readily exhibited even to a large audience by exposing a plate of silver to bombardment by neutrons. A bit of beryllium mixed with an infinitesimal amount of radium emanation makes a good neutron source, and when one of these neutrons enters the nucleus of an atom of silver the latter, of course, has its atomic weight increased by one unit, — the weight of the neutron, — but it still remains silver, since the chemical prop-

erties of an atom are all determined by the charge on its nucleus, and this has not yet changed. But this new, extra-heavy atom of silver is actually unstable, and so it proceeds at once to throw out a negative electron, thus changing the charge on its nucleus and transforming itself, by so doing, into cadmium. Now a few years ago the physicist devised an instrument called a 'counter-tube' which responds audibly whenever an electron shoots through it. Bringing the plate of silver, after exposure to neutrons, close to such a counter causes a number of clicks to be heard, and these are a good measure of the number of the aforementioned negative electrons coming out of the silver plate. Anyone who has heard these clicks produced by a silver plate thus rendered artificially radioactive has been a witness of this new man-made, man-controlled process of changing silver into cadmium.

But the counter-tubes, used to exhibit transmutation, also are useful for exhibiting the existence of the cosmic rays, the most powerful nuclear disintegrating agency thus far discovered. Such a tube placed anywhere on the surface of the earth clicks slowly but continuously, and day in and day out perfectly steadily, thus revealing the constancy of the bombardment of everything on earth by the cosmic rays, which originate we know not where or how, but which certainly come to us from beyond the Milky Way. What are these cosmic rays, and what have we learned about them this past year?

In the first place, 1935 marked the completion of a precision world survey of the sea-level intensities of cosmic rays — which means merely the number per hour of such cosmic-ray shots per square centimetre of the earth's surface. This survey started in 1932 and has been quietly going on ever since, through the sending of accurate self-recording electrosopes, developed by

Dr. H. Victor Neher, on ten different ships all over the world. No observer has accompanied these ships. The captains of Cunard, Dollar, Matson, and Grace Line ships, of English and Peruvian freighters, and of Captain Allan Hancock's yacht *Valero III* have taken these automatic instruments on board, agreeing to wind up the driving clock occasionally, and the photographic records of a three months' voyage have then been worked up in each case after the return of the instruments to the home laboratory. This precision survey has furnished a means of gaining new and exact information about the properties both of the cosmic rays and of the earth's magnetic field far above the earth's surface. For this and the following reasons 1935 was a notable year both in the study of cosmic rays and in that of terrestrial magnetism.

But the cosmic-ray advance that has most to do with transmutation is found in the fact that the first direct measurement has been made, with an enormous magnet, of the energies of the cosmic rays on a mountain top 14,000 feet high, where the rays are five and one-half times as intense as at sea level. The huge two-ton magnet, which since 1931 has provided most of our direct knowledge about the energies and the other properties of cosmic rays that can be revealed by cosmic-ray cloud-chamber tracks, was mounted on a trailer, pulled up to the top of Pikes Peak, and a fifty-kilowatt power plant also pulled up to run it. The most noteworthy finding is that *there is no evidence as yet of any heavy particles, like protons or other nuclei, coming in from outside*. More than 98 per cent of all the cosmic-ray tracks found there appear to be the tracks of either positive or negative electrons, the great majority of which are secondaries produced by the collision of the incoming primary cosmic rays with the nuclei of the atoms constituting our atmosphere.

Heavier nuclear particles (mostly protons) do occasionally appear on Pikes Peak as they do at sea level, and their frequency of occurrence is considerably greater than at sea level, but the evidence seems to be valid that they represent merely the fragments of the nuclei of atoms thrown out in all directions by nuclear collisions of the incoming cosmic-ray photons or electrons. This direction of emission, as well as the shortness and thickness of the tracks, distinguishes these heavy particles sharply from electrons, for electron secondaries, whether positive or negative, practically always move straight on in the direction of the incoming rays which produce them, whereas these heavier products of nuclear hits show no tendency to do so. Although these heavier nuclear fragments are mostly protons, there seems to be good evidence that neutrons also occasionally appear, possibly also some heavier nuclei. The infrequency of occurrence, however, of any kind of heavier particle is seen from the fact that, out of 10,000 photographs of cosmic-ray tracks taken on Pikes Peak last summer by Professor Carl D. Anderson and Dr. Seth Neddermeyer, only about 100 showed evidence of any heavy particles at all. Secondary electrons, both positive and negative, are, then, the normal results of the collisions of cosmic rays with nuclei both at sea level and on Pikes Peak.

Last year new sea-level energy measurements were made by Blackett and Brode in London, which carry the highest cosmic-ray energies directly measured from the stupendous value of about ten thousand million electron volts, where the measurements made with the foregoing magnet left them, up to the value of fifteen thousand million electron volts. These are the highest particle energies yet known through any direct measurement or any dependable theories. Where such enor-

mous energies come from no one as yet knows. If the super-alchemy of the instantaneous transmutation of a whole atom of oxygen or silicon or iron into radiation is assumed to be possible, then the Einstein quantitative relation between mass and energy ($E=mc^2$) is sufficient to account for the highest cosmic-ray energy that has been observed. But we have as yet no other evidence that such an event can take place. The nearest approach to it is found in the case of the falling together of a positive and a negative electron. Here we have ample evidence that such complete transmutation of mass into radiation actually occurs, the whole mass of the two electrons being transmuted into two half-million electron-volt photons which fly apart in opposite directions.

III

Even if we leave the origin of the cosmic rays for the future physicist, the mere fact discovered in our day that we are thus being continuously bombarded from all directions by celestial bandits equipped with ordnance of such unearthly power continues to be one of the wonders of the modern world. Not only how these bullets are formed, but whether they travel through space in the main as light waves (photons) or as electrons — both these questions are as yet completely undetermined. Widely circulated opinions favoring the latter theory have been shown, by airplane flights with Neher self-recording electroscopes in Peru and the Philippines up to altitudes of more than 26,000 feet, to rest on incorrect assumptions as to the experimental situation.

Another achievement of 1935 brought particles into a position more nearly at rest than has ever before been attained. Here is another of the wonders of the modern world which may sometime throw new light upon the nature of both the electron and the atom, perhaps

even upon the problem of transmutation. At Berkeley, Leiden, Cambridge and Oxford, Berlin, Toronto, and Pasadena are laboratories which are striving to attain temperatures as near as possible to absolute zero, and at Leiden there has actually been attained this year a temperature .005° C. above absolute molecular rest. The method was suggested by Debye of Leipzig as early as 1918, but was first successfully used independently in Berkeley and in Leiden. The equipment of both these laboratories consists of extraordinary compressors and liquefiers to produce liquid air, liquid hydrogen, liquid helium. Then by evaporation of the liquid helium a temperature only a degree or so above absolute zero is obtained. Then enormous magnets are used to force the atoms and electrons to line themselves up in systematic array against their own inclination. Then the exciting magnetic field is suddenly thrown off and the rebellious molecules and electrons at once spring back to where they were before they were forced into line. In so springing, however, they expend all the energy they have and then drop utterly exhausted, almost without motion, and therefore almost at absolute zero. The principle is the same as that used in all refrigeration machines. For, as everyone knows, to cool a room we first compress a gas into the liquid state, taking away by running water the heat of compression; then we let the compressed molecules evaporate or fly apart as their willful nature prompts them to do. In so doing they get over their 'mad' and cool themselves. Thus, by utilizing nature's 'mads,' mere man has tricked her until she has fallen down limp and exhausted practically at the absolute zero of temperature.

These three achievements — transmutation, cosmic rays, absolute zero — have been a part at least of the progress of physics in the past year.

THE BEST HOTEL

BY MARY DOYLE¹

I

My first view of the corridors of Heaven (assuming that the experience is some day to be mine) may possibly prove more overpowering than my first view of those of the old Waldorf-Astoria. But as I look back across thirty-odd years to that prodigious morning, it hardly seems probable.

I pushed timidly through the revolving door to which I had been directed, on 33rd Street — and stopped in my tracks. I was standing on a blood-red velvet carpet in a silent and coldly glittering chaos utterly beyond my mind's power to grasp: pink and lavender veined marble; snow-white statuary; gigantic palms whose fronds brushed the gilded cornices. I can still remember the shock with which I realized that those palms were 'real' — that is, actual living plants.

I turned to my left; and there, only a few steps away, was the huge newsstand at which I was to report. The two radiant beings in snowy shirtwaists, behind its counter, must be my new fellow workers.

My training began with suspiciously businesslike promptness, and was of the most severely practical character. To two young ladies who had probably danced most of the previous night away, I was little less than a godsend. Flush-faced and happy, I dashed to and

fro; out in front and back to the closets; stacking books, draping magazines, dropping them and picking them up again; meekly demolishing an arrangement and beginning all over again when one of my preceptresses, lolling against the rear shelves, decided that some other way looked better.

Half an hour or so later a gorgeous male creature in cutaway and striped trousers, patent-leather shoes, wing collar, puff cravat, and gardenia'd buttonhole strolled up and as it were absent-mindedly drifted in behind the counter. He gave me an inquiring glance. 'New kid,' said one of the girls. Not another word was said. The newcomer glanced here and there, peered into one of the closets, — neither girl paying him the slightest attention, — and strolled away again, in what I was afterward to learn was the direction of the bar.

Several days later I learned that this was the manager of the stand. His first appearance was entirely typical of his peculiar method of 'management.' He was only in evidence for a few minutes a day, at opening and closing time, and he never attempted to exercise the slightest authority, even over me. As for my four youthful seniors, they were undisputed queens of the newsstand. Indeed, they were more than that. In their own estimation they were queens of the Waldorf — and queens could do no wrong.

¹ 'Working Girl,' in the May Issue, described Irish Harlem of the early 1900's and Mary Doyle's first job. — Editor

I have never known anybody else bearing at least the nominal status of employee who did as completely as she pleased as those four girls did. They arrived, as a rule, fairly close to the time at which they were supposed to go on duty; but they contrived to do so with an air which said that it was merely out of courtesy to the girls whom they were to relieve, and perhaps partly because it was at the moment their pleasure to grace the hotel with their presence — never, certainly, from any sense of responsibility.

They might — and did — exchange broad chaff with John W. Gates, match quip for quip with Theodore P. Shonts and Foxhall Keene, and even fling sallies at August Belmont and Senator Platt, with no worse response than absent-minded silence. 'Diamond Jim' Brady was, of course, fair game; Lillian Russell herself seemed almost grateful to be treated as 'just one of us girls'; if Harry Thaw was waited on in stony aloofness, it was not from any motive of respect.

At the end of my first week, indeed, it would not have surprised me to hear them proffer friendly pleasantries to Bishop Potter or Cardinal Farley himself, when one of those dignitaries passed on his way to some imposing banquet in the great state ballroom overhead. And if the Cardinal had turned his gentle face in their direction for so much as an encouraging glance, I am quite sure they would have been ready to meet His Eminence at least halfway.

But let Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. George Gould, or a very few others stroll up to the stand and casually inspect the pile of current novels — instantly butter would not have melted in any of those four mouths. Nor did they venture any liberties with James J. Jeffries, 'the Champion,' when that great man oc-

asionally swung past with his admiring coterie. Certainly he was, with the sole exception of Mrs. Oelrichs, the most formidable in appearance of all those whose names were mighty in that time, who still remain in memory from the days when all the world flowed past me and a surprisingly large percentage stopped to buy.

It was n't very long, of course, before I was venturing a few liberties of my own. I entered the Waldorf with no more idea than a terrier pup of the world to which it was to introduce me; but no terrier pup could ever pick up new tricks as fast as an Irish-American girl just short of seventeen. Nor did any pup ever have, for all their seeming casualness, more exacting tutors, when it came to what they regarded as essentials. My most important lesson was, in fact, impressed upon me in a highly painful way. Very few things hurt worse than a kick on the ankle bone.

I had, after all, been brought up in the sturdy precepts of a grandfather who, though a penniless immigrant from County Cork, had fought his own way up to financial independence and a respected position in his new community, asking favors of no man. Consequently, when perhaps the second man I waited on handed me a twenty-dollar bill for a ten-dollar purchase, casually remarking, 'Keep the change,' I blushed and stammered, and was attempting to refuse — when agony shot through me. My mouth flew shut, and my hand, still clutching the ten-dollar bill, despite myself shot back and down to rub my outraged ankle bone. The customer strolled away.

I looked up into the cold and angry eyes of the older girl who had kicked me.

'Say, are you trying to gum the works?' she demanded. 'Want to spoil the graft? If you're too high and mighty to keep that ten-spot, give it to me! I can use it!'

As she was, at that moment, the last person on earth for whom I felt like doing that or any other favor, it naturally followed that I kept the ten dollars myself. And, having kept my first tip, it was easier to keep my second; and easier still my third. Within a week I was as prompt and deft at gathering in cash tips as any of the older girls, and I am afraid as cold-bloodedly accurate in measuring out my acknowledgments — an impassively murmured ‘Thank you’ for mere silver or even a small bill; a nod and faint smile for five dollars; and beaming gratitude only for ten dollars or more.

With that, my training in the ways of the Waldorf world ended. I had been there perhaps three months when I suddenly discovered that, in my employers’ eyes, that period was successfully finished.

By what observations Mr. Bascom had convinced himself that I had become capable not only of holding my own in that tumultuous atmosphere, but of assuming much more serious responsibilities, is still a mystery to me. I only know that I was summoned one day without the slightest warning, and was informed that a prize on which, I knew, many of the older girls had been longingly speculating was to be mine.

The new Hotel Plaza was shortly to open its doors, and I was to be transferred thither; and, what was more, I was to be in full charge of the stand.

II

On a proud day I strolled nonchalantly in at the door of the still-unfinished Hotel Plaza, commandeered a porter in my best Waldorf-girl manner, and set about putting my new domain to rights. The final touches were being given to the Plaza’s decorations. The lobby floor had not yet been laid, and we had to pick our way about precariously on plank runways.

As matters stood in New York at that time, the location of a great new hotel many blocks farther north on Fifth Avenue than anyone had gone before — more than a mile above the still-unchallenged Waldorf — was a venture of no little daring. And Fred Sterry, the Plaza’s proprietor, a born hotel man with a genius for leadership, made every one of us, down to the humblest, feel that we had an active share in it.

With that fellow feeling of shared discomfort and adventure to build on, he was able to create, in the Plaza’s staff, an *esprit de corps* finer, stronger, and more genuine than I have known anywhere else in my life.

It was not only something so new to me that I could not even have named or described it, but the contrast to the blasé and cynical indifference of the Waldorf made its effect on me all the more powerful. All that I knew was that almost overnight I found in myself an immense pride in and loyalty to the Plaza as an institution, and a conviction that it not only was the world’s finest hotel, but was soon to be its most successful.

At the same time, I was still young and graceless and greedy enough to exploit to the utmost my privileges as a member of the Plaza family. A surprisingly small amount of sheer, cheerful impudence won for me virtually the run of the hotel. The institution known as ‘hostess’ had not yet appeared to enrich American life, but by self-election I acquired a position in the Plaza somewhere between that of unofficial hostess and daughter of the regiment.

It was by grace of this assumption that, when the hotel at last was ready to begin its functioning, a gentleman who came in at the new main entrance and approached the desk found no one to receive him except a young woman with an enormous yellow pompadour and a pronounced snub nose, seated upon the desk top drumming a casual

tattoo upon its marble face with a pair of French heels. (The yellow hair was entirely genuine. It is much less vivid now than it used to be.)

The newcomer's evident amusement was a trifle disconcerting, and I suddenly realized that the newsstand, at which I was supposed to be on duty, was n't even in sight from where I sat. But, not knowing what else to do, I remained where I was. I did stop kicking my feet.

There was a slightly strained moment of silence, broken by the gentleman, who inquired, with a barely perceptible trace of sarcasm, if I was the manager. Though by now uncomfortably aware of hot cheeks, I retained enough true Tyson-girl impudence to retort: —

'Yes — manager of the newsstand.'

'Oh,' said the stranger. There was another brief pause. 'Do you mind if I register?'

Still sitting on the desk, I reached out casually, swung the brand-new register pad around in front of him, and dipped and handed him a pen. It suddenly occurred to me that this was the first guest to register at the Plaza; my eager interest and curiosity were too much for my manners. I craned brazenly over his shoulder as he wrote, with a flamboyant flourish, on the first line, at the top of the page: —

'Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt.'

At that moment, luckily, the clerk who should have been on duty all this while returned, and with some incoherent attempt at an explanation of the situation I fled.

Long afterward I learned from Mr. Sterry that Alfred G. Vanderbilt, when he engaged the entire third floor of the Plaza as bachelor quarters for himself, had stipulated among the conditions that he was to be the first guest to be permitted to register. He never once, thereafter, alluded to my own impromptu part in this ceremony. But

for a long while his quizzical smile, whenever he passed my stand, could send the color to my face.

That hoydenish opening of the Plaza's career, however, was quaintly at odds both with the aims of its management and with the success which those aims from the very first achieved. There is a sense in which the opening of the Plaza was the first intimation that an age was passing — the age of the Waldorf and of all that it typified. The Waldorf itself did not yet even suspect what was happening. But Fred Sterry (and, I suppose, the men who backed him) had realized it, and had grasped the opportunity it offered.

He proposed to draw off from the older hotel the greater part of its most substantially wealthy, aristocratic, and therefore most permanently profitable clientele, and attach it to the Plaza. To do this the Plaza, he had determined, must from the first strike a much more exclusive and correct, a more expensively restrained note than the gaudy old place it was to supersede.

It is curious how consistently the contrast between the two hotels was expressed in their every detail. The Waldorf in exterior design was a magnificent hodgepodge of balconies, gables, domed towers (scarcely two alike), and mansard roofs, completely faced with the reddest of red brick and tile. The Plaza still shows its cool gray and green-roofed emulation of a French Renaissance chateau across the sweep of Central Park. The Waldorf's colored marble, its gilding and red velvet, palms and marble statues, had seemed to all America the last word in luxurious magnificence. But even the older generation felt dimly the superiority of the Plaza's cool green and white marble, its greater spaciousness, with no more than judicious touches of crystal and silver to relieve its corridors from severity.

Fortunately, after that first mis-

adventure, I soon grasped the implications of my new position and began assiduously to take on the color of my environment. Within three weeks at most I should have been capable of greeting any of my former seniors at the Waldorf with an aloof and slightly amused condescension that would have overpaid them for their casual lordliness toward me in my apprenticeship days. Indeed, once the Plaza began to fill with its smaller but far more choice clientele, and the tips began to flow in across the newsstand counter with a quiet lavishness very different from the Waldorf's exuberance, but in equally satisfying volume, I began to enjoy my butterfly stage to the full.

III

In my own mind, I was very much part of the world of the Plaza, and a far from unimportant part. With my newly acquired social perspective and my vast though still slightly unripe store of sophistication and worldly wisdom, I made the anxieties of the management with regard to the social status of our guests my personal burden.

It was becoming plainer every day that the Plaza had 'caught on.' The shrewd calculation that had gone into every detail of its planning, design, and construction had justified itself. The hotel was rapidly acquiring that mysterious but immensely valuable characteristic which I do not know any exact English definition for, and so must call *cachet*. And that is a thing not only extraordinarily difficult to capture, but even harder to keep.

Its possession by an institution open to the general public is only too apt to attract precisely those hordes whose arrival destroys the very thing that brought them thither. And yet a hotel is a commercial enterprise; it is no easy thing for it to turn away patronage that pays — and pays, as a rule, with ex-

treme liberality. Moreover, the problem was a new one in the United States of America. Our management had little or no precedent to guide them in their efforts to cultivate that precise degree of snobbery which should prove most profitable.

That their plotting of their course, though in the event it proved amazingly accurate and successful, was attended by no small amount of personal worry and distress I can testify from personal observation. Their difficulties were acute from the very beginning, because not only had they acquired their newsstand girl and a considerable portion of the hotel staff by direct recruiting from the Waldorf; a very large share of the early guest list was drawn from that same luxuriant soil. And that soil in the social sense sprouted both flowers and weeds with the same light-hearted and impartial prodigality.

As much effort as could tactfully be made was exerted to cull only the choice blossoms, and discourage the migration of the weeds — at least the more brilliantly varicolored ones. On the whole it was successful. I was soon serving Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and 'Tessie' Oelrichs as regularly and frequently at the Plaza as we ever had at the Waldorf. Mr. and Mrs. George Gould moved uptown, bag and baggage, immediately after the opening; and most of the more desirable among the lesser lights, of course, followed in the wake of these leaders.

But the full flavor of a crisis came with the descent upon us, quite early in our career, of a large section of what in the Waldorf we had learned to call the 'horsy set.' It was an open secret among the hotel staff that Mr. Sterry had observed their arrival with a marked absence of enthusiasm; he did not quite venture to decline their patronage, but he would vastly have preferred their room to their company. As it turned out, however, the fears that

were excited by this particular invasion proved comically groundless. The event speedily demonstrated that chameleon characteristics are by no means the exclusive property of youthful newsstand girls. After a few weeks in the Plaza's more rarefied social atmosphere some of the very folk whom I had remembered as among the noisiest and most carefree of the Waldorf's patrons had become models of restrained propriety.

Still there were, perhaps not exactly scenes, but what might more mildly be characterized as episodes. The most distressing of these, not only in its actual occurrence but in a painful after-rash of gossip and newspaper comment, burst upon us one afternoon in the Palm Room at teatime, with scarcely as much warning, and with something of the same general effect, as a high-explosive shell.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell even before her arrival had definitely been one of those guests regarding whom we had been rather on hot coals. It might not please her even now to know how narrow was the margin by which, when first she swept majestically up to the Plaza's desk, she escaped being regretfully informed that no rooms were at the moment available. Naturally she had no inkling of this fact. But under the circumstances it was hardly a happy thought on her part, a few days later, to appear in all her statuesque beauty in the Palm Room at the height of the tea hour, and, having inevitably drawn all eyes to her, calmly produce and light a cigarette.

This, you must carefully remember, was in 1908 or thereabouts. No doubt many daring feminine spirits, at least in New York, were already trying, in the privacy of their homes, the taste of the sinful substance. But a cigarette publicly displayed in a lady's mouth made her definitely a target of suspicion. Such conduct in our Palm Room

was a horror unthinkable; that it should be Mrs. Pat Campbell who should thus repay our charity in admitting her within our chaste portals made it ten times worse.

I don't remember which intrepid soul it was who, after a series of whispered conferences in which dismay mounted rapidly toward panic, finally volunteered to approach the lady and request that she extinguish the abomination. I am quite sure that his knees knocked together and that his first effort to convey his message through chattering teeth proved unintelligible.

He presently succeeded, almost in spite of himself, in making his meaning all too clear. And thereupon Mrs. Campbell shot upward to her full imperial height, dashed to the floor the cause of all the commotion, and stalked regally from the room. Within an hour she had demanded her reckoning and, with a jealous regard for all possible dramatic values in the performance, proceeded to shake the dust of the Plaza from her feet.

She left behind a hotel staff crushed, profusely perspiring, but on the whole relieved. In their innocence they had not yet grasped the full implications of the *affaire Campbell*. On the following morning they were cruelly disabused.

Among those to whom Mrs. Campbell poured forth her outraged indignation — in fact, I suspect, the very first person in whom she confided — was a gentleman named Axel Toxen Worm.

Toxen Worm may still be remembered here and there by a few lean and slippered pantaloons, though later geniuses have perhaps unfairly overblown his fame. He was widely known in his time as Tanbark Worm — a tribute to one of his most brilliant flights of fancy, involving this same Mrs. Patrick Campbell. (I should perhaps explain that this Worm, whom many besides the staff of the Hotel Plaza considered all too fitly named, was employed in

the capacity of press agent by David Belasco, under whose management Mrs. Campbell had come to America.) This simple stroke of genius consisted in carpeting the street before the theatre in which Mrs. Campbell was playing with tanbark. Inquiring reporters were able to learn without too great difficulty that her exquisitely sensitive nerves demanded protection during her performances — that is, her *stage* performances — from the noises of street traffic. (This was a New York in which the principal street noise was still the ring of horses' hoofs on asphalt.)

Given a gentleman of such alert and enterprising gifts as the confidant of her grievances, the ultimate result of Mrs. Campbell's feud with the Plaza may readily be imagined. The effect on our jealously guarded social dignity was both painful and prolonged. But it was doubtless due solely to feelings exacerbated by newspaper headlines, of which it seemed as if we never should see the last, that certain dark and cynical mutterings were heard from time to time among us. Some embittered souls actually affected to question the complete spontaneity of Mrs. Campbell's sudden craving for tobacco that fatal afternoon in our Palm Room. It is, of course, quite unthinkable that it should have had its origin in the fertile brain of Axel Toxen Worm.

Perhaps the painful aftermath of that quaint affair was indirectly serviceable to Elinor Glyn when, a few weeks later, she arrived in America for the first time and headed straight for the Plaza. I know that Mrs. Glyn arrived with an obvious intention, amounting to a grim determination, to live up — or down — to her advance reputation as authoress of *Three Weeks* (that 'wickedest book of the century,' which would to-day be considered practically a Sunday-school tract).

I also know that her violently carrot-

colored hair and purple-shadowed eyes, her fluttering many-hued chiffons, and even her carefully calculated languishings and undulations, were endured by the Plaza without a murmur. The acute discomfort they caused found vent behind the scenes; but in public they encountered only a meek and exemplary courtesy which, I cannot help suspecting, owed much to the chastening effects of our encounter with Mrs. Campbell.

Indeed, I am quite sure that it was not Mrs. Campbell's theatrical background — or even her theatricality — which had raised the first doubts regarding her, but her marital adventures. We had in fact already begun to favor a slight admixture of the theatre (though only, of course, of its very cream) in our resident guest list. The feeling seemed to be that it gave the hotel more color and perhaps slightly offset a certain tendency toward stodginess which was beginning to show itself as a result of too much unrelieved wealth and 'social position.'

Still, the true Plaza attitude toward these stage folk was accurately phrased by our cloakroom concessionaire one early morning. I had just had my first glimpse of Fritzi Scheff, all sparkle and gayety and fire, darting through the foyer from her morning ride in the park, pursued by a laughing, chattering group, and had asked him who it was.

'It's Fritzi Scheff,' he replied primly. 'You know — the young woman who is starring in *Mademoiselle Modiste*. . . . But then, she's married to Mr. Fox, and he's an author; and besides, they say he comes of a very good family in the South.'

IV

Perhaps our management's standards both of society and of propriety began to mellow, once our position became a trifle more secure. At any rate,

not only did we accept Broadway's then reigning musical-comedy star, but some of the definitely spectacular figures of the back-stage, lobster-and-champagne-supper circles of that day began to be seen with increasing frequency in our dining rooms and public halls.

The best way that occurs to me to illustrate the changing fashions in 'men about town,' as well as in other forms of ostentation, is to tell of my own experience with one of these serpents whom the management had gradually permitted to creep unscotched into our Eden. Just who first warned me against Jerome Sigel, I can't remember. People were always warning me against each other in those days. But I do remember that this particular warning was repeated many times by many people, and with a shuddering emphasis that struck me at the time as incongruous with the absence of anything in the least alarming in Jerry Sigel's appearance.

Villains then, as now, by rights should be tall, lean, and darkly handsome, and possessed of a sinister fascination. But this one was short and plump, indeed cherubic in face and person and pink-and-white of skin. His almost too faultless attire, and the meticulous perfection with which he was invariably barbered and manicured, were perhaps more in character. But the more I studied him — cautiously and furtively, from the shelter of my stand — the harder it became to reconcile what I was told of him with what I seemed to see. He radiated no sinister charm, but a naïve and almost child-like delight in his own conspicuous well-being and in the roses life was continually strewing in the path of the favored nephew, ward, and heir of Henry Sigel. How could this plump and genial little chap actually be a master of insidious wiles, particularly of the sort notoriously perilous to female virtue?

The thing that bewildered me most about Jerome Sigel was my early discovery that he was aware of his own evil reputation, and took an honest pride in it. He was pleasurably conscious of my horrified gaze as he went strolling through the Plaza foyer in the evening; so much so that he began encouraging it by casual soliloquies, addressed to no one in particular, but neatly pitched to reach simultaneously the ears of the girl behind the candy counter, the one in charge of the florist's shop, and the one at the newsstand. The burden of these remarks invariably was speculation as to whether or not there might be any girl around that evening who would be willing to let him escort her home, and 'struggle for her honor all the way.'

This was, of course, as even then I began dimly to suspect, both sarcasm and bravado. I had n't yet learned what Jerry Sigel well knew. It was n't any of the 'Broadway crowd' — or, as in those days of the first 'Westerns' we had learned to call them, the 'rustler bunch' — who ever made themselves seriously annoying or embarrassing to the newsstand and shop girls, the telephone operators, or any of the other young women employed in the hotel in capacities that threw them into contact with the guests. Perhaps it was due to nothing more than the fact that they had plenty of more easily acquired playmates; perhaps to contempt for the type of man who had neither the sense nor the decency to refrain from persecuting a girl whose job put her in a comparatively defenseless position. For whatever reason, Jerome Sigel and his kind actually left strictly alone the girl who had work to do.

The final precipitant of the chain of circumstance, I feel sure now, was my own overstimulated imagination. It was that which convinced me, on this particular evening, that the Master Deceiver had singled me out for a spe-

cial sly scrutiny as he strolled, with seeming carefree aimlessness, about the corridors. And this in turn could mean only one thing — that he had at last devised a plan of such subtlety and ingenuity that with it he could encompass my downfall.

So extraordinarily subtle, indeed, was his plan, that it included a more frank approach than he had ever made toward me before. Immediately after his leisurely emergence from the dining room, he had wandered over to the stand to deliver, to myself and my even younger assistant, an airily phrased but extremely shrewd lecture on the economics of our job. Now that it is twenty-odd years too late, I often reflect that it is a thousand pities it was so completely wasted. The theme of his discourse was the duty we owed to ourselves to lay thriftily aside as much as possible of the cash value of the endless presents which poured incessantly into the hands of a Plaza newsstand girl — presents which, in fact, she literally could not refuse.

‘Orchids are very beautiful,’ said the man who probably bought more of them than anybody else in New York, lounging at his ease against our counter and emphasizing the points of his discourse with gestures of a plump, white, and manicured hand, ‘but they’re not as beautiful as they are expensive. You’ve no idea how much my respect for your intelligence would rise if I caught you calling a boy to take them quietly back to the florist’s shop to be credited to you for cash.

‘If you want a few roses or carnations or violets to take home to your mother, get them from the Greek over on Columbus Circle, for about one twentieth of the money they’ll allow you here on the orchids.

‘As for the rest of the money, the savings bank is a wonderful institution, with which you should be better acquainted. It will prove a better friend

to you than all the guests of this hotel put together.

‘Let us now proceed to the subject of candy. You, young woman, are perhaps seventeen. Neither your figure nor your complexion has yet given you the slightest cause for worry. But unless you send back about ninety-nine per cent of the candy I daily see being showered upon you and collect the cash for it — also to be added to your savings account — they soon will.

‘Silk stockings, now, are something else again. How many pairs of silk stockings does one girl really need? It’s hardly for me to say; but it would surprise me to learn that any girl who’s not in the show business requires more than twenty-four pairs at any one time. Why not send the rest back to the stores they came from, and get credit for them?’

That was a home thrust; I had, out of curiosity, counted up my supply of stockings — all presents — not long before, and had found I had seventy-six pairs. But the only thoughts for which my mind really had room just then were compounded of discomfort and distrust at the audacity of this ‘notorious rounder’ in thus forcing his unwelcome conversation upon us; and in public, too! He should have realized that it was as much as a girl’s reputation was worth merely to be seen in his company. That his advice was not only shrewd but well-meant and sincere, that he might indeed be inspired by a genuine liking, free from the slightest taint of self-interest, for ‘that kid at the newsstand,’ was of course the last idea that could have entered my head.

Perhaps, too, sheer fatigue and acute physical discomfort played their parts in my inability to concentrate upon his words of counsel. For in those days I took extremely seriously what seemed to me almost a sacred obligation: this was to be at all times, and at whatever cost in physical agony, attired in a

manner worthy of my position as queen of the newsstand in New York's smartest hotel. And if you cannot remember what it entailed to be a properly costumed and smart young business woman of 1908 or thereabouts, you need only to consult the 'Gibson girl' pictures and the A. B. Wenzell magazine illustrations of that unhappy, far-off era.

How those high, whalebone-stiffened Medici collars, pinned to the thick rolls of hair behind your ears, could itch! And how often you simply had to step back out of sight behind a stack of novels and force your fingers, or at least a couple of lead pencils, down under your belt, to produce a momentary after-illusion of relief from the dull torture of stays which since before six o'clock that morning had been gripping your silly wasp waist like an iron girdle straight out of the Inquisition!

But not even eighteen unbroken hours of bodily torment were able to drive my growing apprehensions from my mind as midnight and the close of my tour of duty drew on apace. I still caught glimpses, every now and then, of Jerome Sigel, casually in evidence here and there in the far vistas of the foyer. That he might actually be loitering there for other reasons, and with other matters on his mind than the fiendish intention of forcing his unwelcome escort upon me when I left for home, never entered my self-important young head.

And then, perhaps fifteen minutes before the crucial moment, came a providential diversion. In through the 59th Street entrance and across the foyer to the hotel desk came hurrying the Mephistophelean figure of Florenz Ziegfeld.

I did not know then what I learned long afterward: that the long and intimate friendship between Jerome Sigel and Florenz Ziegfeld was a rarely sin-

cere one, and much to both men's credit. Still, it had its practical side also, based chiefly upon Ziegfeld's appreciation of Sigel's gifts as a combined barometer and thermometer in the forecasting of the probable popular appeal of his new theatrical offerings. 'Flo' Ziegfeld had, if possible, even less confidence than most creative artists both in his own critical judgment and in his own estimate of the commercial possibilities of his productions. But he had learned by repeated tests that Jerome Sigel's reactions matched, with uncanny accuracy, the norm of the Ziegfeld audience.

But nothing of this was suspected by the various younglings like me, who observed with trepidation the practical inseparability of the 'heartless rounder' and the 'sinister producer,' and their apparent growing fondness for the Hotel Plaza.

On this particular night Ziegfeld paused scarcely five seconds at the hotel desk before turning and heading, with that queer catlike bounding gait of his, straight for the newsstand. This made things worse. Obviously the night clerk had told him that Mr. Sigel was not in his room, and had probably suggested that I might know where he was to be found. At that very moment, as though to confirm the insinuation, out from behind a column barely ten steps away popped Jerome Sigel himself. Ziegfeld seized his arm, and the two, deep in low-voiced talk, walked away together toward the Palm Room.

Heaven, notoriously protective (as Marie Dressler was even then busy proclaiming from a Broadway stage) toward the Working Girl, had obviously offered this one slim chance of escape from the Pursuing Villain. For the first time in my business career I gave my employers short change in my working hours by at least ten minutes. I cleared the counter in a single sweep,

locked the cabinets, snatched hat and coat and gloves, and scuttled as inconspicuously as possible along the wall to the 59th Street entrance.

Big Tom, the great-hearted ancient in gold-braided grenadier uniform who acted as carriage man, was still on duty; indeed, the late after-theatre supper rush was almost due. Big Tom was a friend of mine; he too had been at the Waldorf, and he loved to talk of the Ireland from which both he and my grandfather had come — and to which, only a few years later, he returned, with \$30,000, the fruits of years of thriftily saved and conservatively invested tips.

Pausing only to whisper to him to tell anybody who might ask that I had gone east across Fifth Avenue, I scampered westward, preferring to run all the way to Columbus Circle for an Eighth Avenue car rather than wait in the dangerously bright lights of the hotel entrance for the usual Fifty-ninth Street crosstown one.

V

Just west of the hotel, where the Plaza Annex now stands, was a huge old-fashioned apartment house, built on the same luxuriously stuffy scale as those tremendous and ancient monuments of the Haircloth Sofa Age farther west, the once-famed 'Spanish Flats.' Scurrying past its iron-grilled plate-glass door, I glanced casually through it — and stopped dead.

At that instant a huge clot of greasy flame had gone floating down the open elevator shaft at the rear of the dimly lighted hall, sending orange flickerings over the tapestried walls and glinting on the empty suits of armor on either side of the vestibule. Sheer horror held me paralyzed, though for an instant I could not even grasp what it was that I had seen. But in the next moment there was an eruption of

sparks; and then from below roared a great serpent of flame that shot straight up the shaft, throwing out oily black curls of smoke that filled the hall and vestibule.

Then I came to myself with a gasp, whirled, and ran back toward the hotel, calling frantically for Tom. The terror in my voice brought him in a stumbling run to meet me. He took one glance into that door and the cyclone of flame in the elevator shaft. As he turned there was a roar, and a tinkle of falling glass as the fire burst from one window after another, four and five stories above our heads. Huge billows of black smoke cut off the sky, then swooped in a sudden down draft and wrapped us in choking darkness.

'Get clear, miss! Get clear!' shouted Tom. 'I'm afther calling the firemen!' And he was gone.

The smoke pall lifted. Some instinct led me to run on westward, toward my home, and then to bolt like a rabbit into the first doorway on the far side of the burning building.

Fifty-ninth Street was already in an uproar. A moment earlier it had just begun to flow smoothly with prancing horses, broughams, barouches, and hansom cabs, interspersed with the already numerous motor cars, and the sidewalk in front of the hotel was becoming a glistening river of silk-hatted men and jeweled, fur-wrapped women. In one wink it was turned into indescribable confusion. Policemen plunged among the panic-stricken horses, struggling to clear the way for the fire engines, which were already heralded by screaming siren and madly clanging gong.

Somehow, by a series of miracles, the street was cleared and into the open space charged the fire engines and the long centipedes of the ladder trucks, jumping the curb as they deployed across the whole width of the street. Green patrol wagons with clamoring

gongs dumped platoons of big brass-buttoned men in blue who flourished night sticks and, adding hearty Irish curses to the uproar, shoved hamlike hands into haughty faces and well-fed stomachs. They eventually contrived to push back the solid mass of the crowd to a safe distance.

All the while a badly scared and completely fascinated girl crouched in her doorway refuge, far inside the fire lines. She saw the firemen run squirrel-like up the sheer face of the building, climbing one scaling ladder and unfastening, as they climbed, a second ladder from their belts to hook over a still higher window ledge, and go on without a second's break in the ascent.

As one after another the climbing men disappeared, there was a pause. Then from the vast crowd in the street went up a sort of awe-struck moan. The firemen were coming back. One after another their burly figures appeared upon the window ledges, and in their arms or over their shoulders were white shapes. Back down the ladders they came, but gently now and carefully.

As each new figure, in its turn, appeared at a window, that same huge inarticulate sound — a vast 'O-o-oh!' that had in it more of awe than sympathy — went up from the huge crowd. And through and under it, through the crackling roar of the flames and the hiss and splash of water, you could hear the *thumpa-thumpa-thumpa* of the engines.

Somewhere far off a chime rang its changes; a big bell tolled one deep note. But it was a tap on my shoulder that at last broke the spell.

'You've had about enough of this,' said a familiar voice. 'Too much. It's time for you to go home.'

It was Jerome Sigel. That lurking shadow of mischief had gone from his face. He looked tired and troubled.

'Thank you, Mr. Sigel,' I said, try-

ing hard to keep the quaver out of my voice. 'I don't know how long I've been here. I must go right home.'

'Yes,' he said, and the impish light was reawakened in his eye. 'And I am going to take you there. Let's go get a cab.'

'Oh no, no, no, Mr. Sigel,' said I hurriedly, suddenly emerging, under the stimulus of an older fear, from the trance which had held me for an hour. 'You need n't; you really need n't — all I have to do is to get a car right here, transfer at the Circle, and go straight up to 104th Street. Mother will be in the window watching every car that stops. She must have been waiting for an hour. She will be horribly worried. Please, I'm all right, Mr. Sigel — thank you so much.'

'A cab will be much quicker,' said Jerome Sigel decisively. 'Don't be silly.'

He fairly bundled me, still protesting, but more faintly, into a taxicab — where I promptly dived into the far corner like a rabbit into its hole. If I could, I would have burrowed under the cushions. It was, as a matter of fact, my first experience with a taxicab; and here I found myself, late at night, alone in one with a man — and the man, of all the predatory males of New York City, was the notorious Jerry Sigel!

That monster of iniquity, grinning like a roly-poly hyena, promptly proceeded to burlesque my actions, shrinking back as far as possible into the opposite corner and holding his cane, gripped firmly in both hands, as a defensive barrier between us.

'One-hundred-and-fourth Street and Central Park West,' he called to the driver.

To my utter bewilderment he failed to add, 'Drive through the park.'

I wedged myself more firmly into my corner. Obviously the omission of that standard device of the predatory,

against which I had so many times been warned by more experienced fellow workers, could only cloak some still deeper and more dangerous design. But there were in those days equally standard defensive tactics for imperiled female virtue. My hand went up to my head and fumbled for the reassuring knob of the long skewer which held in place my flat, wide-brimmed straw 'soup-plate.'

A chuckle came from the sinister figure in the corner.

'Well,' observed Jerome Sigel, 'getting ready for a Battle for your Honor may at least help you to forget that horrible business at the fire.'

Following that first observation, he spoke exactly twice more during our three-mile ride. The lights at each successive street corner revealed his cherubic countenance beaming placidly, in amiable self-satisfaction mingled with friendly concern, upon me. For an abandoned villain he bore a puzzling resemblance to a Boy Scout in the midst of his good deed for the day.

Once he called my attention to the beauty of the sky line of Fifth Avenue, across the park, and the delicate tracery of the trees against the sky, both of them silhouetted by the wavering glare of the gas plants along the East River. I preserved a stony silence.

Presently he suggested that I might prefer to have the cab trail a north-bound Eighth Avenue car, and let me out just behind it as we came to 104th Street, so that I might appear to have descended from the trolley and thus conceal my guilt in having been brought home in a cab by a man. My rejection of this artful proposal exploded with all the abrupt vehemence of a firecracker, and brought a loud laugh from him, which had scarcely died away when we drew up before my home.

Jerome Sigel sprang nimbly out; had I been a duchess, I could not have been more ceremoniously handed down to the sidewalk. I waved to Mother, anxiously awaiting me in the front window, as I had known she would be. He gallantly raised his hat to her, preceded me to the outer door, opened it, and bowed me into the vestibule.

As I turned to forestall any attempt on his part to follow me further, I discovered that he was already halfway back down the front steps. He paused on the sidewalk, leered impudently up at me, waved a taunting finger, and called out:—

'That's the time I fooled you, little girl!'

It really did not take very long, after that night of the fire, for the realization to penetrate my prejudice-encased young skull that I had played the vain and conceited fool, and had given Jerry Sigel a wholly unnecessary amount of amusement at my expense.

Naturally the first effect of this was to make me still more furious with him, which, equally naturally, still further increased his amusement. But this gradually gave place to a more wholesome humility, out of which I emerged with a better understanding of Jerry Sigel, and, somewhat to my own surprise, a genuine liking for him.

We eventually arrived, in this manner, at a wholly comfortable footing of mutual banter, accompanied on his part by various small friendly attentions. I remember that he presented me with a book of tickets for rides in the taxicabs of the Mason-Seaman Company, in which either he or his uncle had an interest, his accompanying comment being that, having personally subjected me to thorough test, he knew now, and would if necessary assure my mother, that I could be trusted in any taxicab.

RULE BY PUBLIC OPINION

BY HARWOOD L. CHILDS

I

WRITING in 1893 before the present era of straw votes and public-opinion polls, James Bryce described what he considered to be various stages in the evolution of rule by public opinion. In the first stage, public opinion is passive, merely acquiescing in the exercise of a political authority which it is accustomed to obey. A second stage is reached when conflicts arise between unenlightened rulers and a public awakened to a sense of its real power. When, however, public opinion becomes an active and controlling factor in moulding public policy, exerting its influence through representative bodies and periodical elections, a third stage emerges, characteristic of most civilized states to-day.

Of even greater significance than this threefold classification is Lord Bryce's allusion to a fourth stage. 'A fourth stage would be reached,' he stated, 'if the will of the majority of the citizens were to become ascertainable at all times, and without the need of its passing through a body of representatives, possibly even without the need of voting machinery at all. . . . To such a condition of things the phrase, "Rule of public opinion," might be most properly applied, for public opinion would not only reign but govern.'

Bryce had no illusions, however, as to our proximity to this stage: 'The mechanical difficulties, as one may call them, of working such a method of gov-

ernment are obvious. How is the will of the majority to be ascertained except by counting votes? How, without the greatest inconvenience, can votes be frequently taken on all the chief questions that arise? . . . But what I desire to point out, is that even where the machinery for weighing or measuring the popular will from week to week or month to month has not been, and is not likely to be invented, there may nevertheless be a disposition on the part of the rulers, whether ministers or legislators, to act as if it existed; that is to say, to look incessantly for manifestations of current popular opinion, and to shape their course in accordance with their reading of those manifestations.'

In view of the interest which is now displayed in public-opinion polls, the question arises, What progress has been made since Bryce wrote in ascertaining the state of public opinion? Have the mechanical difficulties to which he referred been resolved? Is it now possible for public officials to know from week to week and month to month precisely what public opinion is? In short, are we now entering a stage in the evolution of rule by public opinion in which the will of the majority is virtually ascertainable at all times? If so, what are likely to be the consequences of elevating public opinion to a stage where it 'would not only reign but govern'?

We certainly live in a stage in the evolution of rule by public opinion when political authorities 'look incessantly for manifestations of current popular opinion.' One of these manifestations is the official election. As a device for ascertaining the state of the public mind, the election process, however adequate it is for the purpose of selecting officials, suffers from the fact that at best it is cumbersome, expensive, operates only at stated intervals, and seldom functions so as to give a precise indication of what the public actually thinks on major issues. The outcome of presidential elections, for example, may clearly indicate which of several candidates the public prefers, but give only the vaguest notion regarding the actual state of public opinion on selected issues.

Another indication of public opinion is the press. Every morning President Roosevelt and the heads of the national administrative departments find on their desks a publication called the *Press Intelligence Bulletin*, possibly the strangest newspaper in the world. Its one hundred and more pages contain an indexed digest of articles from 400 newspapers published in every city in the United States of more than 50,000 population and in the state capitals or most important cities of states having no cities that size. This journal has been called an 'opinion seismograph,' for it seeks to register trends of public opinion throughout the United States daily. In fact the press has been so generally employed as a means for ascertaining the state of public opinion that in many cases the word 'press' is often used as practically synonymous with 'public opinion.'

The newspapers of a country do undoubtedly reflect the opinion of a large number of persons. But just how precise the correlation is between the editorial opinions of particular newspapers and a given public we do not know.

And it is no reflection on the press to say this, for it has never assumed the responsibility for auditing public opinion periodically. Editorially it expresses its own opinion, which may or may not represent the current opinion of the time. Lucy Salmon in her definitive study, *The Newspaper and the Historian*, has evaluated exhaustively the reliability of the press as an index of public opinion, and it is unnecessary to repeat her analysis. It is only necessary to emphasize that the press, even at its best, is merely a manifestation of public opinion — a manifestation, however, which public officials watch most carefully.

A third indication of public opinion which serves to guide the actions and thoughts of public officials is the pronouncements of pressure groups. It would be a courageous public official who ignored, for example, the programmes and policies of such groups as the American Farm Bureau Federation, the American Federation of Labor, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Legion, to mention only a few. In spite of claims to the contrary, however, such groups cannot speak for the generality of the electorate. Most public officials realize this and seek to find out just how representative a particular group is. Like newspapers, pressure groups reflect in their opinions an indefinable approximation to public opinion in the sense of the opinion of the entire voting population.

These pressure-group manifestations of public opinion are, however, highly significant. Taken together, they may reveal a rather close approximation to the opinion of the electorate as a whole. In fact, as A. F. Bentley pointed out in his classic work, *The Process of Government*, an understanding of group activities may be the best key we have to an understanding of political processes generally. And if we assemble and an-

alyze pressure-group programmes, even though we do not obtain a precise index of public opinion at the time, we may be anticipating by weeks, perhaps months, public opinion as it finally crystallizes in action.

There are, of course, other manifestations of public opinion. Congressmen as well as scenario artists have their fan mail. Politicians have their scouts tip-toeing in out-of-the-way places, interviewing, observing, cogitating. The expression, or lack of it, on the faces of those attending public meetings; the amount of applause which greets the announcement of a new tax programme; the response to appeals for campaign funds; the reactions of audiences to news reels; the compiled returns from precinct captains and ward bosses, all constitute factors of importance to the official ear.

For those with long experience in the political arena, these manifestations may have an esoteric value, not so much as indices of public opinion on vital issues, but as signs pointing the way to political success or defeat. Nevertheless progress in the art or science of identifying public opinion has, so far as public officials are concerned, remained practically stationary. Substantially the same methods are now employed as were employed by Alexander Hamilton and Andrew Jackson, and with about the same results.

II

Within the past two decades the possibilities of devising techniques for accurately ascertaining the state of public opinion have been explored by various institutions and private agencies. The motives prompting this activity are varied. In the first place, an announcement of a convincing statement of what public opinion really is has news value. As early as 1900, newspapers began to take preëlection polls

on candidates, and in some cases attempted to ascertain opinion on particular issues. As newspapers generally grasped the possibilities of this practice, the results of such polls came to have an established place in the news columns of the press.

In the second place, convincing statements of what public opinion is have a propaganda value. Psychologists have acquainted us with the influence exerted upon wavering opinions by the so-called 'impression of universality,' and political campaigners as well as promoters of all kinds have been quick to seize upon the opportunities offered by straw polls to sway the 'band-wagon' vote. We have no way of measuring precisely the effect which is exerted upon public opinion by announcements that everybody is doing it, or that 65.33 per cent of the people are opposed to the sales tax. It is sufficient to know that party leaders act as if such statements had a propaganda effect.

In the third place, such information has a commercial value. Knowledge is not only power, but profit. Radio broadcasting companies, motion picture producers, advertisers, manufacturers, and producers generally have to conform more or less to the demands of the public. Hence the rise of market research agencies specializing in opinion census taking; the result, elaborate tables of listening habits, programme preferences, theatre attendance, and classified opinions for different publics regarding soap, automobiles, or the relative desirability of glass and paper milk containers.

And finally, knowledge of what public opinion is has an academic value. Considerable ingenuity has been displayed by academicians in devising questionnaires of varying degrees of complication. Usually the public to which such questionnaires can be and are submitted is small and in some

cases unique, but the results, even though they do not give an index of a public opinion which is socially and politically significant, have a certain curiosity value, and may, if properly tabulated and diagramed, satisfy the requirements for a degree. This is not to imply that all academic researches relative to questionnaire technique are of slight value. Professor Thurstone's discovery of a method for actually measuring degrees of favor and disfavor toward candidates and issues may pave the way to a better understanding of public opinion and the forces that are influential in its formation. But for the present these academic researches have not supplied us with techniques for continuous public-opinion auditing, such as would characterize Bryce's fourth stage in the evolution of rule by public opinion.

One of the most elaborate experiments in polling public opinion is the *Literary Digest* poll, a venture which has done much to stimulate interest in the problem of opinion identification. The *Literary Digest* began its straw polls and forecasting activities in 1916. Since then it has conducted nine nation-wide polls, three on the question of prohibition, one on the nature of a presidential primary, two on the New Deal, and three on general presidential elections. In all of its polls the *Literary Digest* submits to its voters a postcard ballot containing a very limited number of direct questions to be answered yes or no. The selection and phrasing of the questions are the work of the editorial staff. These ballots are then sent to a carefully prepared list of persons, numbering, in the recent New Deal poll, more than 10,000,000. In making up this list the *Literary Digest* uses telephone directories and automobile registrations, taking infinite care to avoid duplications. These polls have established a surprising record for suggestiveness in predicting the outcome

of elections, although, as Professor Robinson and others have pointed out, the polls have been affected at times by party bias. As a device for continuous public-opinion auditing, however, the *Digest* polls have distinct limitations. The undertaking is so tremendously expensive and so cumbersome that it cannot be resorted to frequently. And however advantageous to the periodical from the promotional point of view, its frequent use soon reaches the point of diminishing returns.

III

During the past year two experiments have been launched to test the possibility of applying to the practice of public-opinion census taking what is known as the proportional method of sampling. In principle the method of sampling is simple. Instead of attempting to secure a complete enumeration of opinions of those who constitute the voting public, an effort is made to secure a cross section of this public which will adequately and fairly represent the whole.

In July 1935, the magazine *Fortune* undertook to apply to 'factual journalism the technique of the commercial survey — a sampling of public opinion by methods long familiar to the industrialist in the sampling of ore or cotton.' Every three months the editors select a list of questions which are carefully edited to remove ambiguities and indefiniteness. These questions are then submitted by special interviewers to a group of 3000 persons presumed to constitute a representative sample of the entire voting population of the country.

How is this group of persons selected? Having decided that the primary and determinative factors in the opinion-forming process are (1) the geographical section of the country in which persons live, (2) whether they live in urban

or rural communities, (3) their income, (4) their sex, and (5) their age, the editors proceed as follows: 'The number of persons interviewed in each classification bears as nearly as possible the same ratio to the total sample as the members of that class bear to the total population.' However, because of the commercial interests of the magazine, they do not always 'follow the census as literally as this in balancing the sample by economic levels, because *Fortune* is interested in opinions and buying habits.' For example, in seeking to obtain a representative cross section in terms of the income factor, four economic groups are arbitrarily distinguished, — the prosperous, the upper middle class, the lower middle class, and the poor, — and the proportions included in each sample are arbitrarily fixed as follows: 10 per cent for the first group, 30 per cent for the second, 40 per cent for the third, and 20 per cent for the fourth. As the editors state, 'The proportions are arbitrary from the very nature of the divisions desired, but they make sense when compared with available figures.' Although in most cases the five factors mentioned above are made the basis for their samples, in some cases, and for particular questions, other factors such as race and religion are used.

It is obvious that the success of the *Fortune* polls depends upon the validity of the sampling procedure, for, as the editors state, 'The balancing of the sample according to these variables is the most important element in the accuracy of the results.'

In October 1935, the American Institute of Public Opinion began the publication of the results of its weekly polls on national issues. Every Sunday in seventy-two newspapers throughout the country a full-page display of its findings appears, carefully tabulated, with comments by persons specially informed on the issues involved. The

Institute itself is a commercial enterprise, supporting itself from the proceeds of subscriptions to its syndicated service. As in the case of the *Fortune* polls, emphasis is placed upon sampling, the attempt to find a group of persons fairly representative of the nation's voters in matters of opinion. The Institute hopes, if successful, to lessen the expense and at the same time to secure a frequent and reliable census of public opinion throughout the country.

The research staff of the Institute, after consultation with the editors in whose papers the results of the polls appear, prepares a questionnaire containing a list of questions pertaining to one or more major issues of the day. Care is taken to frame the questions so that they will be definite, pertinent, and easily understandable. This process of framing and editing is one of importance, and may begin weeks before the ballots are finally printed. The questionnaire is printed on postcard ballots, to be mailed directly to the voters, and on blanks to be used by the Institute's selected list of 250 interviewers throughout the country.

In selecting its sample of 100,000 persons to be questioned, the Institute endeavors to include a proper proportion of persons in different age groups; of those in different income categories, from millionaires to people on relief; of those living in cities and in the country; of Republicans and Democrats; and a proper proportion of men and women. It seeks to guard against errors by ensuring that so far as possible the distribution of returns, and not merely the distribution of ballots sent, shall be representative. This is important, for experience shows that as a rule not more than 20 per cent of the ballots sent are returned, and those so returned may not fairly represent the several classes polled unless care is taken to see that they do so.

In view of the importance attached

to the method of sampling, it is interesting to note in more detail the procedure followed. In the first place, in order to secure a proper distribution of Republicans and Democrats, ballots are submitted to voters in selected counties in each state most nearly representative of the state as a whole in the vote for presidential candidates in 1932. In order to secure a proper distribution of ballots from urban as well as rural dwellers, at least two counties are selected from each state, one representative of the rural vote of the state in 1932 and one representative of the urban vote. In other words, counties are so selected in each state that they will represent fairly the party complexion and urban-rural distribution of the state as a whole. The Institute is now experimenting with other factors in an effort to improve further the representative character of its sampling process.

Allowances having been made for the above-mentioned factors in selecting the counties to be polled, the next step is to obtain in each county a cross section that will adequately take account of the income factor. To this end a fixed percentage of the ballots sent to a particular county will go to persons selected at random from lists of automobile owners, who, on the basis of experience, have been found to represent what may be called the middle income group. In order to obtain an adequate representation of persons in the higher income brackets, a definite number of ballots are sent to persons selected at random from lists of telephone subscribers. And the remaining ballots are distributed among those on relief or among those whose names appear on registered voters' lists and have not been included heretofore. Finally, in order to assure a proper representation of 'new voters,' — young people, who must always be considered in the construction of a fair sample, — special

care is taken to see that at least 15 per cent of all ballots returned come from this group.

IV

To what extent have the experiments of the magazine *Fortune* and the American Institute of Public Opinion demonstrated that the mechanical difficulties to which Bryce alluded have been overcome? Have they at last discovered a technique whereby, without too great expense, frequent, periodic, and reliable polls of electoral opinion throughout the United States can be taken? The answers to these questions depend in large part upon the validity of their sampling techniques. How may we test the validity of the samples employed? No amount of statistical refinements in tabulating figures can compensate for an invalid sample.

In the first place, any attempt to determine arbitrarily what factors in the opinion-forming process are important enough to be taken into account in constituting a sample can at best be only presumptive and not conclusive. How can we be sure, for example, that age, income, residence, party affiliation, and sex are all the factors that should be considered, or even the most important? What about race, religion, occupation, and many other factors which in some instances may be of primary importance? In taking over into the field of opinion research the sampling technique used with so much success in the field of marketing, it should be remembered that on many social, political, and even economic questions there may well be factors to be considered which would be of slight consequence in attempting to sample a public's reaction to commercial products and practices. Both the Institute and the magazine *Fortune* are aware of these difficulties and are seeking in an empirical fashion to discover what factors are of primary importance in the case of par-

ticular issues. Experience with commercial surveys and candidate polls has furnished many interesting hypotheses, but experience with non-economic questions has thus far been too limited to justify imperative answers.

In other words, the ultimate test of the validity of a sample is not a logical one in the sense that sponsors of polls on particular issues can determine in advance the precise factors which should be taken into consideration in constructing a valid cross section of the voting population for polling purposes. But there are tests of another character which may be employed to advantage. In the case of market surveys the results can be checked against sales, and in the case of candidate polls, and some issues, against official election returns. If on repeated occasions there is a high degree of correlation, there is a strong presumption that the sample used was valid.

But what about issues where checks of this kind do not exist? There are two tests that may be applied. If, by using the same cross section, as the size of the sample is increased the distribution of returns tends to remain stable, or become more stable, there is a strong likelihood that the sample is valid. In the second place, if by taking a succession of small samples, using the same cross-sectional basis, the distribution of returns in each case is substantially the same, there is also a strong probability of validity. These so-called pragmatic tests are in the final analysis about the only tests of the validity of sampling procedures. The size of the sample is not the important thing, necessarily. The cross section used is also not the significant thing *unless* the final returns closely approximate what the returns would be if a complete enumeration were made. And the only way to test this approximation, in the absence of a complete enumeration, is to increase

the sample and note whether the returns become stabilized, or take a succession of samples and note the degree of correlation among them.

The conclusions which we may draw are clear. As onlookers and in some cases subjects of experimentation we need to have a lively skepticism of statistical precision in these matters. We, along with the sponsors of these polls, must recognize the difficulties involved. At the same time we may properly color our skepticism with a certain degree of enthusiasm and encouragement, especially when we perceive that serious attempts are being made, not to claim for such researches and experimentation more than should be read into them, but to extend the frontiers of precise knowledge in this important field of public-opinion research.

V

Notwithstanding the difficulties yet to be overcome, these attempts to devise practical techniques for accurate and frequent public-opinion auditing are significant. In the first place, they demonstrate and emphasize the shortcomings of current methods for ascertaining the state of the public mind, particularly on issues of national importance. In these days of rapid social change, when new and important problems are arising continually, the need for frequent public-opinion auditing is indicated. Official elections, however, because of their infrequency and the vague and elusive qualities of party platforms, have come more and more to be devices for selecting public officials, rather than instruments for bringing to light the precise state of public opinion on specific issues.

Apparent also are the limitations of such devices as the press, representations of pressure groups, mass meetings, and esoteric schemes of canvassing and poll-taking whereby the public mind

reveals itself spasmodically, and often in such a way as to place a heavy burden on the imagination of the legislator and administrator. Whether or not the new school of experts in opinion identification ultimately perfect procedures for accurate and continuous public-opinion polls, their efforts presage a more careful reappraisal of our traditional methods of making public opinion articulate.

In the second place, these newer experiments will probably evoke a more critical attitude on the part of public officials as well as the people generally toward the claims of groups and individuals purporting to speak the voice of the people. A public which reads discussions of the technical accuracy of a *Literary Digest* poll or an American Institute poll, and begins to think in terms of the adequacy of a sample, probable errors, and coefficients of correlation, is certain to become more and more skeptical of statements by individuals and interested minorities that public opinion is thus and so. In time it may be bold enough to ask, 'What public are you talking about? Did you make a complete enumeration? If not, what method did you employ in sampling your public?' Pressure groups of all colors and persuasions seek to identify their objectives with the public interest, striving to create the impression that they speak for the whole of the nation, or at least the intelligent portion of it. As the public becomes more statistically-minded the opinions of such groups will stand revealed for what they are, the opinions of those doing the talking. This will be a gain.

In the third place, these efforts to improve the existing procedure of opinion identification may encourage a more widespread discussion of important public questions. Those who receive the weekly ballots issued by the American Institute of Public Opinion, whether they mark and return them

or not, have many problems brought to their attention the importance of which they may have only dimly perceived. Even if they have perceived them as problems, they probably have not grasped the specific issues involved. How difficult it is to grasp these issues no one realizes better than the sponsors of these polls themselves. Political leaders and group leaders generally are often quite as interested in confusing as in clarifying issues. Whatever the reaction of the voter may be to the questionnaires he receives, he has before him as a rule a list of questions which not only may focus his attention upon important public problems, stimulate perhaps a modicum of thought, but also may serve to clarify the issues involved and to that extent further an intelligent decision.

Progress in the art of opinion identification may sooner or later raise questions not only difficult to answer, but at the very centre of the problem of democratic government. In the first place, what of the effect of such polls on public opinion itself? Will public opinion's new rise to power sober and chasten it, or will the knowledge of its new rôle make it more susceptible than ever to emotional appeals, thereby accentuating the tyranny of mere numbers, and leading to even more violent swings of the pendulum than heretofore?

Again, how may the dangers of fraud, manipulation, and corruption in the use of these new polling devices be obviated? Their value as instruments of propaganda is generally recognized. To the extent that individuals are influenced in their thinking by what others think, to that extent pronouncements that 75.9 per cent of the people in the United States favor or oppose a given programme of action exercise their influence — hence a strong incentive to make such pronouncements, when it is to the advantage of a par-

ticular group to do so, regardless of the accuracy of the data upon which they are based.

No one, I believe, can fairly question the honesty of purpose and painstaking care that accompany the polling efforts of such agencies as the American Institute of Public Opinion and the *Literary Digest*. They have taken every effort to avoid the danger of ballot stuffing and manipulation. They desire to find the truth, if for no other reason than a commercial one. But they are dealing with instruments of power. And in other hands our reverence for statistics might be used against us. The dangers are not merely those of crass fraud. There are an infinite number of ways, some of them very subtle, for using these techniques for private rather than public advantage. The selection of questions, their phrasing, the timing of the polls, as well as the statistical treatment of the results, are phases of the problem that present difficulties. In the case of polls on candidates, the results can be checked against official returns, and frequent errors may of themselves tend to discredit the enterprise. But in the case of polls on issues there exists no such obvious check, not even the check of competition. For it would be only the most extraordinary coincidence that would enable the public validly to check one poll against another. This is a serious problem, and will become more serious as the techniques are perfected, or appear to be perfected. It is of course possible that agencies now engaged in the task of opinion auditing will discover some method to protect themselves against the unscrupulous. Otherwise further progress will be retarded, if not altogether obstructed, by the loss of prestige that follows repeated charges of corruption and manipulation.

Recently there was introduced in Congress a bill designed to prohibit

such polls of opinion as are now being conducted by the American Institute of Public Opinion and the *Literary Digest*. Like many other efforts to mitigate abuses, this attempt to outlaw experiments in opinion identification would simply destroy the wheat with the chaff. When used merely for propaganda purposes, such polls are no more and no less reprehensible than other means that may be employed to further a given cause. Conceived, however, as experiments designed to test the validity of Bryce's assertion that continuous public-opinion auditing is desirable but impossible, they justify a more intelligent kind of treatment.

Others assert that public-opinion polls are so vested with the public interest that the government itself should conduct them. Would it not be desirable, for example, for the Bureau of the Census to include among its activities frequent and continuous censuses of public opinion? This might be done in connection with its present extensive census-taking activities, and, as sampling techniques are improved, they might be used to supplement more extensive enumerations. Periodic reports on the state of the public mind may be quite as significant and valuable for public purposes as monthly and yearly reports on population density or the number of radios per family. Such polls would assist legislators in formulating general legislative policies, and also serve to guide administrative officials in the exercise of their discretionary powers, as, for example, in the conduct of foreign affairs. There seems to be no valid reason why the government should not undertake such experiments, provided care was taken to protect the public interest as over against the interests of minority groups seeking to exploit such services for private ends. Protection might be afforded by establishing an omni-partisan advisory board composed of legislative and ad-

ministrative leaders to define explicitly the policy to be followed in selecting questions, conducting the polls, and utilizing the results. Inasmuch as such polls would probably have a prestige greater than that possessed by private undertakings of a similar character, care should be taken to indicate precisely the limits within which such polls could properly be regarded as accurate.

What is likely to be the effect of more accurate and continuous public-opinion auditing upon our representative system of government, upon elections, and upon public policy? In the fourth stage which Lord Bryce envisaged, the need, he said, for electoral machinery and representative bodies would disappear. Perhaps we do not need to concern ourselves with such remote possibilities. Certainly we are far from realizing those conditions which Bryce stipulated as prerequisites for such a fourth stage. Nevertheless, we may not

ignore the fact that the results of such polls may influence public officials, especially if they rely on their accuracy. But how will such results influence them? Will they tend to undermine their sense of responsibility for leading public opinion? Will they tend, perhaps, to encourage public officials to follow courses they think unwise? Or will they tend to encourage more effective leadership, more strenuous efforts on the part of those in authority to inform the public and persuade it to follow intelligent courses of action?

If we are indeed entering this fourth stage we should carefully consider just how far and to what extent we really want public opinion to govern. After all, the fourth stage in the evolution of public opinion may prove to be, not a stage in which public opinion governs as well as reigns, but a stage in which it exercises its power more effectively through the wise choice of representatives and leaders.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

VENEZUELAN IDYLL

As the ship approached the Venezuelan port of La Guaira, the Princes, the Britts, and I began making plans for our day ashore.

'Let's drive to Caracas,' said Mr. Prince.

'That would be fun. Is it far?'

'Not very. I think it's only six miles as the crow flies, but the road winds a good deal.'

Why does a road wind? Unfortunately, I never asked myself that question. Nor did the topless peaks of coastal Venezuela convey any warning. As for guidebooks, in my eagerness to avoid being a tourist on a tour, I was far too supercilious to read them. A casual glance at any of them would have showed that this was not the ride for me. I have speed-phobia and height-phobia.

I was tired of shipboard, and the prospect of a leisurely drive through the broad tropical savannas lulled me into pleasant anticipation. Besides — I suddenly remembered.

'There's a charming young couple I met on Martha's Vineyard two years ago,' I said, 'and they spend their winters in Caracas. They told me to be sure to look them up if ever I came to Venezuela. Of course at that time I did n't think it very likely.'

'Great!' said Mr. Britt. 'That gives us an objective and we'll see the town from the inside.'

'Not too far inside, I hope,' Mrs. Prince remarked thoughtfully. 'Eleven were shot at La Guaira last night, including the governor.'

'It's open season on politicians now that Gomez is dead.' Mrs. Britt, who boasted a steel nervous system, seemed amused at the possibility of being caught in a revolution. 'You ought to have heard that Indian who came on board this morning. "Gomez no good. Now he dead, we have revolution again. Wait till April, you'll see. Ah! Bang, bang! You wait till April!"'

'If only they will,' I murmured.

But I was reassured, when we landed, by the placidity of the little port. An eagerness

to please on the part of the natives seemed the reflection of the rich sunshine that billowed through the air. Mr. Prince, who had conducted negotiations, led us to a long Packard car, manned by a Negro driver.

'This is the best chauffeur in town,' he announced. 'He'll take us there and back for two dollars apiece. That's what the head man told me. He's the only one who knows any English.'

'Does n't the driver speak any English?' Mr. Britt asked.

'Not a word.'

A premonition chilled me and I asked rather nervously if any of us spoke Spanish. Mrs. Prince, without answering me directly, engaged the driver in a conversation which seemed to me rather at cross-purposes.

And so we drove off.

The road followed the sea for a while, and I was interested in a row of pretty villas which apparently had been sacked and quit- ted. Our driver, who kept more of an eye on his passengers than on the road, lifted both hands from the steering wheel and gesticulated toward these buildings.

'I think he says,' interpreted Mrs. Prince, 'that these were once the homes of Gomez's mistresses, but now that the revolution has come the poor live in the houses of the rich.' As a row of woolly heads appeared at a broken window I wondered what the advantage was.

Just as I was falling into a contemplative mood, the driver became tense, pressed the accelerator down to the floor, and the car shot forward — and upward. Even as the mariner, safely home from the sea, feels terra firma heaving beneath his feet, so do I now, in this quiet room, feel the dizzy horror I experienced as our car pranced up those narrow angles folded back and forth like a piece of string against the towering mountains.

Oh, the memory of that zigzag road, carefully graded with the turns sloping downward at the edge! Thirty miles of it, up and up, clinging to the edge of precipices,

bending back on itself every hundred feet, not in curves, but in the acutest of angles. Faster and faster we climbed, in high gear all the way, the outside tires screeching as we slewed round an angle on two wheels and within two inches of a mile drop.

'My God, Mrs. Prince,' I groaned. 'Have you forgotten your Spanish? Don't you know the word for "slow"?''

'*Despacio!*' she screamed, and tore vainly at her hat as it was ripped off her head by the mountain wind and sent spinning down among the eagles that wheeled a thousand feet below us.

'*Despacio!*'

The driver redoubled his speed.

'Perhaps in the Venezuelan dialect the word means "with dispatch,"' I suggested.

At frequent intervals along the road are white crosses marking the spots where parties of motorists have plunged over the edge. They went by so fast I thought they were a white wooden fence.

After an hour and a half of this living death, we reached Caracas and I settled back to salvage the shattered remnant of my nerves. But our mountain climber had his town tricks as well. Plunging down the wrong side of narrow streets, he would sight the densest knot of human beings and aim for them at top speed. Lost in this inglorious sport, he twice mounted the sidewalk in pursuit.

'Of course,' said Mrs. Prince hopefully, 'if we kill too many we may spend some months in a Venezuelan jail.'

Suddenly Mrs. Britt, who had hitherto admitted to no nervousness at all, spoke out in the same trumpet-like tones with which Columbus's lookout announced land. 'The Plaza Bolivar! Let's get out.'

We got out and paid off the driver.

'I'd like to sign your death warrant,' said Mrs. Prince.

'May you be elected President of Venezuela,' said Mr. Britt.

'If your tires burst it's just too bad,' said Mr. Prince.

'I wish you would shout, "Long live the Dictator!"' said Mrs. Britt.

'May your homeward journey be marked with a white cross,' said I.

Bowing and smiling at each compliment, the driver climbed back into his seat. He has not been heard from since.

'And now,' said Mrs. Prince, 'let us look up those friends of yours, the charming young couple. I feel just like a charming young couple, several cocktails, and an easy chair. Incidentally, I think it will be just as well if we return by railroad.'

We all agreed.

'Well, shall we set off to the —' I began.

'Let's,' said Mrs. Britt.

'Shall we set off to the —' I repeated mechanically.

Suddenly I knew I had forgotten the name. Terror had frozen their name in the depths of my memory. We never called on the —. Nor could I call on them now. Every time I prod my memory I have the sensation of dropping five thousand feet.

FOR BOOKWORMS

ONE of the stock questions with which we sometimes plague our fellow creatures is: What is your favorite book? Like most trite questions, it is most unprecise. More correctly it should run: Which is your favorite book for such and such an occasion? Certainly people will have one favorite book during the fortunate and epic state of being a boy just hesitating whether to make himself a sling or to read Oliver Curwood; another when suffering from the confusion of puberty; another when over head and ears in love; still another for the greater and more serious part of life spent in hunting through the tresses with a comb for the first gray hair and its successors.

That, of course, is an old story; it is only surprising that while books are published 'for children,' or 'adolescents,' they are not also published with the express designation that they are for young donkeys or old graybeards, divorced husbands or lonely misanthropists. Even disregarding these differences of age, it is not every book, however good in itself, which suits every situation. For instance, the Bible is not particularly suitable as reading matter for a train journey. Poems are not usually put in dentists' waiting rooms for patients to while away the time of waiting. A man does not envelop himself in Hugo's *Les Misérables* with his morning coffee, but rather in the newspaper. Only the newspaper is made for the morning reader, with his

mouth full of roll or hanging to a strap in the tram. Newspapers are the sails under which we sail into the full day. Magazines, on the other hand, are best read after the midday meal, while books, like love or orgies, are mainly a nocturnal occupation.

The matter becomes far more complicated as soon as we examine the various circumstances of life. If you are run down you choose reading matter which is like a good slice of meat; you do not want to nibble at something dainty, but to hack valiantly like a wood cutter at work; and you choose a fat novel with a good plot — if possible a thriller, but if not a thriller, then an adventure story, preferably seafaring. At a time of mild indisposition and when a prey to worry or overwork, your preference is for exotic, historic, or Utopian novels, mainly because these distant climes and ages do not really concern you.

In the case of sudden illness you long for some extremely exciting and absorbing reading which must not be sentimental and must end happily — in other words, a detective story. If the illness be chronic, you put aside detective novels and seek out something genial and hearty: probably it will be Dickens. A careful reader will note that Dickens and Gogol are authors who arouse a taste for food.

To what book one gives preference in the hour of death I have not yet investigated, but I am assured by a high authority on the subject that in jail and when life is in danger Dostoevski is not the author most easily digested; *in carcere et catenis* the most comforting books are said to be *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *The Three Musketeers*, or Stendhal's *Rouge et Noir*.

On Sunday, people like to read essays, because in this way they can be mildly bored in an odor of sanctity; or classical works, to read which is considered 'the duty of every educated man.' Sunday reading, on the whole, is rather like the performance of some honorable deed, while everyday reading resembles a profligate orgy. On summer holidays the best things to read are the old almanacs and annuals as far as they are to be found at one's country lodgings; when there are none, one takes the local paper. In the autumn, the best person to read is Anatole France, because of his peculiar mellowness; in winter,

readers will consume all possible sorts of fodder, and even put up with the bulky psychological novels which they markedly avoided in the summer.

Very fat novels are for bad weather and snowstorms; the worse the weather, the fatter the novel. In bed one does not read poetry, but prose; poems one reads perching lightly somewhere like a bird on a twig. On a journey a man will read Baedeker, the newspaper, the current chapter of a serial story, and topical pamphlets. When he has toothache he likes romantic literature, which he would scorn when he has a cold. When waiting for anything, — let us say a letter or a visit, — he prefers short stories, for instance Chekhov.

Besides these there are a great multitude of books which I am at a loss to classify, nor can I say in what exceptional circumstances they are read; I have not been able to get to the bottom of the subject.

GARDEN BLIGHTS

GARDENING, I told myself, is the most sociable of hobbies. The very nature of one's field of activities demands an audience. No one wants flowers to blush unseen or waste their sweetness. This was what I thought until last week.

Last week I worked hard, weeding, setting out new plants, dividing old ones. When at last I arose from my muddy knees, I felt elated, though weary, and eager to display the fruits of my labors. My first hope was an old friend who dropped in for tea. I restrained my impatience until she had been properly fed. Then I led her forth.

'Oh yes,' she cried, 'I'd love to see your garden. I'm so fond of flowers.'

As we neared the scene of my triumphs, and I was slowing down to begin my introductory speech, she tucked her arm in mine and said, 'I'm so glad to have a chance to chat with you alone. We have so many, many weeks to catch up.'

'Yes indeed,' I said vaguely. 'Now here is the entrance, you see. I'm very proud of my iris. I planned these clumps myself so that I have three months of continuous bloom.'

'How nice,' she said. 'Have you heard from Ann lately?'

'No,' I said, thinking to block that detour. It was the wrong answer.

'Well, I have,' said my guest, firmly planting her foot on my favorite sedum. 'She's been to a psychoanalyst and has a new ego — not a very nice one, if you ask me.' Nothing would have induced me to ask her, but that made no difference. I learned all about Ann's ego.

'We'll stay here by these clumps of iris until she looks at them,' I thought, but I finally took pity on the sedum and led her on. Ann's ego absorbed her until we had passed the peonies, about which I was bursting to talk. At last she paused for breath.

'You must notice my Scotch broom,' I said hastily. 'It's very rare in this country.'

'Did you know the Scotts were getting a divorce?' she asked. This time I knew better than to say no.

'Yes,' I said, concealing my surprise, 'I heard all about it.' But that did n't work, either.

'Oh, did you?' she said. 'I doubt if you know the whole truth. Few people do.' The whole truth carried us past my violas, my prize lupins, my rare old pinks. The only interruption was when she fell over the watering pot.

'I did n't see it,' she explained.

'No,' I said coldly, 'you were n't looking.'

It was several days before I recovered from this interview. I chose my next visitor more carefully. She was a real gardener, deeply interested in gardens, and she approached mine as eagerly as I did.

'The hedge,' I explained, 'has not recovered from the terrible winter of 1934. It died right down to the ground.'

'Don't talk to me about the winter of '34,' she cried. 'Do you know that I lost two box bushes that were a hundred years old, and that lovely Dr. Van Fleet rose that I planted myself in 1920?'

I expressed genuine sympathy and then began again. 'I'm very proud of my iris,' I said.

'Have you any Ambassadeurs?' she asked. 'You must get some. Mine are beautiful. They actually stand almost three feet high. I have another new variety, too — Moonlight. It's perfectly beautiful.'

I hurried her on to the peonies. 'These I

divided and set out myself,' I said proudly, knowing that a real gardener would appreciate what a feat this was.

'You have no single ones, have you?' she asked. 'I have the prettiest ones, pale pink, the Japanese variety. You must come over and look at them before they go by.'

I was speechless after this, but she was not. My lovely blue lupins reminded her of her lovelier pink ones, my violas of the apricot ones she had at last achieved.

'Have n't you any dahlias?' she asked.

'No,' I said firmly, 'I hate them.'

'Oh, but my dear, you would n't hate mine if you once saw them. The flowers are five inches across, they really are, and such lovely colors. I have some extra roots. I'll send them over.'

'What I really want,' I said to myself plaintively, 'is someone who will look at my garden and think about my garden for just a few minutes. It does n't seem too much to ask.' It was n't. I found her. She was the worst of all.

'I'm very proud of my iris,' I began.

'My dear,' she cried, 'how beautiful they are! I never saw a prettier combination of colors. Those pale lavender ones next to the deep purple are perfect, and that touch of yellow adds just the right contrast.' My soul began to expand.

'They are so perfect,' she went on, 'I think they ought to be where they would show off more. Could n't you put them over there with the stone wall for a background?'

'The peonies are there now,' I protested. 'I set those all out myself. You have no idea what a job it was digging up the old roots and dividing them.'

'Well, if I were you,' she said, 'I'd put the peonies over here.'

'Yes,' I said doubtfully, 'but these lupins took five years to grow, and they don't move well once they're established.'

'Oh, my dear,' she said, 'that's what the books tell you, but don't you believe it. You can move anything if you do it carefully. Speaking of moving,' she went on, 'I'm not sure I would n't move that hedge. It seems to me it would be more effective if you set it back about three feet.'

'Next year,' I said, 'I'm going to have a new hedge, a very tall one, made entirely of thorns.'

BECAUSE WOMEN LIKED KETTLES



IT IS TRUE that a man, and a bachelor at that, made the first commercial Aluminum. But it was the women of America who first gave it commercial importance. It seems incredible that, only fifty years ago, few homes in America contained a single ounce of Aluminum in any form. Today Aluminum ranks fifth in the great family of common metals. In the homes of 1936 there is hardly a room in which Aluminum is not serving, visibly or invisibly.

It all began with a teakettle.

Timidly, because men are creatures of habit and tradition, the young Aluminum industry ventured to make a teakettle of the new metal, because it would conduct heat so much faster than the older metals. The kettles were offered to women with some trepidation.

But women are bold spirits! They liked the kettles! The mere fact that the metal itself was new and comparatively unheard of, meant less than nothing to them, so long as they got results. They liked the kettles and they demanded other Aluminum cooking utensils that were light and bright and friendly to food.

This preference for lightness and brightness was quickly recognized by the men in the aggressive young electrical industry. Thanks to their enterprise, the teakettle and the shining Aluminum pots and

pans soon had labor-saving electrical appliances as working companions.

The electric vacuum cleaner, the drudgery-banishing electric washing machine, the smart electric waffle mold, and a score of other electrical appliances for easier and more gracious homekeeping, all made use of one or more of the advantages of this versatile metal. With the coming of electric refrigeration, ice cube trays were made of Aluminum to speed freezing.

It took more to make an industry than the discovery by Charles Martin Hall, in 1886, of an economical process for extracting Aluminum from the common mineral, bauxite. It took long, plodding years of research, and scientific and manufacturing development, to attain the strong capable alloys of today. Also it took generous co-operation from the engineering profession and the metal-working industry.

But when we who work in Aluminum are tempted to pride ourselves on the progress the industry has made in a brief half century, we are made properly humble by the realization that the modern streamline trains, the motor trucks and buses, the building facades now being constructed of Aluminum, are a tribute to the audacity of the homemakers of America; to them and to the enterprising household utility industries which have grown up to serve them.

A FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY MESSAGE FROM

The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

In these days when so much is out of joint, there are inevitably many prophets to give us word pictures of the Promised Land, and many leaders to show us the way if only we will follow their footsteps. But before we go, says **Albert Jay Nock** (p. 641), let's look into this business of prophecy: let's classify these prophets and decide for ourselves which ones are attending to the Masses and which are appreciated by the Remnant. Listen to this voice crying in the Wilderness.

'It might interest you to know,' writes **Clifford Dowdey** (p. 650), 'that the "wagoners' battle" at Williamsport, which I described in "Bugles Blow Retreat," was a tale on which I grew up. My great-uncle, Ira Blunt, was a member of Richmond's Company F, which was one of the two companies of infantry in the battle. He had been detached for hospital duty, and he used to relate the gory details of field operations on the wounded. Hergesheimer, in his chapter on the Foot Soldier in *Swords and Roses*, mentioned Ira Blunt's activities, so I imagine his reminiscences were not too highly colored. The main source of material for the details of the battle were supplied by *One of Jackson's Foot Cavalry*, by John Worsham, an old member of Company F, and General Imboden's report in *Battles and Leaders*, which also served as the main source for the details of the wagon-train retreat. Another great-uncle of mine was a quartermaster with the trains, but I have discovered that his memoirs must be taken with a good deal of salt, as he was not only a prodigious liar but a most immoderate drinker.'

John W. Owens (p. 664) is editor of the *Baltimore Sun*, but when he appears in our front row he does so as a private citizen, not as a spokesman of a paper or party. We encouraged him to sit down and write what he thought about the essentials of the campaign before the issues were drowned in a sea of oratory.

In an election year why not hear from the poets, too, especially one as wise, as sympathetic, and as pithy as **Robert Frost** (p. 669)?

Down the corridor of the years looks **Alfred North Whitehead** (p. 672), to note in his philo-

sophic memoirs those shifts in emphasis and behavior which make the difference between past and present.

Learning, writes **F. Emerson Andrews** (p. 680), is like water. Does it flow freely in our colleges to-day, or does it back up to form a stagnant swamp? Here's a subject for the dissertation of Ph. D.'s.

From Ipswich, Massachusetts, **Isadore Luce Smith** (p. 688) sends us an essay which we are delighted to present to all June brides.

George E. Sokolsky (p. 691) sees approximately 40,000 miles of America each year. In the course of his recent travels he has had opportunity to feel the effects of the extraordinary leadership on our continent.

Born in Finland in the days of the Tsar, **Otto G. Lindberg** (p. 701) came to the land of liberty, where he made a place for himself and became an American by adoption. The threatened invasion of the new tax laws makes him wonder if it's time to quit.

Richard Dana Skinner (p. 704) leads a double life. At times he is an investment counselor for various savings banks; at times he is an associate editor of the *North American Review*.

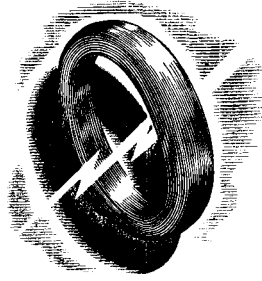
From the Hindman Settlement in Kentucky **James Still** (p. 708) sends us his vivid sketch of mountain tenements.

Although written in Czech, **Karel Čapek's** essays (p. 711) have the charm, terseness, and wisdom that would make them relished in any tongue.

A station clerk in 1899, track apprentice in 1901, general foreman in 1903, **John J. Pelley** (p. 713) rose to be president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. He is to-day president of the Association of American Railroads.

A student at Northwestern University, **Lionel Wiggam** (p. 720) celebrates his majority by publishing this month his first volume of poems. *Possessors* is the title; we wish it success.

A New Advance in the War on Rust



Nearly a century ago a method was devised of protecting iron articles against rust by dipping them in a bath of molten zinc.

Zinc-coating, or galvanizing, came into wide use, and for a hundred years, despite many efforts, little improvement was made in this process.

Then came the public demand for improved appearance in iron and steel articles. Taught by the fine finish of chromium steels, the consumer began to expect "eye-appeal" in all forms of coating for steel. Could zinc-coating be developed which would compare favorably with other modern materials?

A New Conception of Zinc

Research made a vigorous, frontal attack on the problem. G. H. Stanley in the South Africa School of Mines had used electrolysis to produce zinc of far higher purity than had ever before been obtained, giving metallurgists a new conception of the metal. Zinc had previously been so contaminated with inseparable impurities that it was in effect an alloy, and this new electrolytic zinc, virtually free of impurities, was a revelation. It was as malleable as gold leaf, retained its brightness indefinitely without tendency to turn gray under exposure, and remained unaffected by dilute hydrochloric and sulphuric acids.

The question then arose: why not use this electrolytic method to coat steel wire with pure zinc?

A complete experimental plant was built by Bethlehem Steel Company. Tons

of wire were coated by this new method, and subjected to laboratory and exposure tests. Finally, after all doubts had been cleared away and the path opened to commercial production, Bethlehem announced bethanized wire.

A Mirror-Like Finish

The response was immediate. This improved galvanized wire marked a new advance in the war on rust. Its coating was so ductile and so tightly bonded to the steel base that it stood weaving into fence and other kinds of working without cracking or peeling. So uniformly thick that it had no thin spots to offer an easy start to rust. So pure that analysis with the spectroscope was required to determine the degree of purity (99.99 per cent). Acids formed from sulphur gases in the atmosphere affected it hardly at all. Most striking of all was its mirror-like finish.

Bethanized wire found markets ready and waiting. Soon manufacturers were calling for it in large tonnages, and fence made of bethanized wire was being specified for parks, playgrounds, schools, and industrial plants. This spring farmers are setting out many miles of bethanized farm and poultry fence and barbed wire.

Bethanized wire is but one of a number of recent Bethlehem advancements. Others include controlled-cooled rails, a modern continuous sheet and strip mill, stainless steels that are free-machining, and steels with exceptional resistance to abrasive wear.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

The COLUMN

Henry Williamson (p. 721), the most sensitive nature writer in England, tells how it feels to see the spring after the long incubation of winter. Mr. Williamson has spent over five thousand hours, during the past few years, observing salmon from bridges, branches of trees, river banks: watching them leap, dig the gravel with sinuating movements for the spawning redds; noticing the ways of currents, eddies, and their effects on the gravel and sand of the river's bed. This lore has been vividly set forth in his new narrative, *Salar the Salmon*, which appears in book form the second week in June.

As his name implies, Jo Pagano (p. 725) is an Italian-American — one of the first to write of the gusto, appetite, and humor that the Italians have brought with them to the American scene.

From Turramurra, Australia, Mrs. Ethel Anderson (p. 734) has sent us three manuscripts, each one devoted to a Timeless Garden.

A physicist now established at the California Institute of Technology, Robert A. Millikan (p. 737) has received almost every honor that science can bestow, including the Nobel prize. His paper illuminates the three major achievements in physics during the past year.

A New Yorker born and bred, Mary Doyle (p. 742), as the 'girl behind the counter,' has watched the life inside the greatest hotels in Manhattan.

Professor Harwood L. Childs is a member of the Department of Politics at Princeton University.

/ / /

The *Atlantic* has received correspondence challenging the thesis of George E. Sokolsky in his article in the issue of May 1935 on the 'Irresponsibility of Labor.' Mr. Sokolsky made the point that unless labor unions are organized and chartered it becomes practically impossible to hold them to account for their conduct.

These criticisms were referred to Mr. Sokolsky for reply. He sent the article and various criticisms to Kenneth L. Houck, a lawyer engaged in legal research at Columbia University, and asked for an opinion. He has now received from Mr. Houck a learned statement, unfortunately too long to print in full, in which the entire field is surveyed and which completely upholds Mr. Sokolsky's point of view. Summarizing his position, Mr. Houck says: —

At the common law and in all but a very few states to-day, a labor union cannot be sued as an entity. To pursue actions against all the members is a physical impossibility, and this procedure — as well as

representative actions against all the members in the rare case where the members as such are at fault — is made worthless by the general financial irresponsibility of the individual members. In the federal courts the situation is no better, for, in a case where it would be possible actually to get jurisdiction in an action against a union, the Norris-La Guardia Act steps in to say not only that 'injunctions shall not issue,' but also that 'no officer or member of any association or organization, and no association or organization participating or interested in a labor dispute, shall be held responsible or liable in any court of the United States for the unlawful acts of individual officers, members, or agents except upon clear proof of actual participation in, or actual authorization of, such acts, or of ratification of such acts after actual knowledge thereof.' Imagine the difficulties involved in furnishing such proof! Such impossibility of proof in cases seeking to hold labor unions, or persons actually responsible for illegal acts, legally responsible has been amply demonstrated. There would be infinitely more similar demonstrations in the books if it were not for the futility of bringing such actions.

In response to George W. Alger's article in the March issue, 'What's the Matter with Parole?' the *Atlantic* received this interesting statement of the Four Fallacies about Crime.

Dear Atlantic, —

Almost every American accepts blindly four major fallacies regarding crime. Why not? Every newspaper says they are true. Yet each one is wrong.

Fallacy No. 1: That crime is committed by individuals of low intellectual level — morons, if you please.

I am in charge of District 6, Pennsylvania Department of Justice, Board of Pardons and Parole. It covers seven thousand square miles. The men who are under my supervision — and they are many — have a mental age of between 13½ and 14 years. This is taken from psychological tests. Of 6000 men on parole in my state, the mental age is between 13 and 14. New York reports about the same. It was Warden Lawes who remarked that men in Sing Sing had slightly higher intelligence ratings than men outside the walls. Army tests showed that 71 per cent of all Americans have a mental age of 13 years. Movies are made for 12-year-old minds. The intelligence of the criminal is as high as that of the average man in private life. His trouble comes from something else: he lacks emotional stability.

Fallacy No. 2: That most paroled prisoners commit new crimes.

Well, they do not. Here are the figures. In my own state, just about 4 per cent of all men turned out on parole commit new crimes. New York's figures are slightly below ours. It is true that about 14 per cent go back sooner or later. But only 4 per cent go for new crimes. The other 10 go back for some infraction of the parole rules, not crimes. That leaves 86 per cent who go straight.

Fallacy No. 3: That the parole system is sentimental, pampers criminals, and costs society much money.

All untrue. In my state it costs a little over \$600 a year to keep a man in prison. We care for men on

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The COLUMN

parole for around \$39 a man. That includes all salaries, office expense, and everything. Sentiment does not enter in at all. Before a man comes out on parole there are many investigations — psychological, economic, scientific. He must have a good chance of going straight before he is allowed to be on parole. The parole supervision never pampers the man. In fact, it is very strict.

Fallacy No. 4: That most of our crime is now committed by children.

The word 'children' is taken from a widely quoted magazine article. It said that 600 murders last year were the work of youths under 21. But there were over 13,000 murders in America last year. The 600 does not make a very high percentage. A check of our state institutions will show that the average age of all men in the prisons is between 23 and 24. Those on parole in my district, and those who keep coming in, average about 24. Yet I also have a large group whose ages are between 40 and 50. True, the age of the criminal is coming down. Most thefts of automobiles are the work of youths under 21. But as yet the bulk of our crime is not the work of 'children.'

We who deal with crime know that it cannot be put down by getting emotional, sentimental, or religious over it. The psychologist, the trained crime expert, the doctor, all working together can do wonders. When society will ask one question, and one alone, about every crime, and then try to answer it scientifically, we can begin to get somewhere. And the question to be asked is a simple one: Why was the crime committed? Why?

CHARLES J. DUTTON
Erie, Pennsylvania

To be or not to be — in New York City! That is the question with which Mr. Pennyfeather opened our April issue.

Dear Mr. Pennyfeather: —

After reading your article I was reminded of this poem on New York: —

Vulgar of manners, overfed,
Overdressed and underbred,
Heartless, Godless, hell's delight,
Rude by day and lewd by night,
Bedwarfed the man, o'ergrown the brute,
Ruled by Boss intent on loot;
Purple-robed and pauper-clad,
Raving, rotting, money-mad;
A squirming herd in Mammon's mesh,
A wilderness of human flesh;
Crazed with avarice, lust and rum,
New York, thy name's delirium.

J. R. DYKES, M.D.
Thomasville, Georgia

A letter from Unorganized Labor.

Dear Editor, —

It is my belief that the *Atlantic* has always maintained a more than average attitude of fairness towards all questions of general public interest to the

masses, and by this I mean employees who don't get living wages or decent treatment from employers who think and act only in terms of profit for themselves and dividends for their stockholders, especially where the employers themselves have large holdings.

This protest certainly does not come from a man who sees only the side of the workers, nor from one who believes owners of industry are not entitled to a reasonable profit on their investment. I well remember how workers took advantage of employers during the World War. I have also been an observer during the past five years of depression, about one third of which time was spent looking for work — any kind of honorable work. Although I am considered an expert in my line, every avenue was closed except selling on commission.

The one big point I am trying to make is this: the President, Congress, brain-trusters, and professional politicians have to take all the blame for the depression, whereas it should be placed where it rightfully belongs, on the doorstep of capital and industry. Their boast when labor was 'sleeping on the job' during the war, and in the boom after the war, that *their* day would come, was certainly prophetic, and they have retaliated by squeezing out every possible worker, or reducing his wages or working time until he was forced on relief.

This writer never slept on the job during or after the war, never received 'wartime wages,' but was laid off in 1932 after working for a large industrial concern for ten years, seven days a week, and not even told why. This same corporation to-day is turning out more product with not more than half the men it used five years ago, and at no time during the depression has it put forth the least effort to put more men to work, except where it could actually profit by so doing. It coöperated enthusiastically with the NRA, but only because it could do so with profit to itself.

While labor-saving machinery is responsible for idleness of hundreds of thousands of men, it is not wholly to blame for the present situation. There's a scheme far more damaging and sinister than the labor-saving machine, which was initiated by one of the larger steel companies and has spread like an epidemic, not only to that, but to all other big industry. It is known as the man-hour system, and here's how it works: A force of efficiency men were given the task of stalking every foreman to show him how he could do the same amount of work with half as many men. Other 'spotters' were sent out among the men, and wherever they found a man who was not furiously busy every minute he was handed a pink slip. In the large plant that initiated this 'system' the Assistant General Manager was frequently seen in the plant at three o'clock in the morning, not actually passing out 'pink slips,' but watching the men whose duty it was to pass out as many as possible. In other words, it was a spy system such as any country at war might have.

Over a period of five years this particular company was able to dispense with something like half the number of employees it had formerly used, and, by thus cutting down its payroll proportionately, it was able to show enormous profits. Many of the men laid off were absorbed by other steel plants that had not heard of the man-hour system. The secret was soon divulged, however, and soon the entire industry

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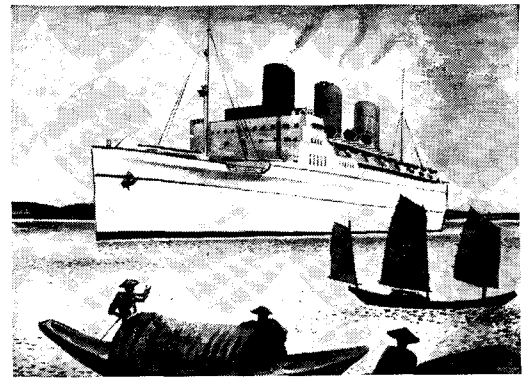


"Hong Kong? Don't miss the side trip from Kowloon to Canton, teeming city of Chinese millions. Last of all, I saw Manila and a Filipino baseball game . . . and enjoyed it to the accompaniment of Spanish church-bells."

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saw a great light which showed the way to reduced payrolls, which meant greatly increased profits. It entirely overlooked the fact that the men it was laying off constituted a huge market for automobiles and many other commodities made of steel products. This was really the beginning of the depression, and it began at least two years before the stock-market crash in 1929.

It was a harvest for the steel companies until it was reflected in the form of reduced orders going into Detroit and other automobile manufacturing centres, and by the same token orders from the automobile manufacturers stopped going to the steel mills for raw material. Here was the joker the steel magnate had overlooked.

Well, what is going to be done about it? Must labor-saving machinery be scrapped in order to put men back to work? Well, that depends upon whether it is more important for a comparatively few patent holders to receive large royalties than it is for the masses to have employment and be self-sustaining. It might be better to take a step back by doing away with machines that do the work of a hundred men than to have the national debt increase by leaps and bounds, owing mostly to relief, and then put the blame on the President. It would be infinitely better to say to industry: 'You cannot continue your man-hour system,' than to have ten or twelve million unemployed men and women because of it.

Now, Mr. Editor, I ask you: Is it so strange that the workers of America want to be organized for protection against unemployment and hunger? If effective unionism is so horrible to contemplate, why does England have it? I am not a member of any union. I don't suppose that I am eligible. I don't even have any relatives who are union people. But I know justice and injustice when I see them. I also can recognize hungry and emaciated children when I see them, and one does n't need to walk more than a block in any town or city to see plenty of them, either. I also know what it is to be hungry and penniless, without an opportunity to earn a dime for nearly two years, and God knows I was trying every minute to find a job. And there were several millions in this white-collar class. Add to these the millions of laboring people who are unemployed, and how many of us do you suppose will vote against Mr. Roosevelt in next November's election? Only a mad dog bites the hand that feeds him. Al Smith hit the spot when he said nobody's going to shoot Santa Claus. I need not tell you that such corporations as Procter & Gamble, Nunn-Bush Shoe Company, and some others, find it possible and profitable to pay their employees fifty weeks every year whether they operate or not. Can you imagine a steel company doing that? Or a newspaper?

If the steel industry had put forth half the effort that the automobile industry has, we'd have been out of the depression long ago. Again I say that the President of the United States is being blamed for something that industry itself is responsible for, and if the little group of men who started the man-hour system were put in jail, where all criminals belong, there'd be a different story to tell to-day.

If you can see your way clear to publish this, either as a letter or as an article, you are at liberty to use it, and it will at least give the readers of the *Atlantic* some facts that no other newspaper or magazine has had the moral courage to publish.

FLOYD W. GRADY
Baltimore, Maryland

The Younger Generation (from Gates Mills, Ohio) pays tribute to Patience.

Dear Editor

I am reading your story about I Patience, and her to brothers, Johnny and Richard.

I like the story very mucy.

I have pigtails like Patience.

But I am only 7 years old now, Patience is 12 years old.

And I have blond hair like Patience has.

And I have blue eyes,

from

Lucile

Horsley.

P. S.

And I found the places where the children went.

I found those places on the map.

Dear Atlantic, —

May I tell you how very much my eleven-year-old daughter (and myself) have enjoyed the story articles of Patience, Richard, and Johnny, children of James Abbe. The style of these children is so similar to the style of Christopher Morley in his book *I Know A Secret*, of which we are so fond. We should like to thank you and the young authors for these very interesting and individual contributions.

MRS. ED C. HAMILTON
Greencastle, Indiana

And here is an essay on public speaking written by an eleven-year-old (from Englewood, New Jersey) to show Patience how it can be done.

YOUR SPEECH

BY PAGE BRIDGMAN

You can't just go to a meeting place, say a few words and call it a speech. You have to sit down and think. By thinking, I mean you have to have a plan, something like the plan of a story.

For example: A man was appointed to make a short speech introducing a famous football hero.

This was his plot. He was to introduce Lou Little, a famous coach. He learned a bit of Mr. Little's history, put that into several sentences and a few details, not very many, about three or four. Like telling the dates and scores of the games. Not too many but enough to explain the person's success.

In forming your speech, learn what you are supposed to say. Just keep it in mind that you know all about this person. By this I don't mean to memorise it, if you do you forget half of it and start with 'um' 'well' etc. All these expressions illustrate that you do not know your speech.

If you are not sure of what you should say, don't say 'um' and so forth, it makes your audience uneasy. Complete silence or a short pause is satisfactory.